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Sh...

THE HOME BOOK OF VERSE

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH

1580-1912

With an Appendix Containing a Few Well-known Poems
in Other Languages

Selected and Arranged

By

BURTON EGBERT STEVENSON

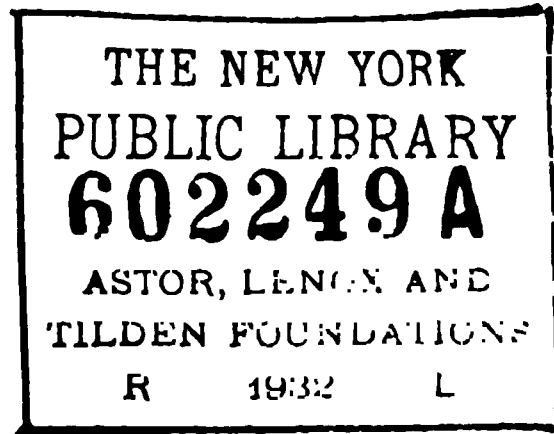
VOLUME VI

POEMS OF PATRIOTISM
HISTORY, AND LEGEND



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1915



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PART V

**POEMS OF PATRIOTISM, HISTORY
AND LEGEND**

“HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE”

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there!

William Collins [1721-1759]

MY COUNTRY

AMERICA

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain-side
Let Freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet Freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

Samuel Francis Smith [1808–1895]

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

O SAY, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous
fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly stream-
ing!

And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there:
O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream:
'Tis the star-spangled banner! O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave:
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a
nation.

Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust."
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Francis Scott Key [1780-1843]

THE AMERICAN FLAG

I

WHEN Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldrick of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand,
The symbol of her chosen land.

II

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
And see the lightning-lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven—
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

III

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal-trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on:
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,

Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
 Where thy sky-born glories burn,
 And, as his springing steps advance,
 Catch war and vengeance from the glance;
 And when the cannon-mouthings loud
 Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
 And gory sabres rise and fall,
 Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall;
 Then shall thy meteor-glances glow,
 And cowering foes shall sink beneath
 Each gallant arm that strikes below
 That lovely messenger of death.

IV

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
 Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
 When death, careering on the gale,
 Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
 And frightened waves rush wildly back
 Before the broadside's reeling rack,
 Each dying wanderer of the sea
 Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
 And smile to see thy splendors fly
 In triumph o'er his closing eye.

V

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
 By angel hands to valor given;
 The stars have lit the welkin dome,
 And all thy hues were born in heaven.
 Forever float that standard sheet!
 Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
 With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
 And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?
 Joseph Rodman Drake [1795-1820]

YANKEE DOODLE

FATHER and I went down to camp,
 Along with Captain Gooding,
 And there we see the men and boys,
 As thick as hasty pudding.

Chorus—Yankee Doodle, keep it up,
Yankee Doodle, dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

And there we see a thousand men,
As rich as 'Squire David;
And what they wasted every day
I wish it could be savèd.

The 'lasses they eat every day
Would keep our house a winter;
They have so much that, I'll be bound,
They eat whene'er they're a mind to.

And there we see a swamping gun,
As big as a log of maple,
Upon a deucèd little cart,
A load for father's cattle.

And every time they shoot it off,
It takes a horn of powder,
And makes a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

I went as nigh to one myself
As Siah's underpinning;
And father went as nigh again,
I thought the deuce was in him.

Cousin Simon grew so bold,
I thought he would have cocked it;
It scared me so, I shrinked it off,
And hung by father's pocket.

And Captain Davis had a gun,
He kind of clapped his hand on't,
And stuck a crooked stabbing-iron
Upon the little end on't.

My Country

And there I see a pumpkin shell
As big as mother's basin;
And every time they touched it off,
They scampered like the nation.

I see a little barrel, too,
The heads were made of leather,
They knocked upon 't with little clubs
To call the folks together.

And there was Captain Washington,
And gentlefolks about him,
They say he's grown so tarnal proud
He will not ride without 'em.

He had got on his meeting clothes,
And rode a strapping stallion,
And gave his orders to the men,—
I guess there was a million.

The flaming ribbons in his hat,
They looked so tearing fine ah,
I wanted peskily to get,
To give to my Jemima.

And then I see a snarl of men
A digging graves, they told me.
So tarnal long, so tarnal deep,
They 'tended they should hold me.

It scared me so, I hooked it off,
Nor stopped, as I remember,
Nor turned about, till I got home,
Locked up in mother's chamber.

Edward Bangs (?) [fl. 1776]

HAIL! COLUMBIA

HAIL! Columbia, happy land!
Hail! ye heroes, heaven-born band,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,

Enjoyed the peace your valor won;
Let independence be your boast,
Ever mindful what it cost,
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.

Chorus—Firm, united let us be,
Rallying round our liberty,
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots, rise once more!
Defend your rights, defend your shore;
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize;
While offering peace, sincere and just,
In heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice will prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.

Sound, sound the trump of fame!
Let Washington's great name
Ring through the world with loud applause!
Let every clime to freedom dear
Listen with a joyful ear;
With equal skill, with steady power,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war, or guides with ease
The happier time of honest peace.

Behold the chief, who now commands,
Once more to serve his country stands,
The rock on which the storm will beat!
But, armed in virtue, firm and true,
His hopes are fixed on heaven and you.
When hope was sinking in dismay,
When gloom obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolved on death or liberty.

Joseph Hopkinson [1770-1842]

COLUMBIA

COLUMBIA, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies;
Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,
While ages on ages thy splendor unfold,
Thy reign is the last and the noblest of time,
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime;
Let the crimes of the east ne'er encrimson thy name,
Be freedom, and science, and virtue thy fame.

To conquest and slaughter let Europe aspire;
Whelm nations in blood, and wrap cities in fire;
Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall defend,
And triumph pursue them, and glory attend.
A world is thy realm: for a world be thy laws,
Enlarged as thine empire, and just as thy cause;
On Freedom's broad basis, that empire shall rise,
Extend with the main, and dissolve with the skies.

Fair science her gates to thy sons shall unbar,
And the east see the morn hide the beams of her star.
New bards, and new sages, unrivalled shall soar
To fame unextinguished, when time is no more;
To thee, the last refuge of virtue designed,
Shall fly from all nations the best of mankind;
Here, grateful to heaven, with transport shall bring
Their incense, more fragrant than odors of spring.

Nor less shall thy fair ones to glory ascend,
And genius and beauty in harmony blend;
The graces of form shall awake pure desire,
And the charms of the soul ever cherish the fire;
Their sweetness unmingled, their manners refined,
And virtue's bright image, instamped on the mind,
With peace and soft rapture shall teach life to glow,
And light up a smile in the aspect of woe.

Thy fleets to all regions thy power shall display,
The nations admire and the ocean obey;
Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,
And the east and the south yield their spices and gold.

“Oh Mother of a Mighty Race” 2131

As the day-spring unbounded, thy splendor shall flow,
And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall bow;
While the ensigns of union, in triumph unfurled,
Hush the tumult of war and give peace to the world.

Thus, as down a lone valley, with cedars o'erspread,
From war's dread confusion I pensively strayed,
The gloom from the face of fair heaven retired;
The winds ceased to murmur; the thunders expired;
Perfumes as of Eden flowed sweetly along,
And a voice as of angels, enchantingly sung:
“Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies.”

Timothy Dwight [1752-1817]

“OH MOTHER OF A MIGHTY RACE”

OH mother of a mighty race,
Yet lovely in thy youthful grace!
The elder dames, thy haughty peers,
Admire and hate thy blooming years.
 With words of shame
And taunts of scorn they join thy name.

For on thy cheeks the glow is spread
That tints thy morning hills with red;
Thy step—the wild deer's rustling feet
Within thy woods are not more fleet;
 Thy hopeful eye
Is bright as thine own sunny sky.

Ay, let them rail—those haughty ones,
While safe thou dwellest with thy sons.
They do not know how loved thou art,
How many a fond and fearless heart
 Would rise to throw
Its life between thee and the foe.

They know not, in their hate and pride,
What virtues with thy children bide;
How true, how good, thy graceful maids
Make bright, like flowers, the valley-shades;

What generous men
Spring, like thine oaks, by hill and glen;—

What cordial welcomes greet the guest
By thy lone rivers of the West;
How faith is kept, and truth revered,
And man is loved, and God is feared,
In woodland homes,
And where the ocean border foams.

There's freedom at thy gates and rest
For Earth's down-trodden and oppressed,
A shelter for the hunted head,
For the starved laborer toil and bread.

Power, at thy bounds,
Stops and calls back his baffled hounds.

Oh, fair young mother! on thy brow
Shall sit a nobler grace than now.
Deep in the brightness of the skies
The thronging years in glory rise,
And, as they fleet,
Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

William Cullen Bryant [1794-1878]

HYMN OF THE WEST

WORLD'S FAIR, ST. LOUIS, MO., 1904

O THOU, whose glorious orbs on high
Engird the earth with splendor round,
From out Thy secret place draw nigh
The courts and temples of this ground;
Eternal Light,
Fill with Thy might
These domes that in Thy purpose grew,
And lift a nation's heart anew!

Illumine Thou each pathway here,
To show the marvels God hath wrought!
Since first Thy people's chief and seer
Looked up with that prophetic thought,

Bade Time unroll
The fateful scroll,
And empire unto Freedom gave
From cloudland height to tropic wave.

Poured through the gateways of the North
Thy mighty rivers join their tide,
And, on the wings of morn'sent forth,
Their mists the far-off peaks divide.
By Thee unsealed,
The mountains yield
Ores that the wealth of Ophir shame,
And gems enwrought of seven-hued flame.

Lo, through what years the soil hath lain,
At Thine own time to give increase—
The greater and the lesser grain,
The ripening boll, the myriad fleece!
Thy creatures graze
Appointed ways;
League after league across the land
The ceaseless herds obey Thy hand.

Thou, whose high archways shine most clear
Above the plenteous Western plain,
Thine ancient tribes from round the sphere
To breathe its quickening air are fain:
And smiles the sun
To see made one
Their brood throughout Earth's greenest space,
Land of the new and lordlier race!

Edmund Clarence Stedman [1833-1908]

CONCORD HYMN

SUNG AT THE COMPLETION OF THE BATTLE MONUMENT,
APRIL 19, 1836

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
 Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
 And Time the ruined bridge has swept
 Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
 We set to-day a votive stone;
 That memory may their deed redeem,
 When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
 To die, and leave their children free,
 Bid Time and Nature gently spare
 The shaft we raise to them and thee.

Ralph Waldo Emerson [1803-1882]

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
 He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath
 are stored;
 He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift
 sword;
 His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling
 camps;
 They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and
 damps;
 I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring
 lamps;
 His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:
 "As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall
 deal;
 Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his
 heel,
 Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
 He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat:
 Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
 Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
 With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:
 As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
 While God is marching on.

Julia Ward Howe [1819-1910]

THE EAGLE'S SONG

THE lioness whelped, and the sturdy cub
 Was seized by an eagle and carried up,
 And homed for a while in an eagle's nest,
 And slept for a while on an eagle's breast;
 And the eagle taught it the eagle's song:
 "To be staunch, and valiant, and free, and strong!"

The lion-whelp sprang from the eyrie nest,
 From the lofty crag where the queen birds rest;
 He fought the King on the spreading plain,
 And drove him back o'er the foaming main.
 He held the land as a thrifty chief,
 And reared his cattle, and reaped his sheaf,
 Nor sought the help of a foreign hand,
 Yet welcomed all to his own free land!

Two were the sons that the country bore
 To the Northern lakes and the Southern shore;
 And Chivalry dwelt with the Southern son,
 And Industry lived with the Northern one.
 Tears for the time when they broke and fought!
 Tears was the price of the union wrought!
 And the land was red in a sea of blood,
 Where brother for brother had swelled the flood!

And now that the two are one again,
 Behold on their shield the word "Refrain!"

And the lion cubs twain sing the eagle's song:
"To be staunch, and valiant, and free, and strong!"
For the eagle's beak, and the lion's paw,
And the lion's fangs, and the eagle's claw,
And the eagle's swoop, and the lion's might,
And the lion's leap, and the eagle's sight,
Shall guard the flag with the word "Refrain!"
Now that the two are one again!

Richard Mansfield [1857-1907]

THE FLAG GOES BY

HATS off!

Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines,
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.
Hats off!
The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by:

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State:
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong:
Pride and glory and honor,—all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!
 Along the street there comes
 A blaré of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
 And loyal hearts are beating high:
 Hats off!
 The flag is passing by!
Henry Holcomb Bennett [1863-

UNMANIFEST DESTINY

To what new fates, my country, far
 And unforeseen of foe or friend,
 Beneath what unexpected star,
 Compelled to what unchosen end,

Across the sea that knows no beach
 The Admiral of Nations guides
 Thy blind obedient keels to reach
 The harbor where thy future rides!

The guns that spoke at Lexington
 Knew not that God was planning then
 The trumpet word of Jefferson
 To bugle forth the rights of men.

To them that wept and cursed Bull Run,
 What was it but despair and shame?
 Who saw behind the cloud the sun?
 Who knew that God was in the flame?

Had not defeat upon defeat,
 Disaster on disaster come,
 The slave's emancipated feet
 Had never marched behind the drum.

There is a Hand that bends our deeds
 To mightier issues than we planned;
 Each son that triumphs, each that bleeds,
 My country, serves Its dark command.

I do not know beneath what sky
Nor on what seas shall be thy fate;
I only know it shall be high,
I only know it shall be great.

Richard Hovey [1864-1900]

ON A SOLDIER FALLEN IN THE PHILIPPINES

STREETS of the roaring town,
Hush for him, hush, be still!
He comes, who was stricken down
Doing the word of our will.
Hush! Let him have his state.
Give him his soldier's crown,
The grists of trade can wait
Their grinding at the mill,
But he cannot wait for his honor, now the trumpet has been
blown.
Wreathe pride now for his granite brow, lay love on his
breast of stone.

Toll! Let the great bells toll
Till the clashing air is dim,
Did we wrong this parted soul?
We will make it up to him.
Toll! Let him never guess
What work we set him to.
Laurel, laurel, yes;
He did what we bade him do.
Praise, and never a whispered hint but the fight he fought
was good;
Never a word that the blood on his sword was his country's
own heart's-blood.

A flag for the soldier's bier
Who dies that his land may live;
O, banners, banners here,
That he doubt not nor misgive!

An Ode in Time of Hesitation 2139

That he heed not from the tomb
The evil days draw near
When the nation, robed in gloom,
With its faithless past shall strive.
Let him never dream that his bullet's scream went wide of
its island mark,
Home to the heart of his darling land where she stumbled
and sinned in the dark.

William Vaughn Moody [1869-1910]

AN ODE IN TIME OF HESITATION

WRITTEN AFTER SEEING AT BOSTON THE STATUE OF ROBERT
GOULD SHAW, KILLED WHILE STORMING FORT WAGNER,
JULY 18, 1863, AT THE HEAD OF THE FIRST ENLISTED
NEGRO REGIMENT, THE 54th MASSACHUSETTS

I

BEFORE the solemn bronze Saint Gaudens made
To thrill the heedless passer's heart with awe,
And set here in the city's talk and trade
To the good memory of Robert Shaw,
This bright March morn I stand,
And hear the distant spring come up the land;
Knowing that what I hear is not unheard
Of this boy soldier and his negro band,
For all their gaze is fixed so stern ahead,
For all the fatal rhythm of their tread.
The land they died to save from death and shame
Trembles and waits, hearing the spring's great name,
And by her pangs these resolute ghosts are stirred.

II

Through street and mall the tides of people go
Heedless; the trees upon the Common show
No hint of green; but to my listening heart
The still earth doth impart
Assurance of her jubilant emprise,
And it is clear to my long-searching eyes

That love at last has might upon the skies.
The ice is runneled on the little pond;
A telltale patter drips from off the trees;
The air is touched with southland spiceries,
As if but yesterday it tossed the frond
Of pendant mosses where the live-oaks grow
Beyond Virginia and the Carolines,
Or had its will among the fruits and vines
Of aromatic isles asleep beyond
Florida and the Gulf of Mexico.

III

Soon shall the Cape Ann children shout in glee,
Spying the arbutus, spring's dear recluse;
Hill lads at dawn shall hearken the wild goose
Go honking northward over Tennessee;
West from Oswego to Sault Sainte-Marie,
And on to where the Pictured Rocks are hung,
And yonder where, gigantic, willful, young,
Chicago sitteth at the northwest gates,
With restless violent hands and casual tongue
Moulding her mighty fates,
The Lakes shall robe them in ethereal sheen;
And like a larger sea, the vital green
Of springing wheat shall vastly be outflung
Over Dakota and the prairie states.
By desert people immemorial
On Arizonan mesas shall be done
Dim rites unto the thunder and the sun;
Nor shall the primal gods lack sacrifice
More splendid, when the white Sierras call
Unto the Rockies straightway to arise
And dance before the unveiled ark of the year,
Sounding their windy cedars as for shawms,
Unrolling rivers clear
For flutter of broad phylacteries;
While Shasta signals to Alaskan seas
That watch old sluggish glaciers downward creep
To fling their icebergs thundering from the steep,

And Mariposa through the purple calms
Gazes at far Hawaii crowned with palms
Where East and West are met,—
A rich seal on the ocean's bosom set
To say that East and West are twain,
With different loss and gain:
The Lord hath sundered them; let them be sundered yet.

IV

Alas! what sounds are these that come
Sullenly over the Pacific seas,—
Sounds of ignoble battle, striking dumb
The season's half-awakened ecstasies?
Must I be humble, then,
Now when my heart hath need of pride?
Wild love falls on me from these sculptured men;
By loving much the land for which they died
I would be justified.
My spirit was away on pinions wide
To soothe in praise of her its passionate mood
And ease it of its ache of gratitude.
Too sorely heavy is the debt they lay
On me and the companions of my day.
I would remember now
My country's goodliness, make sweet her name.
Alas! what shade art thou
Of sorrow or of blame
Liftest the lyric leafage from her brow,
And pointest a slow finger at her shame?

V

Lies! lies! It cannot be! The wars we wage
Are noble, and our battles still are won
By justice for us, ere we lift the gage.
We have not sold our loftiest heritage.
The proud republic hath not stooped to cheat
And scramble in the market-place of war;
Her forehead weareth yet its solemn star.

Here is her witness: this, her perfect son,
This delicate and proud New England soul
Who leads despised men, with just-unshackled feet,
Up the large ways where death and glory meet,
To show all peoples that our shame is done,
That once more we are clean and spirit-whole.

VI

Crouched in the sea fog on the moaning sand
All night he lay, speaking some simple word
From hour to hour to the slow minds that heard,
Holding each poor life gently in his hand
And breathing on the base rejected clay
Till each dark face shone mystical and grand
Against the breaking day;
And lo, the shard the potter cast away
Was grown a fiery chalice, crystal-fine,
Fulfilled of the divine
Great wine of battle wrath by God's ring-finger stirred.
Then upward, where the shadowy bastion loomed
Huge on the mountain in the wet sea light,
Whence now, and now, infernal flowerage bloomed,
Bloomed, burst, and scattered down its deadly seed,—
They swept, and died like freemen on the height,
Like freemen, and like men of noble breed;
And when the battle fell away at night
By hasty and contemptuous hands were thrust
Obscurely in a common grave with him
The fair-haired keeper of their love and trust.
Now limb doth mingle with dissolvèd limb
In nature's busy old democracy
To flush the mountain laurel when she blows
Sweet by the southern sea,
And heart with crumpled heart climbs in the rose:—
The untaught hearts with the high heart that knew
This mountain fortress for no earthly hold
Of temporal quarrel, but the bastion old
Of spiritual wrong,
Built by an unjust nation sheer and strong,

Expugnable but by a nation's rue
And bowing down before that equal shrine
By all men held divine,
Whereof his band and he were the most holy sign.

VII

O bitter, bitter shade!
Wilt thou not put the scorn
And instant tragic question from thine eyes?
Do thy dark brows yet crave
That swift and angry stave—
Unmeet for this desirous morn—
That I have striven, striven to evade?
Gazing on him, must I not deem they err
Whose careless lips in street and shop aver
As common tidings, deeds to make his cheek
Flush from the bronze, and his dead throat to speak?
Surely some elder singer would arise,
Whose harp hath leave to threaten and to mourn
Above this people when they go astray.
Is Whitman, the strong spirit, overworn?
Has Whittier put his yearning wrath away?
I will not and I dare not yet believe!
Though furtively the sunlight seems to grieve,
And the spring-laden breeze
Out of the gladdening west is sinister
With sounds of nameless battle overseas;
Though when we turn and question in suspense
If these things be indeed after these ways,
And what things are to follow after these,
Our fluent men of place and consequence
Fumble and fill their mouths with hollow phrase,
Or for the end-all of deep arguments
Intone their dull commercial liturgies—
I dare not yet believe! My ears are shut!
I will not hear the thin satiric praise
And muffled laughter of our enemies,
Bidding us never sheathe our valiant sword
Till we have changed our birthright for a gourd
Of wild pulse stolen from a barbarian's hut;

Showing how wise it is to cast away
The symbols of our spiritual sway,
That so our hands with better ease
May wield the driver's whip and grasp the jailer's keys.

VIII

Was it for this our fathers kept the law?
This crown shall crown their struggle and their ruth?
Are we the eagle nation Milton saw
Mewing its mighty youth,
Soon to possess the mountain winds of truth,
And be a swift familiar of the sun
Where aye before God's face His trumpets run?
Or have we but the talons and the maw,
And for the abject likeness of our heart
Shall some less lordly bird be set apart?—
Some gross-billed wader where the swamps are fat?
Some gorger in the sun? Some prowler with the bat?

IX

Ah no!
We have not fallen so.
We are our fathers' sons: let those who lead us know!
'Twas only yesterday sick Cuba's cry
Came up the tropic wind, "Now help us, for we die!"
Then Alabama heard,
And rising, pale, to Maine and Idaho
Shouted a burning word.
Proud state with proud impassioned state conferred,
And at the lifting of a hand sprang forth,
East, west, and south, and north,
Beautiful armies. Oh, by the sweet blood and young
Shed on the awful hill slope of San Juan,
By the unforgotten names of eager boys
Who might have tasted girls' love and been stung
With the old mystic joys
And starry griefs, now the spring nights come on,
But that the heart of youth is generous,—
We charge you, ye who lead us,
Breathe on their chivalry no hint of stain!
Turn not their new-world victories to gain!

One least leaf plucked for chaffer from the bays
Of their dear praise,
One jot of their pure conquest put to hire,
The implacable republic will require;
With clamor, in the glare and gaze of noon,
Or subtly, coming as a thief at night,
But surely, very surely, slow or soon
That insult deep we deeply will requite.
Tempt not our weakness, our cupidity!
For save we let the island men go free,
Those baffled and dislaureled ghosts
Will curse us from the lamentable coasts
Where walk the frustrate dead.
The cup of trembling shall be drained quite,
Eaten the sour bread of astonishment,
With ashes of the hearth shall be made white
Our hair, and wailing shall be in the tent;
Then on your guiltier head
Shall our intolerable self-disdain
Wreak suddenly its anger and its pain;
For manifest in the disastrous light
We shall discern the right
And do it, tardily.—O ye who lead,
Take heed!
Blindness we may forgive, but baseness we will smite.

William Vaughn Moody [1869-1910]

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

UNTRAMMELLED Giant of the West,
With all of Nature's gifts endowed,
With all of Heaven's mercies blessed,
Nor of thy power unduly proud—
Peerless in courage, force, and skill,
And godlike in thy strength of will,—

Before thy feet the ways divide:
One path leads up to heights sublime;
Downward the other slopes, where bide
The refuse and the wrecks of Time.

Choose then, nor falter at the start,
O choose the nobler path and part!

Be thou the guardian of the weak,
Of the unfriended, thou the friend;
No guerdon for thy valor seek,
No end beyond the avowèd end.
Wouldst thou thy godlike power preserve,
Be godlike in the will to serve!

Joseph B. Gilder [1858—

DIXIE

[THE ORIGINAL VERSION]

I WISH I was in de land ob cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten;
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!
In Dixie land whar I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin',
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

Chorus—Den I wish I was in Dixie! Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie's land we'll took our stand, to lib
an' die in Dixie,
Away, away, away down south in Dixie!
Away, away, away down south in Dixie!

Old missus marry Will de weaber,
William was a gay deceaber,
When he put his arm around 'er,
He looked as fierce as a forty-pounder.

His face was sharp as a butcher cleaber,
But dat did not seem to greab 'er;
Will run away, missus took a decline, O,
Her face was the color of bacon rhine, O.

While missus libbed, she libbed in clover,
When she died, she died all over;
How could she act de foolish part,
An' marry a man to break her heart?

Buckwheat cakes an' stony batter
Makes you fat or a little fatter;
Here's a health to de next old missus,
An' all de gals dat want to kiss us.

Now if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
Come an' hear dis song to-morrow;
Den hoe it down an' scratch your grabble,
To Dixie's land I'm bound to trabble.

Daniel Decatur Emmett [1815-1904]

DIXIE

SOUTHRONS, hear your country call you!
Up, lest worse than death befall you!
To arms! To arms! To arms, in Dixie!
Lo! all the beacon-fires are lighted,—
Let all hearts be now united!

To arms! To arms! To arms, in Dixie!
Advance the flag of Dixie!

Hurrah! hurrah!

For Dixie's land we take our stand,
And live or die for Dixie!

To arms! To arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!
To arms! To arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!

Hear the Northern thunders mutter!
Northern flags in South winds flutter!
Send them back your fierce defiance!
Stamp upon the accursed alliance!

Fear no danger! Shun no labor!
Lift up rifle, pike, and saber!
Shoulder pressing close to shoulder,
Let the odds make each heart bolder!

How the South's great heart rejoices
At your cannons' ringing voices!

My Country

For faith betrayed, and pledges broken,
Wrongs inflicted, insults spoken.

Strong as lions, swift as eagles,
Back to their kennels hunt these beagles!
Cut the unequal bonds asunder!
Let them hence each other plunder!

Swear upon your country's altar
Never to submit or falter,
Till the spoilers are defeated,
Till the Lord's work is completed!

Halt not till our Federation
Secures among earth's powers its station!
Then at peace, and crowned with glory,
Hear your children tell the story!

If the loved ones weep in sadness,
Victory soon shall bring them gladness,—
To arms!

Exultant pride soon vanquish sorrow;
Smiles chase tears away to-morrow.

To arms! To arms! To arms, in Dixie!

Advance the flag of Dixie!

Hurrah! hurrah!

For Dixie's land we take our stand,
And live or die for Dixie!

To arms! To arms!

And conquer peace for Dixie!

To arms! To arms!

And conquer peace for Dixie!

Albert Pike [1809-1891]

MY MARYLAND

THE despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!

His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!

Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle-queen of yore,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Hark to an exiled son's appeal,
Maryland!
My Mother State, to thee I kneel,
Maryland!
For life or death, for woe or weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! 'tis the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!
Come with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe and dashing May,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Dear Mother, burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland!
She meets her sisters on the plain,—
“*Sic semper!*” 'tis the proud refrain

That baffles minions back amain,
Maryland!

Arise in majesty again,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!

Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!

Come to thine own heroic throng
Stalking with Liberty along,
And chant thy dauntless slogan-song,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!

For thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!

But lo! there surges forth a shriek,
From hill to hill, from creek to creek,
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland!

Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!

Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland!

The Old Line's bugle, fife, and drum,
Maryland!

She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb;
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum!
She breathes! She burns! She'll come! She'll come!
Maryland, my Maryland!

James Ryder Randall [1839-1908]

THE VIRGINIANS OF THE VALLEY

THE knightliest of the knightly race
That, since the days of old,
Have kept the lamp of chivalry
Alight in hearts of gold;
The kindest of the kindly band
That, rarely hating ease,
Yet rode with Spotswood round the land,
And Raleigh round the seas;

Who climbed the blue Virginian hills
Against embattled foes,
And planted there, in valleys fair,
The lily and the rose;
Whose fragrance lives in many lands,
Whose beauty stars the earth,
And lights the hearths of happy homes
With loveliness and worth.

We thought they slept!—the sons who kept
The names of noble sires,—
And slumbered while the darkness crept
Around their vigil-fires;
But aye the “Golden Horseshoe” knights
Their old Dominion keep,
Whose foes have found enchanted ground,
But not a knight asleep!

Francis Orray Ticknor [1822–1874]

AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN

ALL hail! thou noble land,
Our Fathers' native soil!
Oh, stretch thy mighty hand,
Gigantic grown by toil,
O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore!
For thou, with magic might,
Canst reach to where the light
Of Phoebus travels bright
The world o'er!

The Genius of our clime,
From his pine-embattled steep,
Shall hail the guest sublime;
While the Tritons of the deep
With their conchs the kindred league shall proclaim
Then let the world combine,—
O'er the main our naval line,
Like the milky-way shall shine,
Bright in fame!

Though ages long have passed
Since our Fathers left their home,
Their pilot in the blast,
O'er untravelled seas to roam,
Yet lives the blood of England in our veins!
And shall we not proclaim
That blood of honest fame
Which no tyranny can tame
By its chains?

While the language free and bold
Which the bard of Avon sung,
In which our Milton told
How the vault of heaven rung
When Satan, blasted, fell with his host;—
While this, with reverence meet,
Ten thousand echoes greet,
From rock to rock repeat
Round our coast;—

While the manners, while the arts,
That mould a nation's soul,
Still cling around our hearts,—
Between let Ocean roll,
Our joint communion breaking with the Sun:
Yet, still, from either beach
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech,
“We are One!”

Washington Allston [1779–1843]

TO ENGLAND

I

LEAR and Cordelia! 'twas an ancient tale
 Before thy Shakespeare gave it deathless fame;
 The times have changed, the moral is the same.
 So like an outcast, dowerless and pale,
 Thy daughter went; and in a foreign gale
 Spread her young banner, till its sway became
 A wonder to the nations. Days of shame
 Are close upon thee; prophets raise their wail.
 When the rude Cossack with an outstretched hand
 Points his long spear across the narrow sea,—
 “Lo! there is England!” when thy destiny
 Storms on thy straw-crowned head, and thou dost stand
 Weak, helpless, mad, a by-word in the land,—
 God grant thy daughter a Cordelia be!

II

Stand, thou great bulwark of man's liberty!
 Thou rock of shelter, rising from the wave,
 Sole refuge to the overwearied brave
 Who planned, arose, and battled to be free,
 Fell, undeterred, then sadly turned to thee,—
 Saved the free spirit from their country's grave,
 To rise again, and animate the slave,
 When God shall ripen all things. Britons, ye
 Who guard the sacred outpost, not in vain
 Hold your proud peril! Freemen undefiled,
 Keep watch and ward! Let battlements be piled
 Around your cliffs; fleets marshalled, till the main
 Sink under them; and if your courage wane,
 Through force or fraud, look westward to your child!

George Henry Boker [1823-1890]

AMERICA

NOR force nor fraud shall sunder us! Oh ye
 Who north or south, on east or western land,
 Native to noble sounds, say truth for truth,
 Freedom for freedom, love for love, and God

For God; Oh ye who in eternal youth
 Speak with a living and creative flood
 This universal English, and do stand
 Its breathing book; live worthy of that grand
 Heroic utterance—parted, yet a whole,
 Far, yet unsevered,—children brave and free
 Of the great Mother-tongue, and ye shall be
 Lords of an Empire wide as Shakespeare's soul,
 Sublime as Milton's immemorial theme,
 And rich as Chaucer's speech, and fair as Spenser's dream.

Sydney Dobell [1824–1874]

TO AMERICA

ON A PROPOSED ALLIANCE BETWEEN TWO GREAT NATIONS

WHAT is the voice I hear

On the winds of the western sea?

Sentinel, listen from out Cape Clear

And say what the voice may be.

'Tis a proud free people calling loud to a people proud
 and free.

And it says to them: "Kinsmen, hail;

We severed have been too long.

Now let us have done with a worn-out tale—

The tale of ancient wrong—

And our friendship last long as our love doth last, and be
 stronger than death is strong."

Answer them, sons of the self-same race,

And blood of the self-same clan;

Let us speak with each other face to face

And answer as man to man,

And loyally love and trust each other as none but free
 men can.

Now fling them out to the breeze,

Shamrock, Thistle, and Rose,

And the Star-spangled Banner unfurl with these—

A message to friends and foes

Wherever the sails of peace are seen and wherever the
 war wind blows—

A message to bond and thrall to wake,
For whenever we come, we twain,
The throne of the tyrant shall rock and quake,
And his menace be void and vain,
For you are lords of a strong land and we are lords of the
main.

Yes, this is the voice of the bluff March gale;
We severed have been too long,
But now we have done with a worn-out tale—
The tale of an ancient wrong—
And our friendship shall last as love doth last and be
stronger than death is strong.

Alfred Austin [1835—

SAXON GRIT

WORN with the battle of Stamford town,
Fighting the Norman by Hastings bay,
Harold the Saxon's sun went down,
While the acorns were falling one autumn day.
Then the Norman said, "I am lord of the land:
By tenor of conquest here I sit;
I will rule you now with the iron hand;"
But he had not thought of the Saxon grit.

He took the land, and he took the men,
And burnt the homesteads from Trent to Tyne,
Made the freemen serfs by a stroke of the pen,
Eat up the corn and drank the wine,
And said to the maiden, pure and fair,
"You shall be my leman, as is most fit,
Your Saxon churl may rot in his lair;"
But he had not measured the Saxon grit.

To the merry greenwood went bold Robin Hood,
With his strong-hearted yeomanry ripe for the fray,
Driving the arrow into the marrow
Of all the proud Normans who came in his way;

Scorning the fetter, fearless and free,
Winning by valor, or foiling by wit,
Dear to our Saxon folk ever is he,
This merry old rogue with the Saxon grit.


And Kett the tanner whipped out his knife,
And Watt the smith his hammer brought down,
For ruth of the maid he loved better than life,
And by breaking a head, made a hole in the Crown.
From the Saxon heart rose a mighty roar,
"Our life shall not be by the King's permit;
We will fight for the right, we want no more;"
Then the Norman found out the Saxon grit.

For slow and sure as the oaks had grown
From acorns falling that autumn day,
So the Saxon manhood in thorpe and town
To a nobler stature grew alway;
Winning by inches, holding by clinches,
Standing by law and the human right,
Many times failing, never once quailing,
So the new day came out of the night.

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Then rising afar in the Western sea,
A new world stood in the morn of the day,
Ready to welcome the brave and free,
Who would wrench out the heart and march away
From the narrow, contracted, dear old land,
Where the poor are held by a cruel bit,
To ampler spaces for heart and hand—
And here was a chance for the Saxon grit.

Steadily steering, eagerly peering,
Trusting in God your fathers came,
Pilgrims and strangers, fronting all dangers,
Cool-headed Saxons, with hearts aflame.
Bound by the letter, but free from the fetter,
And hiding their freedom in Holy Writ,
They gave Deuteronomy hints in economy,
And made a new Moses of Saxon grit.



They whittled and waded through forest and fen,
Fearless as ever of what might befall;
Pouring out life for the nurture of men,
In faith that by manhood the world wins all.
Inventing baked beans and no end of machines;
Great with the rifle and great with the axe—
Sending their notions over the oceans,
To fill empty stomachs and straighten bent backs.

Swift to take chances that end in the dollar,
Yet open of hand when the dollar is made,
Maintaining the meetin', exalting the scholar,
But a little too anxious about a good trade;
This is young Jonathan, son of old John,
Positive, peaceable, firm in the right,
Saxon men all of us, may we be one,
Steady for freedom, and strong in her might.

Then, slow and sure, as the oaks have grown
From the acorns that fell on that autumn day,
So this new manhood in city and town,
To a nobler stature will grow alway;
Winning by inches, holding by clinches,
Slow to contention, and slower to quit,
Now and then failing, never once quailing,
Let us thank God for the Saxon grit.

Robert Collyer [1823-1912]

AT GIBRALTAR

I

ENGLAND, I stand on thy imperial ground,
Not all a stranger; as thy bugles blow,
I feel within my blood old battles flow,—
The blood whose ancient founts in thee are found.
Still surging dark against the Christian bound
While Islam presses; well its peoples know
Thy heights that watch them wandering below;
I think how Lucknow heard their gathering sound.

I turn, and meet the cruel, turbaned face.

England! 'tis sweet to be so much thy son!
 I feel the conqueror in my blood and race;
 Last night Trafalgar awed me, and to-day
 Gibraltar wakened; hark, thy evening gun
 Startles the desert over Africa!

II

Thou art the rock of empire, set mid-seas
 Between the East and West, that God has built;
 Advance thy Roman borders where thou wilt,
 While run thy armies true with His decrees;
 Law, justice, liberty,—great gifts are these;
 Watch that they spread where English blood is spilt,
 Lest, mixed and sullied with his country's guilt,
 The soldier's life-stream flow, and Heaven displease!
 Two swords there are: one naked, apt to smite,
 Thy blade of war; and, battle-storied, one
 Rejoices in the sheath, and hides from light.
 American I am; would wars were done!
 Now westward, look, my country bids good-night,—
 Peace to the world from ports without a gun!

George Edward Woodberry [1855—

MOTHER ENGLAND

I

THERE was a rover from a western shore,
 England! whose eyes the sudden tears did drown,
 Beholding the white cliff and sunny down
 Of thy good realm, beyond the sea's uproar.
 I, for a moment, dreamed that, long before,
 I had beheld them thus, when, with the frown
 Of sovereignty, the victor's palm and crown
 Thou from the tilting-field of nations bore.
 Thy prowess and thy glory dazzled first;
 But when in fields I saw the tender flame
 Of primroses, and full-fleeced lambs at play,
 Meseemed I at thy breast, like these, was nursed;

Then mother—Mother England!—home I came
Like one who hath been all too long away!

II

As nestling at thy feet in peace I lay,
A thought awoke and restless stirred in me:
“My land and congeners are beyond the sea,
Theirs is the morning and the evening day.
Wilt thou give ear while this of them I say:—
‘Haughty art thou, and they are bold and free,
As well befits who have descent from thee,
And who have trodden brave the forlorn way.
Children of thine, but grown to strong estate;
Nor scorn from thee would they be slow to pay,
Nor check from thee submissly would they bear;
Yet, Mother England! yet their hearts are great,
And if for thee should dawn some darkest day,
At cry of thine, how proudly would they dare!’”

Edith M. Thomas [1854–

“GOD SAVE THE KING”

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King!

O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall.
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks;
On Thee our hearts we fix,
God save us all!

My Country

Thy choicest gifts in store,
 On him be pleased to pour,
 Long may he reign.
 May he defend our laws,
 And ever give us cause,
 To sing with heart and voice,
 God save the King!

Henry Carey (?) [? -1743]

RULE, BRITANNIA

From "Alfred"

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,
 Arose from out the azure main,
 This was the charter of the land,
 And guardian angels sung the strain:
*Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
 Britons never will be slaves.*

The nations not so blest as thee
 Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall,
 Whilst thou shalt flourish, great and free,
 The dread and envy of them all.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
 As the loud blast that tears the skies
 Serves but to root thy native oak.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
 All their attempts to bend thee down
 Will but arouse thy generous flame,
 But work their woe, and thy renown.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
 All thine shall be the subject main,
 And every shore it circles, thine.

The Muses, still with Freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair:
Blest Isle! with matchless beauty crowned,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.

*Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
Britons never will be slaves.*

James Thomson [1700–1748]

“YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND”

YE Mariners of England
That guard our native seas!
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe;
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow!
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow!
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o’er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,

As they roar on the shore,
 When the stormy winds do blow!
 When the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
 Shall yet terrific burn;
 Till danger's troubled night depart
 And the star of peace return.
 Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
 Our song and feast shall flow
 To the fame of your name,
 When the storm has ceased to blow!
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,
 And the storm has ceased to blow.

Thomas Campbell [1777-1844]

"READY, AY, READY"

OLD England's sons are English yet,
 Old England's hearts are strong;
 And still she wears her coronet
 Aflame with sword and song.
 As in their pride our fathers died,
 If need be, so die we;
 So wield we still, gainsay who will,
 The sceptre of the sea.
 England, stand fast; let heart and hand be steady;
 Be thy first word thy last,—Ready, ay, ready!

We've Raleighs still for Raleigh's part,
 We've Nelsons yet unknown;
 The pulses of the Lion Heart
 Beat on through Wellington.
 Hold, Britain, hold thy creed of old,
 Strong foe and steadfast friend,
 And, still unto thy motto true,
 Defy not, but defend.
 England, stand fast; let heart and hand be steady;
 Be thy first word thy last,—Ready, ay, ready!

“Of Old Sat Freedom on the Heights” 2163

Men whispered that our arm was weak,
Men said our blood was cold,
And that our hearts no longer speak
The clarion-note of old;
But let the spear and sword draw near
The sleeping lion's den,
His island shore shall start once more
To life with armèd men.
England, stand fast; let heart and hand be steady;
Be thy first word thy last,—Ready, ay, ready!
Herman Charles Merivale [1806-1874]

“OF OLD SAT FREEDOM ON THE HEIGHTS”

From “On a Mourner”

OF old sat Freedom on the heights,
The thunders breaking at her feet;
Above her shook the starry lights,
She heard the torrents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice,
Self-gathered in her prophet-mind,
But fragments of her mighty voice
Came rolling on the wind.

Then stepped she down through town and field
To mingle with the human race,
And part by part to men revealed
The fullness of her face—

Grave mother of majestic works,
From her isle-altar gazing down,
Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks,
And, king-like, wears the crown.

Her open eyes desire the truth.
The wisdom of a thousand years
Is in them. May perpetual youth
Keep dry their light from tears;

That her fair form may stand and shine,
 Make bright our days and light our dreams,
 Turning to scorn with lips divine
 The falsehood of extremes!

Alfred Tennyson [1809-1892]

AN ODE

IN IMITATION OF ALCÆUS

WHAT constitutes a State?
 Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
 Thick wall or moated gate;
 Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
 Not bays and broad-armed ports,
 Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
 Not starred and spangled courts,
 Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
 No:—men, high-minded men,
 With powers as far above dull brutes endued
 In forest, brake, or den,
 As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude,—
 Men who their duties know,
 But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain;
 Prevent the long-aimed blow,
 And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:—
 These constitute a State;
 And sovereign Law, that State's collected will,
 O'er thrones and globes elate
 Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.
 Smit by her sacred frown,
 The fiend, Dissension, like a vapor sinks;
 And e'en the all-dazzling Crown
 Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.

Such was this heaven-loved isle,
 Than Lesbos fairer and the Cretan shore!
 No more shall Freedom smile?
 Shall Britons languish, and be men no more?

Since all must life resign,
Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave
'Tis folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

William Jones [1746-1794]

ENGLAND, 1802

I

O FRIEND! I know not which way I must look
For comfort, being, as I am, oppressed,
To think that now our life is only dressed
For show; mean handy-work of craftsman, cook,
Or groom!—We must run glittering like a brook
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest:
The wealthiest man among us is the best:
No grandeur now in nature or in book
Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
This is idolatry; and these we adore:
Plain living and high thinking are no more:
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.

II

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee: she is a fen
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again,
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

III

Great men have been among us; hands that penned
And tongues that uttered wisdom—better none:
The later Sidney, Marvell, Harrington,
Young Vane, and others who called Milton friend.
These moralists could act and comprehend:
They knew how genuine glory was put on;
Taught us how rightfully a nation shone
In splendor: what strength was, that would not bend
But in magnanimous meekness. France, 'tis strange,
Hath brought forth no such souls as we had then.
Perpetual emptiness! unceasing change!
No single volume paramount, no code,
No master spirit, no determined road;
But equally a want of books and men!

IV

It is not to be thought of that the flood
Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters, unwithstood,"—
Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,—
That this most famous stream in bogs and sands
Should perish; and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
Armory of the invincible Knights of old:
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.—In everything we are sprung
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

V

When I have borne in memory what has tamed
Great Nations, how ennobling thoughts depart
When men change swords for ledgers, and desert
The student's bower for gold, some fears unnamed
I had, my Country—am I to be blamed?

Now, when I think of thee, and what thou art,
Verily, in the bottom of my heart,
Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.
For dearly must we prize thee; we who find
In thee a bulwark for the cause of men;
And I by my affection was beguiled:
What wonder if a Poet now and then,
Among the many movements of his mind,
Felt for thee as a lover or a child!

William Wordsworth [1770-1850]

“ENGLAND, MY ENGLAND”

WHAT have I done for you,
England, my England?
What is there I would not do,
England, my own?
With your glorious eyes austere,
As the Lord were walking near,
Whispering terrible things and dear
As the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
Round the world on your bugles blown!

Where shall the watchful Sun,
England, my England,
Match the master-work you’ve done,
England, my own?
When shall he rejoice agen
Such a breed of mighty men
As come forward, one to ten,
To the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
Down the years on your bugles blown?

Ever the faith endures,
England, my England:—
“Take and break us: we are yours,
England, my own!

My Country

Life is good, and joy runs high
 Between English earth and sky:
 Death is death; but we shall die
 To the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 To the stars on your bugles blown!”

They call you proud and hard,
 England, my England:
 You with worlds to watch and ward,
 England, my own!
 You whose mailed hand keeps the keys
 Of such teeming destinies,
 You could know nor dread nor ease
 Were the Song on your bugles blown,
 England,
 Round the Pit on your bugles blown!

Mother of Ships whose might
 England, my England,
 Is the fierce old Sea's delight,
 England, my own,
 Chosen daughter of the Lord,
 Spouse-in-Chief of the ancient Sword,
 There's the menace of the Word
 In the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 Out of heaven on your bugles blown!

William Ernest Henley [1849-1903]

ENGLAND

THERE she sits in her Island-home,
 Peerless among her Peers!
 And Liberty oft to her arms doth come,
 To ease its poor heart of tears.
 Old England still throbs with the muffled fire
 Of a past she can never forget:
 And again shall she herald the world up higher;
 For there's life in the Old Land yet.

They would mock at her now, who of old looked forth

In their fear, as they heard her afar;

But loud will your wail be, O Kings of the Earth!

When the Old Land goes down to the war.

The Avalanche trembles, half-launched, and half-riven,

Her voice will in motion set:

O ring out the tidings, wide-reaching as Heaven!

There's life in the Old Land yet.

The old nursing Mother's not hoary yet,

There is sap in her ancient tree:

She lifteth a bosom of glory yet,

Through her mists, to the Sun and the Sea—

Fair as the Queen of Love, fresh from the foam,

Or a star in a dark cloud set;

Ye may blazon her shame,—ye may leap at her name,—

But there's life in the Old Land yet.

Let the storm burst, you will find the Old Land

Ready-ripe for a rough, red fray!

She will fight as she fought when she took her stand

For the Right in the olden day.

Rouse the old royal soul; Europe's best hope

Is her sword-edge for Victory set!

She shall dash Freedom's foes down Death's bloody slope;

For there's life in the Old Land yet.

Gerald Massey [1828-1907]

THE SONG OF THE BOW

From "The White Company"

WHAT of the bow?

The bow was made in England:

Of true wood, of yew-wood,

The wood of English bows;

So men who are free

Love the old yew-tree

And the land where the yew-tree grows.

What of the cord?

The cord was made in England:

A rough cord, a tough cord,

A cord that bowmen love;

And so we will sing
Of the hempen string
And the land where the cord was wove.

What of the shaft?
The shaft was cut in England:
A long shaft, a strong shaft,
Barbed and trim and true;
So we'll drink all together
To the gray goose-feather
And the land where the gray goose flew.

What of the mark?
Ah, seek it not in England:
A bold mark, our old mark,
Is waiting over-sea.
When the strings harp in chorus,
And the lion flag is o'er us,
It is there that our mark will be.

What of the men?
The men were bred in England:
The bowmen—the yeomen,
The lads of dale and fell.
Here's to you—and to you!
To the hearts that are true
And the land where the true hearts dwell.

Arthur Conan Doyle [1859–

AN ENGLISH MOTHER

EVERY week of every season out of English ports go forth,
White of sail or white of trail, East, or West, or South, or
North,
Scattering like a flight of pigeons, half a hundred home-sick
ships,
Bearing half a thousand striplings—each with kisses on his
lips
Of some silent mother, fearful lest she show herself too fond,
Giving him to bush or desert as one pays a sacred bond,

—Tell us, you who hide your heartbreak, which is sadder,
when all's done,
To repine, an English mother, or to roam, an English son?

You who shared your babe's first sorrow when his cheek no
longer pressed

On the perfect, snow-and-roseleaf beauty of your mother-
breast,

In the rigor of his nurture was your woman's mercy mute,
Knowing he was doomed to exile with the savage and the
brute?

Did you school yourself to absence all his adolescent years,
That, though you be torn with parting, he should never see
the tears?

Now his ship has left the offing for the many-mouthèd
sea,

This your guerdon, empty heart, by empty bed to bend the
knee!

And if he be but the latest thus to leave your dwindling
board,

Is a sorrow less for being added to a sorrow's hoard?

Is the mother-pain the duller that to-day his brothers
stand,

Facing ambuscades of Congo or alarms of Zululand?

Toil, where blizzards drift the snow like smoke across the
plains of death?

Faint, where tropic fens at morning steam with fever-laden
breath?

Die, that in some distant river's veins the English blood may
run—

Mississippi, Yangtze, Ganges, Nile, Mackenzie, Amazon?

Ah! you still must wait and suffer in a solitude untold

While your sisters of the nations call you passive, call you
cold—

Still must scan the news of sailings, breathless search the
slow gazette,

Find the dreadful name . . . and, later, get his blithe fare-
well! And yet——

Shall the lonely at the hearthstone shame the legions who
have died
Grudging not the price their country pays for progress and
for pride?
—Nay; but, England, do not ask us thus to emulate your
scars
Until women's tears are reckoned in the budgets of your
wars.

Robert Underwood Johnson [1853—

AVE IMPERATRIX!

SET in this stormy Northern sea,
Queen of these restless fields of tide,
England! what shall men say of thee,
Before whose feet the worlds divide?

The earth, a brittle globe of glass,
Lies in the hollow of thy hand,
And through its heart of crystal pass,
Like shadows through a twilight land,

The spears of crimson-suited war,
The long white-crested waves of fight,
And all the deadly fires which are
The torches of the lords of Night.

The yellow leopards, strained and lean,
The treacherous Russian knows so well,
With gaping blackened jaws are seen
To leap through hail of screaming shell.

The strong sea-lion of England's wars
Hath left his sapphire cave of sea,
To battle with the storm that mars
The star of England's chivalry.

The brazen-throated clarion blows
Across the Pathan's reedy fen,
And the high steepes of Indian snows
Shake to the tread of armed men.

And many an Afghan chief, who lies
Beneath his cool pomegranate-trees,
Clutches his sword in fierce surmise
When on the mountain-side he sees

The fleet-foot Marri scout, who comes
To tell how he hath heard afar
The measured roll of English drums
Beat at the gates of Kandahar.

For southern wind and east wind meet
Where, girt and crowned by sword and fire,
England with bare and bloody feet
Climbs the steep road of wide empire.

O lonely Himalayan height,
Gray pillar of the Indian sky,
Where saw'st thou last in clanging fight
Our wingèd dogs of Victory?

The almond groves of Samarcand,
Bokhara, where red lilies blow,
And Oxus, by whose yellow sand
The grave white-turbaned merchants go;

And on from thence to Ispahan,
The gilded garden of the sun,
Whence the long dusty caravan
Brings cedar and vermilion;

And that dread city of Cabul
Set at the mountain's scarpèd feet,
Whose marble tanks are ever full
With water for the noonday heat;

Where through the narrow straight Bazaar
A little maid Circassian
Is led, a present from the Czar
Unto some old and bearded Khan,—

My Country

Here have our wild war-eagles flown,
And flapped wide wings in fiery fight;
But the sad dove, that sits alone
In England—she hath no delight.

In vain the laughing girl will lean
To greet her love with love-lit eyes:
Down in some treacherous black ravine,
Clutching his flag, the dead boy lies.

And many a moon and sun will see
The lingering wistful children wait
To climb upon their father's knee;
And in each house made desolate,

Pale women who have lost their lord
Will kiss the relics of the slain—
Some tarnished epaulette,—some sword—
Poor toys to soothe such anguished pain.

For not in quiet English fields
Are these, our brothers, lain to rest,
Where we might deck their broken shields
With all the flowers the dead love best.

For some are by the Delhi walls,
And many in the Afghan land,
And many where the Ganges falls
Through seven mouths of shifting sand.

And some in Russian waters lie,
And others in the seas which are
The portals to the East, or by
The wind-swept heights of Trafalgar.

O wandering graves! O restless sleep!
O silence of the sunless day!
O still ravine! O stormy deep!
Give up your prey! Give up your prey!

And thou whose wounds are never healed,
Whose weary race is never won,
O Cromwell's England! must thou yield
For every inch of ground a son?

Go! crown with thorns thy gold-crowned head,
Change thy glad song to song of pain;
Wind and wild wave have got thy dead,
And will not yield them back again.

Wave and wild wind and foreign shore
Possess the flower of English land!—
Lips that thy lips shall kiss no more,
Hands that shall never clasp thy hand.

What profit now that we have bound
The whole round world with nets of gold,
If hidden in our heart is found
The care that groweth never old?

What profit that our galleys ride,
Pine-forest-like, on every main?
Ruin and wreck are at our side,
Grim warders of the House of Pain.

Where are the brave, the strong, the fleet?
Where is our English chivalry?
Wild grasses are their burial-sheet,
And sobbing waves their threnody.

O loved ones lying far away,
What word of love can dead lips send!
O wasted dust! O senseless clay!
Is this the end? Is this the end?

Peace, peace! we wrong the noble dead
To vex their solemn slumber so;
Though childless, and with thorn-crowned head,
Up the steep road must England go,

Yet when this fiery web is spun,
 Her watchmen shall descry from far
 The young Republic like a sun
 Rise from these crimson seas of war.

Oscar Wilde [1856-1900]

RECESSIONAL

GOD of our fathers, known of old—
 Lord of our far-flung battle line—
 Beneath whose awful hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine—
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
 The Captains and the Kings depart—
 Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
 An humble and a contrite heart.
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away—
 On dune and headland sinks the fire—
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
 Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
 Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
 Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
 Or lesser breeds without the Law—
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
 In reeking tube and iron shard—
 All valiant dust that builds on dust,
 And guarding calls not Thee to guard,—
 For frantic boast and foolish word,
 Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord! AMEN.

Rudyard Kipling [1865-

THE WEARIN' O' THE GREEN

O, PADDY dear, an' did ye hear the news that's goin' round?
The shamrock is by law forbid to grow on Irish ground!
No more St. Patrick's Day we'll keep, his color can't be
seen,

For there's a cruel law agin the wearin' o' the Green!
I met wid Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand,
And he said, "How's poor Ould Ireland, and how does she
stand?"

She's the most disthressful country that iver yet was seen,
For they're hangin' men and women there for wearin' o' the
Green.

An' if the color we must wear is England's cruel Red,
Let it remind us of the blood that Ireland has shed;
Then pull the shamrock from your hat, and throw it on the
sod,—

And never fear, 'twill take root there, though under foot 'tis
trod!

When law can stop the blades of grass from growin' as they
grow,

And when the leaves in summer-time their color dare not
show,

Then I will change the color, too, I wear in my caubeen,
But till that day, plaze God, I'll stick to wearin' o' the Green.

Unknown

DARK ROSALEEN

O my dark Rosaleen,
Do not sigh, do not weep!
The priests are on the ocean green,
They march along the deep.
There's wine from the royal Pope
Upon the ocean green,
And Spanish ale shall give you hope,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!

Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,
Shall give you health, and help, and hope,
My dark Rosaleen!

Over hills and through dales
Have I roamed for your sake;
All yesterday I sailed the sails
On river and on lake.
The Erne, at its highest flood,
I dashed across unseen,
For there was lightning in my blood,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
Oh! there was lightning in my blood,
Red lightning lightened through my blood,
My dark Rosaleen!

All day long, in unrest,
To and fro do I move.
The very soul within my breast
Is wasted for you, love!
The heart in my bosom faints
To think of you, my Queen,
My life of life, my saint of saints,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
To hear your sweet and sad complaints,
My life, my love, my saint of saints,
My dark Rosaleen!

Woe and pain, pain and woe,
Are my lot, night and noon,
To see your bright face clouded so,
Like to the mournful moon.
But yet will I rear your throne
Again in golden sheen;
'Tis you shall reign, shall reign alone
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!

'Tis you shall have the golden throne,
'Tis you shall reign, and reign alone,
My dark Rosaleen!

Over dews, over sands,
Will I fly for your weal:
Your holy, delicate white hands
Shall girdle me with steel.
At home in your emerald bowers,
From morning's dawn till e'en,
You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
You'll think of me through daylight's hours,
My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,
My dark Rosaleen!

I could scale the blue air,
I could plough the high hills,
Oh, I could kneel all night in prayer,
To heal your many ills!
And one beamy smile from you
Would float like light between
My toils and me, my own, my true,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
Would give me life and soul anew,
A second life, a soul anew,
My dark Rosaleen!

Oh! the Erne shall run red
With redundance of blood,
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,
And flames wrap hill and wood,
And gun-peal and slogan-cry
Wake many a glen serene,
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!

The Judgment Hour must first be nigh,
Ere you shall fade, ere you can die,
My dark Rosaleen!

James Clarence Mangan [1803-1849]

EXILE OF ERIN

THERE came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;
For his country he sighed, when at twilight repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh.

Sad is my fate! said the heart-broken stranger;
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not to me.
Never again, in the green sunny bowers
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh!

Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more!
O cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me?
Never again shall my brothers embrace me?
They died to defend me, or live to deplore!

Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wildwood?
Sisters and sire, did ye weep for its fall?
Where is the mother that looked on my childhood?
And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all?

O my sad heart! long abandoned by pleasure,
 Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure?
 Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without measure,
 But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

Yet, all its sad recollections suppressing,
 One dying wish my lone bosom can draw,—
 Erin, an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!
 Land of my forefathers, Erin go bragh!
 Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
 Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean!
 And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,—
 Erin mavournin, Erin go bragh!

Thomas Campbell [1777–1844]

ANDROMEDA

THEY chained her fair young body to the cold and cruel
 stone;
 The beast begot of sea and slime had marked her for his own;
 The callous world beheld the wrong, and left her there alone.
 Base caitiffs who belied her, false kinsmen who denied her,
 Ye left her there alone!

My Beautiful, they left thee in thy peril and thy pain;
 The night that hath no morrow was brooding on the main:
 But, lo! a light is breaking of hope for thee again;
 'Tis Perseus' sword a-flaming, thy dawn of day proclaiming
 Across the western main.

O Ireland! O my country! he comes to break thy chain!
James Jeffrey Roche [1847–1908]

IRELAND

Si oblitus fuero tui Ierusalem: oblivioni detur dextera mea.

THY sorrow, and the sorrow of the sea,
 Are sisters; the sad winds are of thy race:
 The heart of melancholy beats in thee,
 And the lamenting spirit haunts thy face,

Mournful and mighty Mother! who art kin
To the ancient earth's first woe,
When holy Angels wept, beholding sin.
For not in penance do thy true tears flow,
Not thine the long transgression: at thy name,
We sorrow not with shame,
But proudly: for thy soul is as the snow.

Old as the sorrow for lost Paradise
Seems thine old sorrow: thou in the mild West,
Who wouldst thy children upon earth suffice
For Paradise, and pure Hesperian rest;
Had not the violent and bitter fates
Burned up with fiery feet
The greenness of thy pastures; had not hates,
Envies, and desolations, with fierce heat
Wasted thee, and consumed the land of grace,
Beauty's abiding place;
And vexed with agony bright joy's retreat.

Swift at the word of the Eternal Will,
Upon thee the malign armed Angels came.
Flame was their winging, flame that laps thee still;
And in the anger of their eyes was flame.
One was the Angel of the field of blood,
And one of lonelier death:
One saddened exiles on the ocean flood,
And famine followed on another's breath.
Angels of evil, with incessant sword,
Smote thee, O land adored!
And yet smite: for the Will of God so saith.

A severing and sundering they wrought,
A rending of the soul. They turned to tears
The laughter of thy waters: and they brought,
To sow upon thy fields, quick seed of fears;
That brother should hate brother, and one roof
Shelter unkindly hearts;
Friend from his ancient friendship hold aloof,
And comrades learn to play sad alien parts,

Province from noble province dwell estranged,
And all old trusts be changed;
And treason teach true men her impious arts.

But yet in their reluctant hands they bore
Laurel, and palm, and crown, and bay: an host,
Heartened by wrath and sorrow more and more,
Strove ever, giving up the mighty ghost;
The field well fought, the song well sung, for sake,
Mother! of thee alone:
Sorrow and wrath bade deathless courage wake,
And struck from burning harps a deathless tone.
With palm and laurel won, with crown and bay,
Went proudly down death's way
Children of Ireland, to their deathless throne.

Proud and sweet habitation of thy dead!
Throne upon throne, its thrones of sorrow filled:
Prince on prince coming with triumphant tread,
All passion, save the love of Ireland, stilled.
By the forgetful waters they forget
Not thee, O Inisfail!
Upon thy fields their dreaming eyes are set,
They hear thy winds call ever through each vale.
Visions of victory exalt and thrill
Their hearts' whole hunger still:
High beats their longing for the living Gael.

Sarsfield is sad there with his last desire;
FitzGerald mourns with Emmet; ancient chiefs
Dream on their saffron-mantled hosts, afire
Against the givers of their Mother's griefs.
*Was it for naught, captain asks captain old,
Was it in vain, we fell?
Shall we have fallen like the leaves of gold,
And no green spring wake from the long dark spell?
Shall never a crown of summer fruitage come
From blood of martyrdom?
Yet to our faith will we not say farewell!*

There the white soul of Davis, there the worn,
Waste soul of Mangan, there the surging soul
Of Grattan, hunger for thy promised morn:
There the great legion of thy martyr roll,
Filled with the fames of seven hundred years,
Hunger to hear the voice,
Sweeter than marriage music in their ears,
That shall bid thee and all thy sons rejoice.
There bide the spirits who for thee yet burn:

*Ah! might we but return,
And make once more for thee the martyr choice!*

No swordsmen are the Christians! Oisin cried:
O Patrick! thine is but a little race.
Nay, ancient Oisin! they have greatly died
In battle glory and with warrior grace.
Signed with the Cross, they conquered and they fell;
Sons of the Cross, they stand:
The Prince of Peace loves righteous warfare well,
And loves thine armies, O our Holy Land!
The Lord of Hosts is with thee, and thine eyes
Shall see upon thee rise
His glory, and the blessing of His Hand.

Thou hast no fear: with immemorial pride,
Bright as when Oscar ran the morning glades;
The knightly Fenian hunters at his side,
The sunlight through green leaves glad on their blades;
The heart in thee is full of joyous faith.

Not in the bitter dust
Thou crouchest, heeding what the coward saith:
But, radiant with an everlasting trust,
Hearest thine ancient rivers in their glee
Sing themselves on to sea,
Thy winds make melody: O joy most just!

Nay! we insult thee not with tears, although
With thee we sorrow: not as for one dead
We mourn, for one in the cold earth laid low.
Still is the crown upon thy sovereign head,

Still is the scepter within thy strong hand,
Still is the kingdom thine:
The armies of thy sons on thy command
Wait, and thy starry eyes through darkness shine.
Tears for the dear and dead! For thee, *All hail!*
Unconquered Inisfail!
Tears for the lost: thou livest, O divine!

Thou passest not away: the sternest powers
Spoil not all beauty of thy face, nor mar
All peace of thy great heart, O pulse of ours!
The darkest cloud dims thee not all, O star!
Ancient and proud thy sorrows, and their might
That of the murmuring waves:
They hearten us to fight the unceasing fight,
Filled with the grace, that flows from holy graves.
Sons pass away, and thou hast sons as true
To fight the fight anew:
Thy welfare, all the gain their warfare craves.

Sweet Mother! in what marvellous dear ways
Close to thine heart thou keepest all thine own!
Far off, they yet can consecrate their days
To thee, and on the swift winds westward blown,
Send thee the homage of their hearts, their vow
Of one most sacred care:
To thee devote all passionate power, since thou
Vouchsafest them, O land of love! to bear
Sorrow and joy with thee. Each far son thrills
Toward thy blue dreaming hills,
And longs to kiss thy feet upon them, Fair!

*If death come swift upon me, it will be
Because of the great love I bear the Gael!*
So sang upon the separating sea
Columba, while his boat sped out of hail,
And all grew lonely. But some sons thou hast,
Whose is an heavier lot,
Close at thy side: they see thy torment last,
And all their will to help thee helps thee not.

Mother! their grief, to look on thy dear face,
Worn with each weary trace
Of fresh woes, and of old woes unforgot!

And yet great spirits ride thy winds: thy ways
Are haunted and enchanted evermore.
Thy children hear the voices of old days
In music of the sea upon thy shore,
In falling of the waters from thine hills,
In whispers of thy trees:
A glory from the things eternal fills
Their eyes, and at high noon thy people sees
Visions, and wonderful is all the air.
So upon earth they share
Eternity: they learn it at thy knees.

Eternal is our faith in thee: the sun
Shall sooner fall from Heaven, than from our lives
That faith; and the great stars fade one by one,
Ere fade that light in which thy people strives.
Strong in the everlasting righteousness
Triumphs our faith: the fight
Hath holiest hosts to inspire it and to bless;
Thy children lift true faces to the light.
Theirs are the visitations from on high,
Voices that call and cry:
Celestial comfort in the deeps of night.

Charmed upon waters three, forlorn and cold,
The swans, Children of Lir, endured their doom:
From off their white wings flashed the morning gold,
And round their white wings closed the twilight gloom.
Yet on their stormy weird the Christian bell
Broke, and they stirred with dread:
The Coming of the Saints upon them fell;
They woke to joy, and found their white wings fled.
And thou, in these last days, shalt thou not hear
A sound of sacred fear?
God's bells shall ring, and all sad days be dead.

But desolate be the houses of thy foes:
Sorrow encompass them, and vehement wrath
Besiege them: be their hearts cold as the snows:
Let lamentation keen about their path,
The fires of God burn round them, and His night
Lie on their blinded eyes:
And when they call to the Eternal Light,
None shall make answer to their stricken cries.
Mercy and pity shall not know them more:
God shall shut to the door,
And close on them His everlasting skies.

How long? Justice of Very God! How long?
The Isle of Sorrows from of old hath trod
The stony road of unremitting wrong,
The purple winepress of the wrath of God:
Is then the Isle of Destiny indeed
To grief predestinate;
Ever foredoomed to agonize and bleed,
Beneath the scourging of eternal fate?
Yet against hope shall we still hope, and still
Beseech the Eternal Will:
Our lives to this one service dedicate.

Ah, tremble into passion, Harp! and sing
War song, O Sword! Fill the fair land, great Twain!
Wake all her heavy heart to triumphing:
To vengeance, and armed trampling of the plain!
And you, white spirits on the mountain wind,
Cry between eve and morn!
Cry, mighty Dead! until the people find
Their souls a furnace of desire and scorn.
Call to the hosting upon Tara, call
The tribes of Eire all:
Trump of the Champions! immemorial Horn!

Shall not the Three Waves thunder for their King,
The Captain of thy people? Shall not streams
Leap from thy mountains' heart, and many a spring
Gladden thy valleys, for the joy of dreams

Fulfilled, for glory of the battle won?
Hast thou no prophet left?
Is all thy Druid wizardry undone,
And thou of thy foreknowledge quite bereft?
Nay! but the power of faith is prophecy,
Vision, and certainty;
Faith, that hath walked the waves, and mountains cleft.

As haunting Tirnanoge within the sea,
So hid within the Eyes of God thy fate
Lies dreaming: and when God shall bid it be,
Ah, then the fair perfection of thy state!
Bravely the gold and silver bells shall chime,
When thou art wed with peace:
Far to the desert of their own sad clime
Shall fly the ill Angels, when God bids them cease.
Thine shall be only a majestic joy,
No evil can destroy:
The sorrows of thy soul shall have release.

Thy blood of martyrs to the martyrs' Home
Cries from the earth: the altar of high Heaven
Is by their cries besieged and overcome:
The Rainbow Throne and flaming Spirits Seven
Know well the music of that agony,
That surge of a long sigh,
That voice of an unresting misery,
That ardor of anguish unto the Most High.
Thou from thy wronged earth pleadest with the Just,
Whose loving mercy must
Hear, and command thy death in life to die.

Golden allies are thine, bright souls of Saints,
Glad choirs of intercession for the Gael:
Their flame of prayer ascends, their stream of plaints
Flows to the wounded feet, for Inisfail.
Victor, the Angel of thy Patrick, pleads;
Mailed Michael with his sword
Kneels there, the champion of thy bitter needs,
Prince of the shining armies of the Lord:

And there, Star of the Morning and the Sea,
 Mary pours prayers for thee:
 And unto Mary be thy prayers outpoured.

*O Rose! O Lily! O Lady full of grace!
 O Mary Mother! O Mary Maid! hear thou.
 Glory of Angels! Pity, and turn thy face,
 Praying thy Son, even as we pray thee now,
 For thy dear sake to set thine Ireland free:*

*Pray thou thy little Child!
 Ah! who can help her, but in mercy He?
 Pray then, pray thou for Ireland, Mother mild!
 O Heart of Mary! pray the Sacred Heart:*

*His, at Whose word depart
 Sorrows and hates, home to Hell's waste and wild.*

Lionel Johnson [1867-1902]

TO THE DEAD OF '98

GOD rest you, rest you, rest you, Ireland's dead!
 Peace be upon you shed,
 Peace from the Mercy of the Crucified,
 You, who for Ireland died!
 Soft fall on you the dews and gentle airs
 Of interceding prayers,
 From lowly cabins of our ancient land,
 Yours yet, O Sacred Band!
 God rest you, rest you: for the fight you fought
 Was His; the end you sought,
 His; from His altar fires you took your flame,
 Hailing His Holy Name.
 Triumphantly you gave yourselves to death:
 And your last breath
 Was one last sigh for Ireland, sigh to Him,
 As the loved land grew dim.

And still, blessèd and martyr souls! you pray
 In the same faith this day:
 From forth your dwelling beyond sun and star,
 Where only spirits are,

Your prayers in a perpetual flight arise,
 To fold before God's Eyes
 Their tireless wings, and wait the Holy Word
 That one day shall be heard.
*Not unto us, they plead, Thy goodness gave
 Our mother to enslave;
 To us Thou gavest death for love of her:
 Ah, what death lovelier?
 But to our children's children give to see
 The perfect victory!
 Thy dead beseech thee: to Thy living give
 In liberty to live!*

Lionel Johnson [1867-1902]

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD

WHO fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?
 Who blushes at the name?
 When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
 Who hangs his head for shame?
 He's all a knave, or half a slave,
 Who slights his country thus;
 But a true man, like you, man,
 Will fill your glass with us.

We drink the memory of the brave,
 The faithful and the few—
 Some lie far off beyond the wave,
 Some sleep in Ireland, too;
 All, all are gone—but still lives on
 The fame of those who died;
 All true men, like you, men,
 Remember them with pride.

Some on the shores of distant lands
 Their weary hearts have laid,
 And by the stranger's heedless hands
 Their lonely graves were made;

But, though their clay be far away
Beyond the Atlantic foam,
In true men, like you, men,
Their spirit's still at home.

The dust of some is Irish earth;
Among their own they rest;
And the same land that gave them birth
Has caught them to her breast;
And we will pray that from their clay
Full many a race may start
Of true men, like you, men,
To act as brave a part.

They rose in dark and evil days
To right their native land;
They kindled here a living blaze
That nothing shall withstand.
Alas! that Might can vanquish Right—
They fell and passed away;
But true men, like you, men,
Are plenty here to-day.

Then here's their memory—may it be
For us a guiding light,
To cheer our strife for liberty,
And teach us to unite.
Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,
Though sad as theirs your fate;
And true men be you, men,
Like those of Ninety-Eight!

John Kells Ingram [1823-1907]

CUSHLA MA CHREE

DEAR Erin, how sweetly thy green bosom rises!
An emerald set in the ring of the sea!
Each blade of thy meadows my faithful heart prizes,
Thou queen of the west! the world's cushla ma chree!

Thy gates open wide to the poor and the stranger—
 There smiles hospitality hearty and free;
 Thy friendship is seen in the moment of danger,
 And the wanderer is welcomed with *cushla ma chree*.

Thy sons they are brave; but, the battle once over,
 In brotherly peace with their foes they agree;
 And the roseate cheeks of thy daughters discover
 The soul-speaking blush that says *cushla ma chree*.

Then flourish forever, my dear native Erin!
 While sadly I wander an exile from thee;
 And, firm as thy mountains, no injury fearing,
 May heaven defend its own *cushla ma chree*!

John Philpot Curran [1750–1817]

THE GREEN LITTLE SHAMROCK OF IRELAND

THERE'S a dear little plant that grows in our isle,
 'Twas Saint Patrick himself sure that set it;
 And the sun on his labor with pleasure did smile,
 And with dew from his eye often wet it.
 It thrives through the bog, through the brake, and the
 mireland;
 And he called it the dear little shamrock of Ireland—
 The sweet little shamrock, the dear little shamrock,
 The sweet little, green little, shamrock of Ireland!

This dear little plant still grows in our land,
 Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin,
 Whose smiles can bewitch, whose eyes can command,
 In each climate that they may appear in;
 And shine through the bog, through the brake, and the
 mireland,
 Just like their own dear little shamrock of Ireland.
 The sweet little shamrock, the dear little shamrock,
 The sweet little, green little, shamrock of Ireland!

This dear little plant that springs from our soil,
 When its three little leaves are extended,
 Denotes on one stalk we together should toil,
 And ourselves by ourselves be befriended;

And still through the bog, through the brake, and the
mireland,

From one root should branch, like the shamrock of Ireland,
The sweet little shamrock, the dear little shamrock,
The sweet little, green little, shamrock of Ireland!

Andrew Cherry [1762-1812]

MY LAND

SHE is a rich and rare land;
Oh! she's a fresh and fair land,
She is a dear and rare land—
This native land of mine.

No men than hers are braver—
Her women's hearts ne'er waver;
I'd freely die to save her,
And think my lot divine.

She's not a dull or cold land;
No! she's a warm and bold land;
Oh! she's a true and old land—
This native land of mine.

Could beauty ever guard her,
And virtue still reward her,
No foe would cross her border—
No friend within it pine.

Oh! she's a fresh and fair land,
Oh! she's a true and rare land!
Yes, she's a rare and fair land—
This native land of mine.

Thomas Osborne Davis [1814-1845]

FAINNE GAEL AN LAE

“Until the day break and the shadows flee away”

ERE the long roll of the ages end
And the days of time are done,
The Lord shall unto Erin send
His own appointed One,

Whose soul must wait the hour of Fate,
His name be known to none;
But his feet shall stand on the Irish land
In the rising of the sun.

In darkness of our captive night,
Whilst storms the watch-tower shake,
Some shall not sleep, but vigil keep
Until the morning break;
Until through clouds of threatening hate,
The seas of sorrow o'er,
The first red beam of the sun-burst gleam
Illumines Erin's shore.

Oh! perfect, pure, exalted One,
For whom in prayer we wait,
Of Irish-born thou happiest son
And noblest of the great;
As night to noon goes swift and soon,
May years now roll away
And bring the hour of thy conquering power
And the dawning of the day!

Alice Milligan [18 -

IRELAND

IRELAND, oh Ireland! center of my longings,
Country of my fathers, home of my heart!
Overseas you call me: *Why an exile from me?*
Wherefore sea-severed, long leagues apart?

As the shining salmon, homeless in the sea-depths,
Hears the river call him, scents out the land,
Leaps and rejoices in the meeting of the waters,
Breasts weir and torrent, nests in the sand;

Lives there and loves; yet with the year's returning,
Rusting in the river, pines for the sea,
Sweeps back again to the ripple of the tideway,
Roamer of the waters, vagabond and free;—

Wanderer am I like the salmon of the rivers;
 London is my ocean, murmurous and deep,
 Tossing and vast; yet through the roar of London
 Comes to me thy summons, calls me in sleep.

Pearly are the skies in the country of my fathers,
 Purple are thy mountains, home of my heart.
 Mother of my yearning, love of all my longings,
 Keep me in remembrance, long leagues apart.

Stephen Lucius Gwynn [1865—

“HILLS O’ MY HEART”

HILLS o’ my heart!

I have come to you at calling of my one love and only,
 I have left behind the cruel scarlet wind of the east,
 The hearth of my fathers wanting me is lonely,
 And empty is the place I filled at gathering of the feast.

Hills o’ my heart!

You have cradled him I love in your green quiet hollows,
 Your wavering winds have hushed him to soft forgetful
 sleep,
 Below dusk boughs where bird-voice after bird-voice follows
 In shafts of silver melody that split the hearkening deep.

Hills o’ my heart!

Let the herdsman who walks in your high haunted places
 Give him strength and courage, and weave his dreams
 alway:
 Let your cairn-heaped hero-dead reveal their grand exultant
 faces,
 And the Gentle Folk be good to him betwixt the dark and
 day.

Hills o’ my heart!

And I would the Green Harper might wake his soul to singing
 With music of the golden wires heard when the world
 was new,
 That from his lips an echo of its sweetness may come ringing,
 A song of pure and noble hopes—a song of all things true.

Hills o' my heart!
For sake of the yellow head that drew me wandering over
Your misty crests from my own home where sorrow bided
then,
I set my seven blessings on your kindly heather cover,
On every starry moorland loch, and every shadowy glen,
Hills o' my heart!

Ethna Carbery [? -1902]

SCOTLAND YET

GAE bring my guid auld harp ance mair,
Gae bring it free and fast,
For I maun sing anither sang,
Ere a' my glee be past;
And trow ye as I sing, my lads,
The burden o't shall be,
Auld Scotland's howes and Scotland's knowes,
And Scotland's hills for me;
We'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
Wi' a' the honors three.

The heath waves wild upon her hills,
And, foaming frae the fells,
Her fountains sing o' freedom still,
As they dance doun the dells;
And weel I lo'e the land, my lads,
That's girded by the sea;
Then Scotland's vales and Scotland's dales,
And Scotland's hills for me;
We'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
Wi' a' the honors three.

The thistle wags upon the fields,
Where Wallace bore his blade,
That gave her foemen's dearest bluid
To dye her auld gray plaid;
And looking to the lift, my lads,
He sang this doughty glee,

Auld Scotland's right and Scotland's might,
 And Scotland's hills for me;
 We'll drink a cup for Scotland yet,
 Wi' a' the honors three.

They tell o' lands wi' brighter skies,
 Where freedom's voice ne'er rang;
 Gie me the hills where Ossian lies,
 And Coila's minstrel sang;
 For I've nae skill o' lands, my lads,
 That kenna to be free;
 Then Scotland's right and Scotland's might,
 And Scotland's hills for me;
 We'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
 Wi' a' the honors three.

Henry Scott Riddell [1798-1870]

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE *

A VOICE resounds like thunder-peal,
 'Mid clashing waves and clang of steel:—
 "The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!
 Who guards to-day my stream divine?"

Chorus—Dear Fatherland, no danger thine:
 Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine!

They stand a hundred thousand strong,
 Quick to avenge their country's wrong;
 With filial love their bosoms swell,
 They'll guard the sacred landmark well!

The dead of a heroic race
 From heaven look down and meet their gaze;
 They swear with dauntless heart, "O Rhine,
 Be German as this breast of mine!

"While flows one drop of German blood,
 Or sword remains to guard thy flood,
 While rifle rests in patriot hand,—
 No foe shall tread thy sacred strand!

* For the original of this poem see page 3583.

“Our oath resounds, the river flows,
 In golden light our banner glows;
 Our hearts will guard thy stream divine:
 The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!”
After the German of Max Schneckenburger [1819–1849]

THE GERMAN FATHERLAND *

WHICH is the German's fatherland?
 Is't Prussia's or Swabia's land?
 Is't where the Rhine's rich vintage streams?
 Or where the Northern sea-gull screams?—

Ah, no, no, no!

His fatherland's not bounded so!

Which is the German's fatherland?
 Bavaria's or Styria's land?
 Is't where the Marsian ox unbends?
 Or where the Marksman iron rends?—

Ah, no, no, no!

His fatherland's not bounded so!

Which is the German's fatherland?
 Pomerania's or Westphalia's land?
 Is it where sweep the Dunian waves?
 Or where the thundering Danube raves?—

Ah, no, no, no!

His fatherland's not bounded so!

Which is the German's fatherland?
 O, tell me now the famous land!
 Is't Tyrol, or the land of Tell?
 Such lands and people please me well.—

Ah, no, no, no!

His fatherland's not bounded so!

Which is the German's fatherland?
 Come, tell me now the famous land.
 Doubtless, it is the Austrian state,
 In honors and in triumphs great.—

* For the original of this poem see page 3584.

Ah, no, no!
His fatherland's not bounded so!

Which is the German's fatherland?
So tell me now at last the land!—
As far's the German accent rings
And hymns to God in heaven sings,—
That is the land,—
There, brother, is thy fatherland!

There is the German's fatherland,
Where oaths attest the graspèd hand,—
Where truth beams from the sparkling eyes,
And in the heart love warmly lies;—
That is the land,—
There, brother, is thy fatherland!

That is the German's fatherland,
Where wrath pursues the foreign band,—
Where every Frank is held a foe,
And Germans all as brothers glow;—
That is the land,—
All Germany's thy fatherland!

All Germany, then, the land shall be;
Watch o'er it, God, and grant that we
With German hearts, in deed and thought,
May love it truly as we ought.

Be this the land,
All Germany shall be the land!

From the German of Ernst Moritz Arndt [1769-1860]

THE MARSEILLAISE *

YE sons of freedom, wake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,

* For the original of this poem see page 3586,

My Country

With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms! to arms, ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheathe;
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings, confederate, raise;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And lo! our fields and cities blaze;
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands imbruing?

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile, insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst of power and gold unbounded,
To meet and vend the light and air;
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods would bid their slaves adore:
But man is man, and who is more?
Then, shall they longer lash and goad us?

O Liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.

To arms! to arms, ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheathe;
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

Adapted from the French of Rouget de Lisle [1760-1836]

SOLDIER SONGS

“CHARLIE IS MY DARLING”

'TWAS on a Monday morning
Richt early in the year,
That Charlie cam' to our toun,
The young Chevalier.

*And Charlie he's my darling,
My darling, my darling;
Charlie he's my darling,
The young Chevalier !*

As he was walking up the street,
The city for to view,
Oh, there he spied a bonny lass
The window looking through.

Say licht's he jumped up the stair,
And tirl'd at the pin;
And wha sae ready as hersel'
To let the laddie in?

He set his Jenny on his knee,
All in his Highland dress;
For brawly weel he kenned the way
To please a bonny lass.

It's up yon heathery mountain,
And down yon scroggy glen,
We daurna gang a-milking,
For Charlie and his men.

*And Charlie he's my darling,
My darling, my darling;
Charlie he's my darling,
The young Chevalier !*

Unknown

THE FAREWELL

It was a' for our rightfu' King
We left fair Scotland's strand;
It was a' for our rightfu' King
We e'er saw Irish land,
My dear—
We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,
And a' is done in vain;
My love and native land, farewell,
For I maun cross the main,
My dear—
For I maun cross the main.

He turned him right and round about
Upon the Irish shore,
And gae his bridle-reins a shake,
With, Adieu for evermore,
My dear—
With, Adieu for evermore!

The sodger frae the wars returns,
The sailor frae the main;
But I hae parted frae my love,
Never to meet again,
My dear—
Never to meet again.

When day is gane, and night is come,
And a' folk bound to sleep,
I think on him that's far awa',
The lee-lang night, and weep,
My dear—
The lee-lang night, and weep.

Robert Burns [1759–1796]

“HERE’S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT’S AWA’”

HERE’S a health to them that’s awa’,
Here’s a health to them that’s awa’;
And wha winna wish guid-luck to our cause,
May never guid-luck be their fa’!
It’s guid to be merry and wise,
It’s guid to be honest and true,
It’s guid to support Caledonia’s cause,
And bide by the buff and the blue.

Here’s a health to them that’s awa’,
Here’s a health to them that’s awa’;
Here’s a health to Charlie, the chief o’ the clan,
Although that his band be sma’.
May Liberty meet wi’ success!
May Prudence protect her frae evil!
May tyrants and Tyranny tine in the mist,
And wander their way to the devil!

Here’s a health to them that’s awa’,
Here’s a health to them that’s awa’;
Here’s a health to Tammie, the Norland laddie,
That lives at the lug o’ the law!
Here’s freedom to him that wad read!
Here’s freedom to him that wad write!
There’s nane ever feared that the truth should be heard,
But they wham the truth wad indite.

Here’s a health to them that’s awa’,
Here’s a health to them that’s awa’;
Here’s Maitland and Wycombe, and who does na like ’em
We’ll build in a hole o’ the wa’.
Here’s timmer that’s red at the heart,
Here’s fruit that’s sound at the core!
May he that would turn the buff and blue coat
Be turned to the back o’ the door.

Here's a health to them that's awa',
 Here's a health to them that's awa';
 Here's Chieftain McLeod, a chieftain worth gowd,
 Though bred amang mountains o' snaw!
 Here's friends on baith sides o' the Forth,
 And friends on baith sides o' the Tweed;
 And wha wad betray Old Albion's rights,
 May they never eat of her bread!

Robert Burns [1759-1796]

THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND

OH where! and oh where! is your Highland laddie gone?
 He's gone to fight the French for King George upon the
 throne;
 And it's oh! in my heart how I wish him safe at home.

Oh where! and oh where! does your Highland laddie dwell!
 He dwells in merry Scotland at the sign of the Blue Bell;
 And it's oh! in my heart that I love my laddie well.

What clothes, in what clothes is your Highland laddie clad?
 His bonnet's of the Saxon green, his waistcoat's of the plaid;
 And it's oh! in my heart that I love my Highland lad.

Suppose, oh suppose, that your Highland lad should die?
 The bagpipes shall play over him, I'll lay me down and cry;
 And it's oh! in my heart that I wish he may not die!

Unknown

THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY

YE Highlands and ye Lawlands,
 O where hae ye been?
 They hae slain the Earl of Murray,
 And hae laid him on the green.

Now wae be to thee, Huntly!
 And wherefore did ye sae?
 I bade you bring him wi' you,
 But forbade you him to slay.

He was a braw gallant,
And he rid at the ring;
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
O he might hae been a king!

He was a braw gallant,
And he played at the ba';
And the bonny Earl of Murray
Was the flower amang them a'!

He was a braw gallant,
And he played at the gluve;
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
O he was the Queen's luve!

O lang will his Lady
Look owre the Castle Doune,
Ere she see the Earl of Murray
Come sounding through the toun!

Unknown

PIBROCH OF DONALD DHU

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan-Conuil!
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky;
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlochy.
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one;
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
 The flock without shelter;
 Leave the corpse uninterred,
 The bride at the altar;
 Leave the deer, leave the steer,
 Leave nets and barges:
 Come with your fighting gear,
 Broadsword and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
 Forests are rended:
 Come as the waves come, when
 Navies are stranded!
 Faster come, faster come,
 Faster and faster—
 Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
 Tenant and master!

Fast they come, fast they come—
 See how they gather!
 Wide waves the eagle plume,
 Blended with heather.
 Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
 Forward each man set!
 Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
 Kneel for the onset!

Walter Scott [1771-1832]

BORDER BALLAD

From "The Monastery "

MARCH, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale;
 Why the de'il dinna ye march forward in order?
 March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale!
 All the Blue Bonnets are bound for the Border!
 Many a banner spread
 Flutters above your head,
 Many a crest that is famous in story.
 Mount and make ready, then,
 Sons of the mountain glen,
 Fight for the Queen and our old Scottish glory.

“When Banners Are Waving” 2207

Come from the hills where the hirsels are grazing;
Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;
Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing;
Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.
Trumpets are sounding;
War-steeds are bounding;
Stand to your arms, then, and march in good order.
England shall many a day
Tell of the bloody fray
When the Blue Bonnets came over the Border.

Walter Scott [1771-1832]

“WHEN BANNERS ARE WAVING”

WHEN banners are waving, and lances are pushing;
When captains are shouting, and war-horses rushing;
When cannon are roaring, and hot bullets flying,
He that would honor win, must not fear dying.
Though shafts fly so quick that it seems to be snowing;
Though streamlets with blood more than water are flowing;
Though with sabre and bullet our bravest are dying,
We speak of revenge, but we ne'er speak of flying.
Come, stand to it, heroes! The heathen are coming;
Horsemen are round the walls, riding and running;
Maidens and matrons all Arm! arm! are crying,
From petards the wildfire's flashing and flying.
The trumpets from turrets high loudly are braying;
The steeds for the onset are snorting and neighing;
As waves in the ocean, the dark plumes are dancing;
As stars in the blue sky, the helmets are glancing.
Their ladders are planting, their sabres are sweeping;
Now swords from our sheaths by the thousand are leaping;
Like the flash of the levin, ere men hearken thunder,
Swords gleam, and the steel caps are cloven asunder.
The shouting has ceased, and the flashing of cannon!
I looked from the turret for crescent and pennon:
As flax touched by fire, as hail in the river,
They were smote, they were fallen, and had melted for ever.

Unknown

THE BRITISH GRENADIERS

SOME talk of Alexander, and some of Hercules;
Of Hector and Lysander, and such great names as these;
But of all the world's brave heroes, there's none that can
compare,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, to the British Grenadier.

Those heroes of antiquity ne'er saw a cannon ball,
Or knew the force of powder to slay their foes withal;
But our brave boys do know it, and banish all their fears,
Sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, for the British Grenadiers.

Whene'er we are commanded to storm the palisades,
Our leaders march with fusees, and we with hand grenades;
We throw them from the glacis, about the enemies' ears;
Sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, for the British Grenadiers.

And when the seige is over, we to the town repair,
The townsmen cry "Hurra, boys, here comes a grenadier,
Here comes the grenadiers, my boys, who know no doubts
or fears,
Then sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, for the British Grenadiers."

Then let us fill a bumper, and drink a health to those
Who carry cups and pouches, and wear the loupèd clothes;
May they and their commanders live happy all their years,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, for the British Grenadiers.

Unknown

HEART OF OAK

COME, cheer up, my lads! 'tis to glory we steer,
To add something more to this wonderful year:
To honor we call you, not press you like slaves;
For who are so free as the sons of the waves?

Heart of oak are our ships,
 Heart of oak are our men,
 We always are ready:
 Steady, boys, steady!
 We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay,
 They never see us but they wish us away;
 If they run, why, we follow, or run them ashore;
 For if they won't fight us we cannot do more.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes!
 They frighten our women, our children and beaux;
 But should their flat bottoms in darkness get o'er,
 Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.

Britannia triumphant, her ships sweep the sea;
 Her standard is Justice—her watchward, "Be free."
 Then cheer up, my lads! with one heart let us sing,
 "Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, our King,"
David Garrick [1717-1779]

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM

OUR bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lowered,
 And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
 And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw
 By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
 At the dead of the night a sweet Vision I saw;
 And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
 Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track:
 'Twas Autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
 To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
 I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
 And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
 From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
 My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
 And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

"Stay, stay with us!—rest!—thou art weary and worn!"
 And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;—
 But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

Thomas Campbell [1777-1844]

THE CAVALIER'S SONG

A STEED, a steed of matchless speed!
 A sword of metal keen!
 All else to noble hearts is dross,
 All else on earth is mean.
 The neighing of the war-horse proud,
 The rolling of the drum,
 The clangor of the trumpet loud,
 Be sounds from heaven that come;
 And oh! the thundering press of knights,
 Whenas their war-cries swell,
 May tole from heaven an angel bright,
 And rouse a fiend from hell.

Then mount! then mount, brave gallants all,
 And don your helms amain;
 Death's couriers, Fame and Honor, call
 Us to the field again.
 No shrewish fears shall fill our eye
 When the sword-hilt's in our hand—
 Heart-whole we'll part, and no whit sigh
 For the fairest of the land!

Let piping swain, and craven wight,
Thus weep and puling cry;
Our business is like men to fight,
And hero-like to die!

William Motherwell [1797-1835]

CAVALIER TUNES

I—MARCHING ALONG

KENTISH Sir Byng stood for his King,
Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing:
And, pressing a troop unable to stoop,
And see the rogues flourish and honest folk droop,
Marched them along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

God for King Charles! Pym and such carles
To the Devil that prompts 'em their treasonous parles!
Cavaliers, up! Lips from the cup,
Hands from the pasty, nor bite take nor sup
Till you're—

Chorus.—Marching along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

Hampton to hell, and his obsequies' knell.
Serve Hazelrig, Fiennes, and young Harry as well!
England, good cheer! Rupert is near!
Kentish and loyalists, keep we not here,

Chorus.—Marching along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song?

Then, God for King Charles! Pym and his snarls
To the Devil that pricks on such pestilent carles!
Hold by the right, you double your might;
So, onward to Nottingham, fresh from the fight,

Chorus.—March we along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song!

II—GIVE A ROUSE

King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
 King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
 Give a rouse: here's, in hell's despite now,
 King Charles!

Who gave me the goods that went since?
 Who raised me the house that sank once?
 Who helped me to gold I spent since?
 Who found me in wine you drank once?

Cho.—King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
 King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
 Give a rouse: here's, in hell's despite now,
 King Charles!

To whom used my boy George quaff else,
 By the old fool's side that begot him?
 For whom did he cheer and laugh else,
 While Noll's damned troopers shot him?

Cho.—King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
 King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
 Give a rouse: here's, in hell's despite now,
 King Charles!

III—BOOT AND SADDLE

Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!
 Rescue my castle before the hot day
 Brightens to blue from its silvery gray.

Cho.—Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!

Ride past the suburbs, asleep as you'd say;
 Many's the friend there, will listen and pray
 "God's luck to gallants that strike up the lay—

Cho.—Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"

Forty miles off, like a roebuck at bay,
 Flouts Castle Brancepeth the Roundheads' array:
 Who laughs, "Good fellows ere this, by my fay,

Cho.—Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"

Who? My wife Gertrude, that, honest and gay,
Laughs when you talk of surrendering, "Nay!
I've better counsellors; what counsel they?

Cho.—Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"

Robert Browning [1812–1889]

THE SONG OF THE CAMP

"GIVE us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said,
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon:
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory:
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,—
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
 The bloody sunset's embers,
 While the Crimean valleys learned
 How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
 Rained on the Russian quarters,
 With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
 And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
 For a singer, dumb and gory;
 And English Mary mourns for him
 Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
 Your truth and valor wearing:
 The bravest are the tenderest,—
 The loving are the daring.

Bayard Taylor [1825-1878]

REVEILLE

THE morning is cheery, my boys, arouse!
 The dew shines bright on the chestnut boughs,
 And the sleepy mist on the river lies,
 Though the east is flushing with crimson dyes.

Awake! awake! awake!

O'er field and wood and brake,
 With glories newly born,
 Comes on the blushing morn.

Awake! awake!

You have dreamed of your homes and friends all night;
 You have basked in your sweethearts' smiles so bright;
 Come, part with them all for a while again,—
 Be lovers in dreams; when awake, be men.

Turn out! turn out! turn out!

You have dreamed full long, I know.

Turn out! turn out! turn out!

The east is all aglow.

Turn out! turn out!

“I Give My Soldier Boy a Blade” 2215

From every valley and hill there come
The clamoring voices of fife and drum;
And out in the fresh, cool morning air
The soldiers are swarming everywhere.

Fall in! fall in! fall in!

Every man in his place,
Fall in! fall in! fall in!

Each with a cheerful face,
Fall in! fall in!

Michael O'Connor [1837-1862]

“I GIVE MY SOLDIER BOY A BLADE”

I GIVE my soldier boy a blade,
In fair Damascus fashioned well:
Who first the glittering falchion swayed,
Who first beneath its fury fell,
I know not; but I hope to know,
That, for no mean or hireling trade,
To guard no feeling base or low—
I give my soldier boy the blade!

Cool, calm, and clear—the lucid flood
In which its tempering work was done;—
As calm, as clear, in wind and wood,
Be thou where'er it sees the sun!
For country's claim at honor's call,
For outraged friend, insulted maid,
At mercy's voice to bid it fall—
I give my soldier boy the blade!

The eye which marked its peerless edge,
The hand that weighed its balanced poise,
Anvil and pincers, forge and wedge,
Are gone with all their flame and noise;
Yet still the gleaming sword remains!
So, when in dust I low am laid,
Remember by these heartfelt strains,
I give my soldier boy the blade!

William Maginn [1793-1842]

STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY

COME, stack arms, men! Pile on the rails,
Stir up the camp-fire bright;
No growling if the canteen fails,
We'll make a roaring night.
Here Shenandoah brawls along,
There burly Blue Ridge echoes strong,
To swell the Brigade's rousing song
Of "Stonewall Jackson's way."

We see him now—the queer slouched hat
Cocked o'er his eye askew;
The shrewd, dry smile; the speech so pat,
So calm, so blunt, so true.
The "Blue-Light Elder" knows 'em well;
Says he, "That's Banks—he's fond of shell;
Lord save his soul! we'll give him—" well!
That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

Silence! ground arms! kneel all! caps off!
Old Massa's goin' to pray.
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff!
Attention! it's his way.
Appealing from his native sod,
In forma pauperis to God:
"Lay bare Thine arm: stretch forth Thy rod!
Amen!" That's "Stonewall's way."

He's in the saddle now. Fall in!
Steady! the whole brigade!
Hill's at the ford, cut off; we'll win
His way out, ball and blade!
What matter if our shoes are worn?
What matter if our feet are torn?
"Quick step! we're with him before morn!"
That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

The sun's bright lances rout the mists
 Of morning, and, by George!
 Here's Longstreet, struggling in the lists,
 Hemmed in an ugly gorge.
 Pope and his Dutchmen, whipped before;
 "Bay'nets and grape!" hear Stonewall roar;
 "Charge, Stuart! Pay off Ashby's score!"
 In "Stonewall Jackson's way."

Ah! Maiden, wait and watch and yearn
 For news of Stonewall's band!
 Ah! Widow, read, with eyes that burn,
 That ring upon thy hand.
 Ah! Wife, sew on, pray on, hope on;
 Thy life shall not be all forlorn;
 The foe had better ne'er been born
 That gets in "Stonewall's way."

John Williamson Palmer [1825-1906]

MUSIC IN CAMP

Two armies covered hill and plain,
 Where Rappahannock's waters
 Ran deeply crimsoned with the stain
 Of battle's recent slaughters.

The summer clouds lay pitched like tents
 In meads of heavenly azure;
 And each dread gun of the elements
 Slept in its high embrasure.

The breeze so softly blew, it made
 No forest leaf to quiver;
 And the smoke of the random cannonade
 Rolled slowly from the river.

And now, where circling hills looked down
 With cannon grimly planted,
 O'er listless camp and silent town
 The golden sunset slanted.

When on the fervid air there came
A strain,—now rich, now tender;
The music seemed itself aflame
With day's departing splendor.

A Federal band, which, eve and morn,
Played measures brave and nimble,
Had just struck up with flute and horn
And lively clash of cymbal.

Down flocked the soldiers to the banks;
Till, margined by its pebbles,
One wooded shore was blue with "Yanks,"
And one was gray with "Rebels."

Then all was still; and then the band,
With movement light and tricky,
Made stream and forest, hill and strand,
Reverberate with "Dixie."

The conscious stream, with burnished glow,
Went proudly o'er its pebbles,
But thrilled throughout its deepest flow
With yelling of the Rebels.

Again a pause; and then again
The trumpets pealed sonorous,
And "Yankee Doodle" was the strain
To which the shore gave chorus.

The laughing ripple shoreward flew
To kiss the shining pebbles;
Loud shrieked the swarming Boys in Blue
Defiance to the Rebels.

And yet once more the bugles rang
Above the stormy riot;
No shout upon the evening rang—
There reigned a holy quiet.

The sad, slow stream, its noiseless flood
Poured o'er the glistening pebbles;
All silent now the Yankees stood,
All silent stood the Rebels.

No unresponsive soul had heard
That plaintive note's appealing,
So deeply "Home, Sweet Home" had stirred
The hidden founts of feeling.

Or Blue or Gray, the soldier sees,
As by the wand of fairy,
The cottage 'neath the live-oak trees,
The cabin by the prairie.

Or cold or warm, his native skies
Bend in their beauty o'er him;
Seen through the tear-mist in his eyes,
His loved ones stand before him.

As fades the iris after rain
In April's tearful weather,
The vision vanished, as the strain
And daylight died together.

But Memory, waked by Music's art,
Expressed in simplest numbers,
Subdued the sternest Yankee's heart—
Made light the Rebel's slumbers.

And fair the form of Music shines—
That bright, celestial creature,
Who still, 'mid War's embattled lines,
Gave this one touch of Nature.

John Reuben Thompson [1823-1873]

THE "GREY HORSE TROOP"

ALL alone on the hillside—
Larry an' Barry an' me;
Nothin' to see but the sky an' the plain,
Nothin' to see but the drivin' rain,

Nothin' to see but the painted Sioux,
Gallop^{ing}, gallop^{ing}: "Whoop—whuroo!
The divil in yellow is down in the mud!"
Sez Larry to Barry, "I'm losin' blood."

"Cheers for the Greys!" yells Barry;
"Second Dragoons!" groans Larry;
Hurrah! hurrah! for Egan's Grey Troop!
Whoop! ye divils—ye've got to whoop;
Cheer for the troopers who die: sez I—
"Cheer for the troop that never shall die!"

All alone on the hillside—
Larry an' Barry an' me;
Flat on our bellies, an' pourin' in lead—
Seven rounds left, an' the horses dead—
Barry a-cursin' at every breath;
Larry beside him, as white as death;
Indians gallop^{ing}, gallop^{ing} by,
Wheelin' and squealin' like hawks in the sky!

"Cheers for the Greys!" yells Barry;
"Second Dragoons!" groans Larry;
Hurrah! hurrah! for Egan's Grey Troop!
Whoop! ye divils—ye've got to whoop;
Cheer for the troopers who die: sez I—
"Cheer for the troop that never shall die!"

All alone on the hillside—
Larry an' Barry an' me;
Two of us livin' and one of us dead—
Shot in the head, and God!—how he bled!
"Larry's done up," sez Barry to me;
"Divvy his cartridges! Quick! gimme three!"
While nearer an' nearer an' plainer in view,
Gallop^{ed} an' gallop^{ed} the murderin' Sioux.

"Cheers for the Greys!" yells Barry;
"Cheer—" an' he falls on Larry.
Alas! alas! for Egan's Grey Troop!
The Red Sioux, hoverin' stoop to swoop;

Two out of three lay dead, while I
Cheered for the troop that never shall die.

All alone on the hillside—
Larry an' Barry an' me;
An' I fired an' yelled till I lost my head,
Cheerin' the livin, cheerin' the dead,
Swingin' my cap, I cheered until
I stumbled and fell. Then over the hill
There floated a trumpeter's silvery call,
An' Egan's Grey Troop galloped up, that's all.

Drink to the Greys,—an' Barry!
Second Dragoons,—an' Larry!
Here's a bumper to Egan's Grey Troop!
Let the crape on the guidons droop;
Drink to the troopers who die, while I
Drink to the troop that never shall die!

Robert William Chambers [1865—

DANNY DEEVER

"WHAT are the bugles blowin' for?" said Files-on-Parade.

"To turn you out, to turn you out," the Color-Sergeant said.

"What makes you look so white, so white?" said Files-on-Parade.

"I'm dreadin' what I've got to watch," the Color-Sergeant said.

For they're hangin' Danny Deever, you can 'ear the Dead
March play,

The regiment's in 'ollow square—they're hangin' him
to-day;

They've taken of his buttons off an' cut his stripes away,
An' they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

"What makes the rear-rank breathe so 'ard?" said Files-on-Parade.

"It's bitter cold, it's bitter cold," the Color-Sergeant said.

"What makes that front-rank man fall down?" says Files-on-Parade.

"A touch o' sun, a touch o' sun," the Color-Sergeant said.

They're hangin' Danny Deever, they are marchin' of 'im
 round,
 They 'ave 'alted Danny Deever by 'is coffin on the
 ground;
 An' 'e'll swing in 'arf a minute for a sneakin' shootin'
 hound—
 O they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'!

"'Is cot was right-'and cot to mine," said Files-on-Parade.
 "'E's sleepin' out an' far to-night," the Color-Sergeant said.
 "I've drunk 'is beer a score o' times," said Files-on-Parade.
 "'E's drinkin' bitter beer alone," the Color-Sergeant said.
 They are hangin' Danny Deever, you must mark 'im to
 'is place,
 For 'e shot a comrade sleepin'—you must look 'im in the
 face;
 Nine 'undred of 'is county an' the regiment's disgrace,
 While they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

"What's that so black agin the sun?" said Files-on-Parade.
 "It's Danny fightin' 'ard fur life," the Color-Sergeant said.
 "What's that that whimpers over'ead?" said Files-on-
 Parade.
 "It's Danny's soul that's passin' now," the Color-Sergeant
 said.
 For they're done with Danny Deever, you can 'ear the
 quickstep play,
 The regiment's in column, an' they're marchin' us away;
 Ho! the young recruits are shakin', an' they'll want their
 beer to-day,
 After hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

Rudyard Kipling [1865—

GUNGA DIN

YOU may talk o' gin an' beer
 When you're quartered safe out 'ere,
 An' you're sent to penny-fights an' Aldershot it;
 But when it comes to slaughter

You will do your work on water,
An' you'll lick the bloomin' boots of 'im that's got it.
Now in Injia's sunny clime,
Where I used to spend my time
A-servin' of 'Er Majesty the Queen,
Of all them black-faced crew
The finest man I knew
Was our regimental *bhisti*, Gunga Din.
He was "Din! Din! Din!
You limpin' lump o' brick-dust, Gunga Din!
Hi! *slippey hitherao!*
Water! get it! *Panee lao!*
You squidgy-nosed old idol, Gunga Din!"

The uniform 'e wore
Was nothin' much before,
An' rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind,
For a twisty piece o' rag
An' a goatskin water-bag
Was all the field-equipment 'e could find.
When the sweatin' troop-train lay
In a sidin' through the day,
Where the 'eat would make your bloomin' eye-brows crawl,
We shouted "*Harry By!*"
Till our throats were bricky-dry,
Then we wopped 'im cause 'e couldn't serve us all.
It was "Din! Din! Din!
You 'eathen, where the mischief 'ave you been?
You put some *juldee* in it
Or I'll *marrow* you this minute,
If you don't fill up my helmet, Gunga Din!"

'E was dot an' carry one
Till the longest day was done;
An' 'e didn't seem to know the use o' fear.
If we charged or broke or cut,
You could bet your bloomin' nut,
'E'd be waitin' fifty paces right flank rear.
With 'is *mussick* on 'is back,
'E would skip with our attack,

An' watch us till the bugles made "Retire,"
An' for all 'is dirty 'ide
'E was white, clear white, inside
When 'e went to tend the wounded under fire!
It was "Din! Din! Din!"
With the bullets kickin' dust-spots on the green.
When the cartridges ran out,
You could 'ear the front-files shout,
"Hi! ammunition-mules an' Gunga Din!"

I sha'n't forgit the night
When I dropped be'ind the fight
With a bullet where my belt-plate should 'a' been.
I was chokin' mad with thirst,
An' the man that spied me first
Was our good old grinnin', gruntin' Gunga Din.
'E lifted up my 'ead,
An' 'e plugged me where I bled,
An' 'e guv me 'arf-a-pint o' water—green:
It was crawlin' an' it stunk,
But of all the drinks I've drunk,
I'm gratefulest to one from Gunga Din.
It was "Din! Din! Din!"
'Ere's a beggar with a bullet through 'is spleen;
'E's chawin' up the ground,
An' 'e's kickin' all around:
For Gawd's sake git the water, Gunga Din!"

'E carried me away
To where a *dooli* lay,
An' a bullet come an' drilled the beggar clean.
'E put me safe inside,
An' just before 'e died:
"I 'ope you liked your drink," sez Gunga Din.
So I'll meet 'im later on
In the place where 'e is gone—
Where it's always double drill an' no canteen;
'E'll be squattin' on the coals,
Givin' drink to pore damned souls,
An' I'll git a swig in hell from Gunga Din!

Yes, Din! Din! Din!
You Lazarushian-leather Gunga Din!
Though I've belted you an' flayed you,
By the livin' Gawd that made you,
You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din!
Rudyard Kipling [1865-

THE MEN BEHIND THE GUNS

A CHEER and salute for the Admiral, and here's to the Cap-
tain bold,
And never forget the Commodore's debt when the deeds of
might are told!
They stand to the deck through the battle's wreck when the
great shells roar and screech—
And never they fear when the foe is near to practice what
they preach:
But off with your hat and three times three for Columbia's
true-blue sons,
The men below who batter the foe—the men behind the
guns!

Oh, light and merry of heart are they when they swing into
port once more,
When, with more than enough of the "green-backed stuff,"
they start for their leave-o'-shore;
And you'd think, perhaps, that the blue-bloused chaps who
loлл along the street
Are a tender bit, with salt on it, for some fierce "mustache"
to eat—
Some warrior bold, with straps of gold, who dazzles and
fairly stuns
The modest worth of the sailor boys—the lads who serve the
guns.

But say not a word till the shot is heard that tells that the
fight is on,
Till the long, deep roar grows more and more from the ships
of "Yank" and "Don,"

Till over the deep the tempests sweep of fire and bursting
shell,
And the very air is a mad Despair in the throes of a living
hell;
Then down, deep down, in the mighty ship, unseen by the
midday suns,
You'll find the chaps who are giving the raps—the men be-
hind the guns!

Oh, well they know how the cyclones blow that they loose
from their cloud of death,
And they know is heard the thunder-word their fierce ten-
incher saith!
The steel decks rock with the lightning shock, and shake
with the great recoil,
And the sea grows red with the blood of the dead and reaches
for his spoil—
But not till the foe has gone below or turns his prow and
runs,
Shall the voice of peace bring sweet release to the men be-
hind the guns!

John Jerome Rooney [1866—

THE FIGHTING RACE

“READ out the names!” and Burke sat back,
And Kelly drooped his head,
While Shea—they call him Scholar Jack—
Went down the list of the dead.
Officers, seamen, gunners, marines,
The crews of the gig and yawl,
The bearded man and the lad in his teens,
Carpenters, coal-passers—all.
Then, knocking the ashes from out his pipe,
Said Burke in an offhand way:
“We’re all in that dead man’s list, by Cripe!
Kelly and Burke and Shea.”
“Well, here’s to the Maine, and I’m sorry for Spain,”
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

"Wherever there's Kellys there's trouble," said Burke.

"Wherever fighting's the game,
Or a spice of danger in grown man's work,"
Said Kelly, "you'll find my name."

"And do we fall short," said Burke, getting mad,
"When it's touch-and-go for life?"
Said Shea, "It's thirty-odd years, bedad,
Since I charged to drum and fife
Up Marye's Heights, and my old canteen
Stopped a rebel ball on its way;
There were blossoms of blood on our sprigs of green—
Kelly and Burke and Shea—
And the dead didn't brag." "Well, here's to the flag!"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

"I wish 'twas in Ireland, for there's the place,"
Said Burke, "that we'd die by right,
In the cradle of our soldier race,
After one good stand-up fight.
My grandfather fell on Vinegar Hill,
And fighting was not his trade;
But his rusty pike's in the cabin still,
With Hessian blood on the blade."
"Aye, aye," said Kelly, "the pikes were great
When the word was 'clear the way!'
We were thick on the roll in ninety-eight—
Kelly and Burke and Shea."
"Well, here's to the pike and the sword and the like!"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

And Shea, the scholar, with rising joy,
Said, "We were at Ramillies;
We left our bones at Fontenoy
And up in the Pyrenees;
Before Dunkirk, on Landen's plain,
Cremona, Lille, and Ghent;
We're all over Austria, France, and Spain,
Wherever they pitched a tent.
We've died for England from Waterloo
To Egypt and Dargai;

And still there's enough for a corps or crew,
Kelly and Burke and Shea."

"Well, here's to good honest fighting-blood!"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

"Oh, the fighting races don't die out,
If they seldom die in bed,
For love is first in their hearts, no doubt,"
Said Burke; then Kelly said:

"When Michael, the Irish Archangel, stands,
The Angel with the sword,
And the battle-dead from a hundred lands
Are ranged in one big horde,
Our line, that for Gabriel's trumpet waits,
Will stretch three deep that day,
From Jehoshaphat to the Golden Gates—
Kelly and Burke and Shea."

"Well, here's thank God for the race and the sod!"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

Joseph I. C. Clarke [1846—

“HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE ”

“SOLDIER, REST! THY WARFARE O’ER”

From “The Lady of the Lake ”

SOLDIER, rest! thy warfare o’er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle’s enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o’er,
Dream of fighting fields no more:
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armor’s clang, or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark’s shrill fife may come
At the daybreak from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here,
Here’s no war-steed’s neigh and champing,
Shouting clans, or squadrons stamping.

Huntsman, rest! the chase is done;
While our slumbrous spells assail ye,
Dream not, with the rising sun,
Bugles here shall sound reveille.

“How Sleep the Brave”

Sleep! the deer is in his den;
 Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;
 Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen,
 How thy gallant steed lay dying.
 Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
 Think not of the rising sun,
 For at dawning to assail ye
 Here no bugles sound reveille.

Walter Scott [1771-1832]

“PEACE TO THE SLUMBERERS”

PEACE to the slumberers!
 They lie on the battle-plain,
 With no shroud to cover them;
 The dew and the summer rain
 And all that sweep over them.
 Peace to the slumberers!

Vain was their bravery!—
 The fallen oak lies where it lay
 Across the wintry river;
 But brave hearts, once swept away,
 Are gone, alas! forever.
 Vain was their bravery!

Woe to the conqueror!
 Our limbs shall lie as cold as theirs
 Of whom his sword bereft us,
 Ere we forget the deep arrears
 Of vengeance they have left us!
 Woe to the conqueror!

Thomas Moore [1779-1852]

THE MINSTREL-BOY

THE Minstrel-Boy to the war is gone,
 In the ranks of death you'll find him;
 His father's sword he has girded on,
 And his wild harp slung behind him.

“Land of song!” said the warrior-bard,
“Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!”

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman’s chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne’er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder,
And said, “No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery!”

Thomas Moore [1779–1852]

“IT IS GREAT FOR OUR COUNTRY TO DIE”

O, IT is great for our country to die, where ranks are con-
tending!

Bright is the wreath of our fame; Glory awaits us for
aye,—

Glory, that never is dim, shining on with light never end-
ing,—

Glory that never shall fade, never, O never, away!

O, it is sweet for our country to die! How softly reposes
Warrior-youth on his bier, wet by the tears of his love,
Wet by a mother’s warm tears. They crown him with gar-
lands of roses,
Weep, and then joyously turn, bright where he triumphs
above.

Not to the shades shall the youth descend, who for country
hath perished;

Hebe awaits him in heaven, welcomes him there with her
smile;

There, at the banquet divine, the patriot spirit is cherished;
Gods love the young who ascend pure from the funeral
pile.

Not to Elysian fields, by the still, oblivious river;
 Not to the isles of the blest, over the blue, rolling sea;
 But on Olympian heights shall dwell the devoted forever;
 There shall assemble the good, there the wise, valiant, and
 free.

O, then, how great for our country to die, in the front rank
 to perish,
 Firm with our breast to the foe, Victory's shout in our
 ear!
 Long they our statues shall crown, in songs our memory
 cherish;
 We shall look forth from our heaven, pleased the sweet
 music to hear.

James Gates Percival [1795-1856]

A BALLAD OF HEROES

Now all your victories are in vain—A. MARY F. ROBINSON

BECAUSE you passed, and now are not,—
 Because, in some remoter day,
 Your sacred dust from doubtful spot
 Was blown of ancient airs away,—
 Because you perished,—must men say
 Your deeds were naught, and so profane
 Your lives with that cold burden? Nay,
 The deeds you wrought are not in vain!

Though, it may be, above the plot
 That hid your once imperial clay,
 No greener than o'er men forgot
 The unregarding grasses sway;—
 Though there no sweeter is the lay
 From careless bird,—though you remain
 Without distinction of decay,—
 The deeds you wrought are not in vain!

No. For while yet in tower or cot
 Your story stirs the pulses' play;
 And men forget the sordid lot—
 The sordid care, of cities gray;

While yet, beset in homelier fray,
They learn from you the lesson plain
That Life may go, so Honor stay,—
The deeds you wrought are not in vain!

ENVOY

Heroes of old! I humbly lay
The laurel on your graves again;
Whatever men have done, men may,—
The deeds you wrought are not in vain!
Austin Dobson [1840-

THE CAPTAIN'S FEATHER

THE dew is on the heather,
The moon is in the sky,
And the captain's waving feather
Proclaims the hour is nigh
When some upon their horses
Shall through the battle ride,
And some with bleeding corpses
Must on the heather bide.

The dust is on the heather,
The moon is in the sky,
And about the captain's feather
The bolts of battle fly;
But hark, what sudden wonder
Breaks forth upon the gloom?
It is the cannon's thunder—
It is the voice of doom!

The blood is on the heather,
The night is in the sky,
And the gallant captain's feather
Shall wave no more on high;
The grave and holy brother
To God is saying Mass,
But who shall tell his mother,
And who shall tell his lass?

Samuel Minturn Peck [1854-

ENGLAND'S DEAD

SON of the ocean isle!
Where sleep your mighty dead?
Show me what high and stately pile
Is reared o'er Glory's bed.

Go, stranger! track the deep,
Free, free, the white sail spread!
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
Where rest not England's dead.

On Egypt's burning plains,
By the pyramid o'erswayed,
With fearful power the noonday reigns,
And the palm-trees yield no shade.

But let the angry sun
From heaven look fiercely red,
Unfelt by those whose task is done,—
There slumber England's dead.

The hurricane hath might
Along the Indian shore,
And far, by Ganges' banks at night
Is heard the tiger's roar.

But let the sound roll on!
It hath no tone of dread
For those that from their toils are gone;—
There slumber England's dead!

Loud rush the torrent-floods
The western wilds among,
And free, in green Columbia's woods
The hunter's bow is strung.

But let the floods rush on!
Let the arrow's flight be sped!
Why should *they* reckon whose task is done?—
There slumber England's dead!

The mountain-storms rise high
In the snowy Pyrenees,
And toss the pine-boughs through the sky,
Like rose-leaves on the breeze.

But let the storm rage on!
Let the forest-wreaths be shed:
For the Roncesvalles' field is won,—
There slumber England's dead.

On the frozen deep's repose,
'Tis a dark and dreadful hour,
When round the ship the ice-fields close,
To chain her with their power.

But let the ice drift on!
Let the cold-blue desert spread!
Their course with mast and flag is done,—
Even *there* sleep England's dead.

The warlike of the isles,
The men of field and wave!
Are not the rocks their funeral piles,
The seas and shores their grave?

Go, stranger! track the deep,
Free, free the white sail spread!
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
Where rest not England's dead.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans [1793-1835]

THE PIPES O' GORDON'S MEN

HOME comes a lad with the bonnie hair,
And the kilted plaid that the hill-clans wear;
And you hear the mother say,
"Whear ha' ye ben, wee Laddie; whear ha' ye ben th' day?"
"O! I ha' ben wi' Gordon's men;
Dinna ye hear th' bagpipes play?
And I followed th' soldiers across the green,
And doon th' road ta Aberdeen.

And when I'm a man, my Mother,
 And th' Hielanders parade,
 I'll be marchin' there, wi' my Father's pipes,
 And I'll wear th' red cockade.”

Beneath the Soudan's sky ye ken the smoke,
 • As the clans reply when the tribesmen spoke.
 Then the charge roars by!
 The death-sweat clings to the kilted form that the stretcher
 brings,
 And the iron-nerved surgeons say,
 “Whear ha' ye ben, my Laddie; whear ha' ye ben th' day?”
 “O, I ha' ben wi' Gordon's men;
 Dinna ye hear th' bagpipes play?
 And I piped th' clans from the river barge
 Across the sands, and through the charge.
 And I—skirled—th' pibroch—keen—an' high,
 But th' pipes—ben broke—an' —my—lips—ben—dry.”

CORONACH

Upon the hill-side, high and steep,
 Where rank on rank the soldiers sleep,—
 Where the silent cannons beside the path,
 Point the last forced-march that the soldier hath,—
 Where the falling grave-grass has partly hid
 The round-shot, heaped in a pyramid—
 A white stone rises. Across its face
 You can read the words that the chisels trace:
 “Whear ha' ye ben, wee Laddie; whear ha' ye ben th' day?”
 “O, I ha' ben wi' Gordon's men;
 Dinna ye hear th' bagpipes play?”

J. Scott Glasgow [18 —

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

By the flow of the inland river,
 Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
 Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
 Asleep are the ranks of the dead:—

Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the Judgment Day:—
 Under the one, the Blue;
 Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
 Those in the gloom of defeat,
 All with the battle-blood gory,
 In the dusk of eternity meet:—
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the Judgment Day:—
 Under the laurel, the Blue;
 Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
 The desolate mourners go,
 Lovingly laden with flowers,
 Alike for the friend and the foe:—
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the Judgment Day:—
 Under the roses, the Blue;
 Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor
 The morning sun-rays fall,
 With a touch impartially tender,
 On the blossoms blooming for all:—
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the Judgment Day:—
 Broidered with gold, the Blue;
 Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
 On forest and field of grain,
 With an equal murmur falleth
 The cooling drip of the rain:—
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the Judgment Day:—
 Wet with the rain, the Blue;
 Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
 The generous deed was done.
 In the storms of the years that are fading
 No braver battle was won:—
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the Judgment Day:—
 Under the blossoms, the Blue;
 Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
 Or the winding rivers be red:
 They banish our anger forever
 When they laurel the graves of our dead!
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the Judgment Day:—
 Love and tears for the Blue;
 Tears and love for the Gray.

Francis Miles Finch [1827-1900]

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

THE muffled drum's sad roll has beat
 The soldier's last tattoo;
 No more on Life's parade shall meet
 That brave and fallen few.
 On Fame's eternal camping-ground
 Their silent tents are spread,
 And Glory guards, with solemn round,
 The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
 Now swells upon the wind;
 No troubled thought at midnight haunts
 Of loved ones left behind;
 No vision of the morrow's strife
 The warrior's dream alarms;
 No braying horn nor screaming fife
 At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust;
 Their plumèd heads are bowed;
 Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
 Is now their martial shroud.
 And plenteous funeral tears have washed
 The red stains from each brow,
 And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
 Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
 The bugle's stirring blast,
 The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
 The din and shout, are past;
 Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
 Shall thrill with fierce delight
 Those breasts that nevermore may feel
 The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
 That sweeps his great plateau,
 Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
 Came down the serried foe.
 Who heard the thunder of the fray
 Break o'er the field beneath,
 Knew well the watchword of that day
 Was "Victory or Death."

Long had the doubtful conflict raged
 O'er all that stricken plain,
 For never fiercer fight had waged
 The vengeful blood of Spain;
 And still the storm of battle blew,
 Still swelled the gory tide;
 Not long, our stout old chieftain knew,
 Such odds his strength could bide.

'Twas in that hour his stern command
 Called to a martyr's grave
 The flower of his belovèd land,
 The nation's flag to save.

“How Sleep the Brave”

By rivers of their fathers' gore
His first-born laurels grew,
And well he deemed the sons would pour
Their lives for glory too.

Full many a norther's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain,
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its mouldered slain.
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone awakes each sullen height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air.
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from war his richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield;
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave;
No impious footstep here shall tread.
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your story be forgot,
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of glory's light
That gilds your deathless tomb.

Theodore O'Hara [1820-1867]

ROLL-CALL

"CORPORAL GREEN!" the Orderly cried;
"Here!" was the answer loud and clear,
From the lips of a soldier standing near,—
And "Here!" was the word the next replied.

"Cyrus Drew!"—then a silence fell;
This time no answer followed the call;
Only his rear-man had seen him fall:
Killed or wounded—he could not tell.

There they stood in the failing light,
These men of battle, with grave, dark looks,
As plain to be read as open books,
While slowly gathered the shades of night.

The fern on the hill-sides was splashed with blood,
And down in the corn, where the poppies grew,
Were redder stains than the poppies knew,
And crimson-dyed was the river's flood.

For the foe had crossed from the other side,
That day, in the face of a murderous fire
That swept them down in its terrible ire;
And their life-blood went to color the tide.

"Herbert Cline!"—At the call there came
Two stalwart soldiers into the line,
Bearing between them this Herbert Cline,
Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name.

“Ezra Kerr!”—and a voice answered “Here!”

“Hiram Kerr!”—but no man replied.

They were brothers, these two; the sad wind
sighed,

And a shudder crept through the cornfield near.

“Ephraim Deane!”—then a soldier spoke:

“Deane carried our regiment’s colors,” he said,

“When our ensign was shot; I left him dead
Just after the enemy wavered and broke.

“Close to the roadside his body lies;

I paused a moment and gave him to drink;

He murmured his mother’s name, I think,

And Death came with it and closed his eyes.”

’Twas a victory,—yes; but it cost us dear:

For that company’s roll, when called at night,

Of a hundred men who went into the fight,

Numbered but twenty that answered “*Here!*”

Nathaniel Graham Shepherd [1835–1869]

DIRGE

FOR ONE WHO FELL IN BATTLE

Room for a Soldier! lay him in the clover;

He loved the fields, and they shall be his cover;

Make his mound with hers who called him once her lover:

Where the rain may rain upon it,

Where the sun may shine upon it,

Where the lamb hath lain upon it,

And the bee will dine upon it.

Bear him to no dismal tomb under city churches;

Take him to the fragrant fields, by the silver birches,

Where the whippoorwill shall mourn, where the oriole
perches:

• Make his mound with sunshine on it,

Where the bee will dine upon it,

Where the lamb hath lain upon it,

And the rain will rain upon it.

Busy as the busy bee, his rest should be the clover;
Gentle as the lamb was he, and the fern should be his cover;
Fern and rosemary shall grow my soldier's pillow over:

Where the rain may rain upon it,
Where the sun may shine upon it,
Where the lamb hath lain upon it,
And the bee will dine upon it.

Sunshine in his heart, the rain would come full often
Out of those tender eyes which evermore did soften;
He never could look cold, till we saw him in his coffin:

Make a mound with sunshine on it,
Where the wind may sigh upon it,
Where the moon may stream upon it,
And Memory shall dream upon it.

"Captain or Colonel,"—whatever invocation
Suit our hymn the best, no matter for thy station,—
On thy grave the rain shall fall from the eyes of a mighty
nation!

Long as the sun doth shine upon it
Shall grow the goodly pine upon it,
Long as the stars do gleam upon it
Shall Memory come to dream upon it.

Thomas William Parsons [1819-1892]

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER

CLOSE his eyes; his work is done!
What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon, or set of sun,
Hand of man, or kiss of woman?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor;
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep forever and forever.

“How Sleep the Brave”

Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley!
What to him are all our wars,
What but death-bemocking folly?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye;
Trust him to the hand that made him.
Mortal love weeps idly by:
God alone has power to aid him.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

George Henry Boker [1823-1890]

“BLOW, BUGLES, BLOW”

BLOW, bugles, blow, soft and sweet and low,
Sing a good-night song for them who bravely faced the foe;
Sing a song of truce to pain,
Where they sleep nor wake again,
'Neath the sunshine or the rain—
Blow, bugles, blow.

Wave, banners, wave, above each hero's grave,
Fold them, O thou stainless flag that they died to save;
All thy stars with glory bright,
Bore they on through Treason's night,
Through the darkness to the light—
Wave, banners, wave.

“Such is the Death the Soldier Dies” 2245

Fall, blossoms, fall, over one and all,
They who heard their country's cry and answered to the
call;
'Mid the shock of shot and shell,
Where they bled and where they fell,
They who fought so long and well—
Fall, blossoms, fall.

Sigh, breezes, sigh, so gently wandering by,
Bend above them tenderly, blue of summer sky;
All their weary marches done,
All their battles fought and won,
Friend and lover, sire and son—
Sigh, breezes, sigh.

John S. McGroarty [1862-

“SUCH IS THE DEATH THE SOLDIER DIES”

SUCH is the death the soldier dies:
He falls,—the column speeds away;
Upon the dabbled grass he lies,
His brave heart following, still, the fray.

The smoke-wraiths drift among the trees,
The battle storms along the hill;
The glint of distant arms he sees;
He hears his comrades shouting still.

A glimpse of far-borne flags, that fade
And vanish in the rolling din:
He knows the sweeping charge is made,
The cheering lines are closing in.

Unmindful of his mortal wound,
He faintly calls and seeks to rise;
But weakness drags him to the ground:—
Such is the death the soldier dies.

Robert Burns Wilson [1850-

THE BRAVE AT HOME

From “The Wagoner of the Alleghanies”

THE maid who binds her warrior's sash
With smile that well her pain dissembles,
The while beneath her drooping lash
One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles,
Though Heaven alone records the tear,
And Fame shall never know her story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As e'er bedewed the field of glory.

The wife who girds her husband's sword,
Mid little ones who weep or wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word,
What though her heart be rent asunder,
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of death around him rattle,
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the field of battle!

The mother who conceals her grief
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honor!

Thomas Buchanan Read [1822-1872]

SOMEBODY'S DARLING

INTO a ward of the whitewashed walls
Where the dead and the dying lay—
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls—
Somebody's darling was borne one day.

Somebody's darling! so young and so brave,
 Wearing still on his pale, sweet face—
 Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave—
 The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold
 Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
 Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
 Somebody's darling is dying now.
 Back from the beautiful blue-veined brow
 Brush the wandering waves of gold;
 Cross his hands on his bosom now—
 Somebody's darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for Somebody's sake;
 Murmur a prayer, soft and low;
 One bright curl from the cluster take—
 They were Somebody's pride, you know.
 Somebody's hand hath rested there;
 Was it a mother's, soft and white?
 And have the lips of a sister fair
 Been baptized in those waves of light?

God knows best. He has Somebody's love;
 Somebody's heart enshrined him there;
 Somebody wafted his name above,
 Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.
 Somebody wept when he marched away,
 Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;
 Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay;
 Somebody clung to his parting hand;—

Somebody's watching and waiting for him,
 Yearning to hold him again to her heart;
 There he lies—with the blue eyes dim,
 And the smiling, child-like lips apart.
 Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
 Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
 Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
 "*Somebody's darling slumbers here!*"

Marie R. La Conte [18 —

LITTLE GIFFEN

Out of the focal and foremost fire,
Out of the hospital walls as dire,
Smitten of grape-shot and gangrene
(Eighteenth battle and *he* sixteen!)—
Spectre such as you seldom see,
Little Giffen of Tennessee.

“Take him and welcome!” the surgeon said;
“Little the doctor can help the dead!”
So we took him and brought him where
The balm was sweet on the summer air;
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed—
Utter Lazarus, heel to head!

And we watched the war with bated breath—
Skeleton Boy against skeleton Death.
Months of torture, how many such!
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch;
And still a glint in the steel-blue eye
Told of a spirit that wouldn’t die,—

And didn’t. Nay, more! in death’s despite
The crippled skeleton learned to write.
“Dear Mother,” at first, of course; and then,
“Dear Captain,” inquiring about “the men.”
Captain’s answer: “Of eighty-and-five,
Giffen and I are left alive.”

Word of gloom from the war, one day:
“Johnston’s pressed at the front, they say!”
Little Giffen was up and away;
A tear—his first—as he bade good-by,
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye.
“I’ll write, if spared.” There was news of the fight;
But none of Giffen.—He did not write.

I sometimes fancy that, were I king
Of the princely Knights of the Golden Ring,
With the song of the minstrel in mine ear,
And the tender legend that trembles here,
I'd give the best on his bended knee,
The whitest soul of my chivalry,
For Little Giffen of Tennessee.

Francis Orray Ticknor [1822-1874]

ODE

Sung on the occasion of decorating the graves of the Confederate dead, at Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston, S. C., 1867.

SLEEP sweetly in your humble graves,
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause;
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause.

In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone!

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold! your sisters bring their tears,
And these memorial blooms.

Small tributes! but your shades will smile
More proudly on these wreaths to-day,
Than when some cannon-moulded pile
Shall overlook this bay.

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
By mourning beauty crowned!

Henry Timrod [1829-1867]

SENTINEL SONGS

WHEN falls the soldier brave,
Dead at the feet of wrong,
The poet sings and guards his grave
With sentinels of song.

Songs, march! he gives command,
Keep faithful watch and true;
The living and dead of the Conquered Land
Have now no guards save you.

Gray Ballads! mark ye well!
Thrice holy is your trust!
Go! halt by the fields where warriors fell;
Rest arms! and guard their dust.

List! Songs! your watch is long,
The soldiers' guard was brief;
Whilst right is right, and wrong is wrong,
Ye may not seek relief.

Go! wearing the gray of grief!
Go! watch o'er the Dead in Gray!
Go! guard the private and guard the chief,
And sentinel their clay!

And the songs, in stately rhyme,
And with softly-sounding tread,
Go forth, to watch for a time—a time—
Where sleep the Deathless Dead.

And the songs, like funeral dirge,
In music soft and low,
Sing round the graves, whilst hot tears surge
From hearts that are homes of woe.

What though no sculptured shaft
Immortalize each brave?
What though no monument epitaphed
Be built above each grave?

When marble wears away,
And monuments are dust,
The songs that guard our soldiers' clay
Will still fulfil their trust.

With lifted head, and steady tread,
Like stars that guard the skies,
Go watch each bed, where rest the dead,
Brave Songs, with sleepless eyes.

Abram J. Ryan [1839-1888]

HEROES

THE winds that once the Argo bore
Have died by Neptune's ruined shrines,
And her hull is the drift of the deep-sea floor,
Though shaped of Pelion's tallest pines.
You may seek her crew on every isle
Fair in the foam of Ægean seas,
But, out of their rest, no charm can wile
Jason and Orpheus and Hercules.

And Priam's wail is heard no more
By windy Ilion's sea-built walls;
Nor great Achilles, stained with gore,
Shouts, "O ye gods, 'tis Hector falls!"
On Ida's mount is the shining snow,
But Jove has gone from its brow away;
And red on the plain the poppies grow
Where Greek and Trojan fought that day.

Mother Earth, are the heroes dead?
Do they thrill the soul of the years no more?
Are the gleaming snows and the poppies red
All that is left of the brave of yore?
Are there none to fight as Theseus fought,
Far in the young world's misty dawn?
Or to teach as gray-haired Nestor taught?
Mother Earth, are the heroes gone?

Gone? In a grander form they rise.

Dead? We may clasp their hands in ours,
And catch the light of their clearer eyes,
And wreath their brows with immortal flowers.

Wherever a noble deed is done,
'Tis the pulse of a hero's heart is stirred;
Wherever Right has a triumph won,
There are the heroes' voices heard.

Their armor rings on a fairer field
Than Greek and Trojan fiercely trod;
For Freedom's sword is the blade they wield,
And the gleam above is the smile of God.
So, in his isle of calm delight,
Jason may sleep the years away;
For the heroes live, and the sky is bright,
And the world is a braver world to-day.

Edna Dean Proctor [1838-

THE DAWN OF PEACE

YES—"on our brows we feel the breath
Of Dawn," though in the night we wait!
An arrow is in the heart of Death!
A God is at the doors of Fate!
The Spirit that moved upon the Deep
Is moving through the minds of men;
The nations feel it in their sleep.
A change has touched their dreams again.

Voices, confused and faint, arise,
Troubling their hearts from east and west.
A doubtful light is in their skies,
A gleam that will not let them rest!
The dawn, the dawn is on the wing,
The stir of change on every side,
Unsignalled as the approach of spring,
Invincible as the hawthorn tide.

Have ye not heard it, far and nigh,
The voice of France across the dark,
And all the Atlantic with one cry
Beating the shores of Europe?—hark!
Then, if ye will, uplift your word
Of cynic wisdom! Once again
Tell us He came to bring a sword.
Tell us He lived and died in vain.

Say that we dream! Our dreams have woven
Truths that outface the burning sun;
The lightnings, that we dreamed, have cloven
Time, space, and linked all lands in one!
Dreams! But their swift celestial fingers
Have knit the world with threads of steel,
Till no remotest island lingers
Outside the world's great commonweal.

Tell us that custom, sloth and fear
Are strong, then name them "common sense"!
Tell us that greed rules everywhere,
Then dub the lie "experience."
Year after year, age after age,
Has handed down, through fool and child,
For earth's divinest heritage
The dreams whereon old wisdom smiled.

Dreams are they? But ye cannot stay them,
Or thrust the dawn back for one hour!
Truth, Love and Justice, if ye slay them,
Return with more than earthly power;
Strive, if ye will, to seal the fountains
That send the spring through leaf and spray;
Drive back the sun from the eastern mountains,
Then—bid this mightier movement stay.

The hour of Peace is come! The nations
From east to west have heard a cry,
"Through all earth's blood-red generations
By hate and slaughter climbed thus high,

Here—on this height—still to aspire,
 One only path remains untrod,
 One path of love and peace climbs higher!
 Make straight that highway for our God!”

Alfred Noyes [1880—

THE ONLY SON

O BITTER wind toward the sunset blowing,
 What of the dales to-night?
 In yonder gray old hall what fires are glowing,
 What ring of festal light?

*“In the great window as the day was dwindling
 I saw an old man stand;
 His head was proudly held and his eyes kindling,
 But the list shook in his hand.”*

O wind of twilight, was there no word uttered,
 No sound of joy or wail?
*“‘A great fight and a good death,’ he muttered;
 Trust him, he would not fail.’”*

What of the chamber dark where she was lying
 For whom all life is done?
*“Within her heart she rocks a dead child, crying
 ‘My son, my little son.’”*

Henry Newbolt [1862—

POEMS OF HISTORY

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

[710 B. C.]

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strawn.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride:
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

George Gordon Byron [1788-1824]

THE VISION OF BELSHAZZAR

[538 B. C.]

THE King was on his throne,
The Satraps thronged the hall;
A thousand bright lamps shone
O'er that high festival.
A thousand cups of gold,
In Judah deemed divine,—
Jehovah's vessels hold
The godless Heathen's wine!

In that same hour and hall,
The fingers of a hand
Came forth against the wall,
And wrote as if on sand:
The fingers of a man;—
A solitary hand
Along the letters ran,
And traced them like a wand.

The monarch saw, and shook,
And bade no more rejoice;
All bloodless waxed his look,
And tremulous his voice.
“Let the men of lore appear,
The wisest of the earth,
And expound the words of fear,
Which mar our royal mirth.”

Chaldea's seers are good,
But here they have no skill;
And the unknown letters stood,
Untold and awful still.
And Babel's men of age
Are wise and deep in lore;
But now they were not sage,
They saw,—but knew no more.

A captive in the land,
 A stranger and a youth,
 He heard the King's command,
 He saw that writing's truth.
 The lamps around were bright,
 The prophecy in view:
 He read it on that night,—
 The morrow proved it true.

“Belshazzar's grave is made,
 His kingdom passed away,
 He, in the balance weighed,
 Is light and worthless clay;
 The shroud, his robe of state,
 His canopy, the stone:
 The Mede is at his gate!
 The Persian on his throne!”

George Gordon Byron [1788–1824]

HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE

[C. 496 B. C.]

LARS PORSENA of Clusium

By the Nine Gods he swore
 That the great house of Tarquin
 Should suffer wrong no more.
 By the Nine Gods he swore it,
 And named a trysting-day,
 And bade his messengers ride forth,
 East and west and south and north,
 To summon his array.

East and west and south and north
 The messengers ride fast,
 And tower and town and cottage
 Have heard the trumpet's blast.
 Shame on the false Etruscan
 Who lingers in his home,
 When Porsena of Clusium
 Is on the march for Rome.

The horsemen and the footmen
Are pouring in amain
From many a stately market-place,
From many a fruitful plain,
From many a lonely hamlet,
Which, hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest
Of purple Apennine;

From lordly Volaterræ
Where scowls the far-famed hold
Piled by the hands of giants
For godlike kings of old;
From sea-girt Populonia,
Whose sentinels descry
Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops
Fringing the southern sky;

From the proud mart of Pisæ,
Queen of the western waves,
Where ride Massilia's triremes
Heavy with fair-haired slaves;
From where sweet Clanis wanders
Through corn and vines and flowers,
From where Cortona lifts to heaven
Her diadem of towers.

Tall are the oaks whose acorns
Drop in dark Auser's rill;
Fat are the stags that champ the boughs
Of the Ciminian hill;
Beyond all streams, Clitumnus
Is to the herdsman dear;
Best of all pools the fowler loves
The great Volsinian mere.

But now no stroke of woodman
Is heard by Auser's rill;
No hunter tracks the stag's green path
Up the Ciminian hill;

Unwatched along Clitumnus
 Grazes the milk-white steer;
 Unharm'd the water-fowl may dip
 In the Volsinian mere.

The harvests of Arretium,
 This year, old men shall reap;
 This year, young boys in Umbro
 Shall plunge the struggling sheep;
 And in the vats of Luna,
 This year, the must shall foam
 Round the white feet of laughing girls
 Whose sires have marched to Rome.

There be thirty chosen prophets,
 The wisest of the land,
 Who alway by Lars Porsena
 Both morn and evening stand:
 Evening and morn the Thirty
 Have turned the verses o'er,
 Traced from the right on linen white
 By mighty seers of yore.

And with one voice the Thirty
 Have their glad answer given:
 "Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena,—
 Go forth, beloved of Heaven!
 Go, and return in glory
 To Clusium's royal dome,
 And hang round Nurscia's altars
 The golden shields of Rome!"

And now hath every city
 Sent up her tale of men;
 The foot are fourscore thousand,
 The horse are thousands ten.
 Before the gates of Sutrium
 Is met the great array;
 A proud man was Lars Porsena
 Upon the trysting-day.

For all the Etruscan armies
Were ranged beneath his eye,
And many a banished Roman,
And many a stout ally;
And with a mighty following,
To join the muster, came
The Tusculan Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name.

But by the yellow Tiber
Was tumult and affright:
From all the spacious champaign
To Rome men took their flight.
A mile around the city,
The throng stopped up the ways;
A fearful sight it was to see
Through two long nights and days.

For agèd folk on crutches,
And women great with child,
And mothers, sobbing over babes
That clung to them and smiled,
And sick men borne in litters
High on the necks of slaves,
And troops of sunburned husbandmen
With reaping-hooks and staves,

And droves of mules and asses
Laden with skins of wine,
And endless flocks of goats and sheep,
And endless herds of kine,
And endless trains of wagons,
That creaked beneath the weight
Of corn-sacks and of household goods,
Choked every roaring gate.

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,
Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
Red in the midnight sky.

The Fathers of the City,
 They sat all night and day,
 For every hour some horseman came
 With tidings of dismay.

To eastward and to westward
 Have spread the Tuscan bands,
 Nor house, nor fence, nor dovecote
 In Crustumerium stands.
 Verbenna down to Ostia
 Hath wasted all the plain;
 Astur hath stormed Janiculum,
 And the stout guards are slain.

I wis, in all the Senate
 There was no heart so bold
 But sore it ached, and fast it beat,
 When that ill news was told.
 Forthwith up rose the Consul,
 Up rose the Fathers all;
 In haste they girded up their gowns,
 And hied them to the wall.

They held a council, standing
 Before the River-Gate;
 Short time was there, ye well may guess,
 For musing or debate.
 Out spake the Consul roundly:
 "The bridge must straight go down;
 For, since Janiculum is lost,
 Naught else can save the town."

Just then a scout came flying,
 All wild with haste and fear:
 "To arms! to arms! Sir Consul,—
 Lars Porsena is here."
 On the low hills to westward
 The Consul fixed his eye,
 And saw the swarthy storm of dust
 Rise fast along the sky.

And nearer fast and nearer
Doth the red whirlwind come;
And louder still, and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,
The trampling and the hum.
And plainly and more plainly
Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears.

And plainly and more plainly,
Above that glimmering line,
Now might ye see the banners
Of twelve fair cities shine;
But the banner of proud Clusium
Was highest of them all,—
The terror of the Umbrian,
The terror of the Gaul.

And plainly and more plainly
Now might the burghers know,
By port and vest, by horse and crest,
Each warlike Lucumo:
There Cilnius of Arretium
On his fleet roan was seen;
And Astur of the fourfold shield,
Girt with the brand none else may wield;
Tolumnius with the belt of gold,
And dark Verbenna from the hold
By reedy Thrasymene.

Fast by the royal standard,
O'erlooking all the war,
Lars Porsena of Clusium
Sat in his ivory car.

By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
 Prince of the Latian name;
 And by the left false Sextus,
 That wrought the deed of shame.

But when the face of Sextus
 Was seen among the foes,
 A yell that rent the firmament
 From all the town arose.
 On the house-tops was no woman
 But spat towards him and hissed,
 No child but screamed out curses,
 And shook its little fist.

But the Consul's brow was sad,
 And the Consul's speech was low,
 And darkly looked he at the wall,
 And darkly at the foe:
 "Their van will be upon us
 Before the bridge goes down;
 And if they once may win the bridge,
 What hope to save the town?"

Then out spake brave Horatius,
 The Captain of the Gate:
 "To every man upon this earth
 Death cometh soon or late.
 And how can man die better
 Than facing fearful odds
 For the ashes of his fathers
 And the temples of his Gods,

"And for the tender mother
 Who dandled him to rest,
 And for the wife who nurses
 His baby at her breast,
 And for the holy maidens
 Who feed the eternal flame,—
 To save them from false Sextus
 That wrought the deed of shame?"

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three:
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius,—
A Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."
And out spake strong Herminius,—
Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
"As thou sayest so let it be."
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the state;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great:
Then lands were fairly portioned;
Then spoils were fairly sold:
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

Now Roman is to Roman
More hateful than a foe,
And the Tribunes beard the high,
And the Fathers grind the low.

As we wax hot in faction,
 In battle we wax cold;
 Wherefore men fight not as they fought
 In the brave days of old.

Now while the Three were tightening
 Their harness on their backs,
 The Consul was the foremost man
 To take in hand an axe;
 And Fathers, mixed with Commons,
 Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
 And smote upon the planks above,
 And loosed the props below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
 Right glorious to behold,
 Came flashing back the noonday light,
 Rank behind rank, like surges bright
 Of a broad sea of gold.

Four hundred trumpets sounded
 A peal of warlike glee,
 As that great host with measured tread,
 And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
 Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
 Where stood the dauntless Three.

The Three stood calm and silent,
 And looked upon the foes,
 And a great shout of laughter
 From all the vanguard rose;
 And forth three chiefs came spurring
 Before that deep array;
 To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
 And lifted high their shields, and flew
 To win the narrow way:

Aunus, from green Tifernum,
 Lord of the Hill of Vines;
 And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
 Sicken in Ilva's mines;
 And Picus, long to Clusium
 Vassal in peace and war,

Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
From that gray crag where, girt with towers,
The fortress of Nequinum lowers
O'er the pale waves of Nar.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
Into the stream beneath;
Herminius struck at Seius;
And clove him to the teeth;
At Picus brave Horatius
Darted one fiery thrust,
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
Clashed in the bloody dust.

Then Ocnus of Falerii
Rushed on the Roman Three;
And Lausulus of Urgo,
The rover of the sea;
And Aruns of Volsinium,
Who slew the great wild boar,—
The great wild boar that had his den
Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,
And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,
Along Albinia's shore.

Herminius smote down Aruns;
Lartius laid Ocnus low;
Right to the heart of Lausulus
Horatius sent a blow:
"Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate!
No more, aghast and pale,
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
The track of thy destroying bark;
No more Campania's hinds shall fly
To woods and caverns, when they spy
Thy thrice-accursèd sail!"

But now no sound of laughter
Was heard among the foes;
A wild and wrathful clamor
From all the vanguard rose.

Six spears' lengths from the entrance,
 Halted that deep array,
 And for a space no man came forth
 To win the narrow way.

But, hark! the cry is Astur:
 And lo! the ranks divide;
 And the great Lord of Luna
 Comes with his stately stride.
 Upon his ample shoulders
 Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
 And in his hand he shakes the brand
 Which none but he can wield.

He smiled on those bold Romans,
 A smile serene and high;
 He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
 And scorn was in his eye.
 Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter
 Stand savagely at bay;
 But will ye dare to follow,
 If Astur clears the way?"

Then, whirling up his broadsword
 With both hands to the height,
 He rushed against Horatius,
 And smote with all his might.
 With shield and blade Horatius
 Right deftly turned the blow.
 The blow, though turned came yet too nigh;
 It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh.
 The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
 To see the red blood flow.

He reeled, and on Herminius
 He leaned one breathing-space,
 Then, like a wild-cat mad with wounds,
 Sprang right at Astur's face.
 Through teeth, and skull, and helmet
 So fierce a thrust he sped,
 The good sword stood a hand-breadth out
 Behind the Tuscan's head.

And the great lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Avernus
A thunder-smitten oak.
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread;
And the pale augurs, muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head.

On Astur's throat Horatius
Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain,
Ere he wrenched out the steel.
"And see," he cried, "the welcome,
Fair guests, that waits you here!
What noble Lucumo comes next
To taste our Roman cheer?"

But at his haughty challenge
A sullen murmur ran,
Mingled of wrath, and shame, and dread,
Along that glittering van.
There lacked not men of prowess,
Nor men of lordly race,
For all Etruria's noblest
Were round the fatal place.

But all Etruria's noblest
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless Three;
And, from the ghastly entrance
Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank, like boys who, unaware,
Ranging the woods to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
Lies amidst bones and blood.

Was none who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack;

But those behind cried "Forward!"
 And those before cried "Back!"
 And backward now and forward
 Wavers the deep array;
 And on the tossing sea of steel
 To and fro the standards reel,
 And the victorious trumpet-peal
 Dies fitfully away.

Yet one man for one moment
 Stood out before the crowd;
 Well known was he to all the Three,
 And they gave him greeting loud:
 "Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!
 Now welcome to thy home!
 Why dost thou stay, and turn away?
 Here lies the road to Rome."

Thrice looked he at the city;
 Thrice looked he at the dead;
 And thrice came on in fury,
 And thrice turned back in dread;
 And, white with fear and hatred,
 Scowled at the narrow way
 Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
 The bravest Tuscans lay.

But meanwhile axe and lever
 Have manfully been plied;
 And now the bridge hangs tottering
 Above the boiling tide.
 "Come back, come back, Horatius!"
 Loud cried the Fathers all.—
 "Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
 Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius;—
 Herminius darted back;
 And, as they passed, beneath their feet
 They felt the timbers crack.

But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more;

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream:
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

And, like a horse unbroken,
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane,
And burst the curb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free;
And whirling down, in fierce career,
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind,—
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
“Down with him!” cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face;
“Now yield thee,” cried Lars Porsena,
“Now yield thee to our grace.”

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome:

“O Tiber! Father Tiber!

To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!”
So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And, with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank,
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain;
And fast his blood was flowing,
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor,
And spent with changing blows;
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing-place;
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good Father Tiber
Bore bravely up his chin.

“Curse on him!” quoth false Sextus;—
“Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!”

“Heaven help him!” quoth Lars Porsena,
“And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before.”

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night;
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium,
Plain for all folk to see,—
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee;
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscian home;
And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old.

And in the nights of winter
When the cold north-winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow;
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within;
When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit;
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows;
When the goodman mends his armor,
And trims his helmet's plume;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom;
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

Thomas Babington Macaulay [1800-1859]

LEONIDAS

[480 B. C.]

SHOUT for the mighty men
Who died along this shore,
Who died within this mountain's glen!
For never nobler chieftain's head
Was laid on valor's crimson bed,
Nor ever prouder gore
Sprang forth, than theirs who won the day
Upon thy strand, Thermopylæ!
Shout for the mighty men
Who on the Persian tents,

Like lions from their midnight den
 Bounding on the slumbering deer,
 Rushed—a storm of sword and spear;

Like the roused elements,
 Let loose from an immortal hand
 To chasten or to crush a land!

But there are none to hear—

Greece is a hopeless slave.
 Leonidas! no hand is near
 To lift thy falchion now;
 No warrior makes the warrior's vow
 Upon thy sea-washed grave.
 The voice that should be raised by men
 Must now be given by wave and glen.

And it is given! The surge,
 The tree, the rock, the sand
 On freedom's kneeling spirit urge,
 In sounds that speak but to the free,
 The memory of thine and thee!

The vision of thy band
 Still gleams within the glorious dell
 Which their gore hallowed as it fell!

And is thy grandeur done?

Mother of men like these!
 Has not thy outcry gone
 Where justice has an ear to hear?
 Be holy! God shall guide thy spear,
 Till in thy crimsoned seas
 Are plunged the chain and scimitar.
 Greece shall be a new-born star!

George Croly [1780–1860]

ANTONY TO CLEOPATRA

[AUGUST, 30 B. C.]

I AM dying, Egypt, dying!
 Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
 And the dark Plutonian shadows
 Gather on the evening blast;

Let thine arms, O Queen, enfold me,
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear,
Listen to the great heart-secrets
Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
Bear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and scattered galleys
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore;
Though no glittering guards surround me,
Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman,
Die the great Triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
Mock the lion thus laid low;
'Twas no foeman's arm that felled him,
'Twas his own that struck the blow:
His who, pillowed on thy bosom,
Turned aside from glory's ray—
His who, drunk with thy caresses,
Madly threw a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble
Dare assail my name at Rome,
Where the noble spouse, Octavia,
Weeps within her widowed home,
Seek her; say the gods bear witness,—
Altars, augurs, circling wings,—
That her blood, with mine commingled,
Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian—
Glorious sorceress of the Nile!—
Light the path to Stygian horrors,
With the splendor of thy smile;
Give the Cæsar crowns and arches,
Let his brow the laurel twine:
I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,
Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying!
 Hark! the insulting foeman's cry;
 They are coming—quick, my falchion!
 Let me front them ere I die.
 Ah, no more amid the battle
 Shall my heart exulting swell;
 Isis and Osiris guard thee—
 Cleopatra—Rome—farewell!
William Haines Lytle [1826-1863]

BOADICEA: AN ODE

[62 A. D.]

WHEN the British warrior queen,
 Bleeding from the Roman rods,
 Sought, with an indignant mien,
 Counsel of her country's gods,

 Sage beneath a spreading oak
 Sat the Druid, hoary chief,
 Every burning word he spoke
 Full of rage and full of grief:

 "Princess! if our agèd eyes
 Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
 'Tis because resentment ties
 All the terrors of our tongues.

 "Rome shall perish:—write that word
 In the blood that she has spilt;
 Perish, hopeless and abhorred,
 Deep in ruin as in guilt.

 "Rome, for empire far renowned,
 Tramples on a thousand states;
 Soon her pride shall kiss the ground,—
 Hark! the Gaul is at her gates.

 "Other Romans shall arise
 Heedless of a soldier's name;
 Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
 Harmony the path to fame.

“Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

“Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they.”

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow,
Rushed to battle, fought and died;
Dying, hurled them at the foe.

“Ruffians! pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestowed,
Shame and ruin wait for you!”

William Cowper [1731-1800]

“HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN”

[NOVEMBER, 1120]

THE bark that held the prince went down,
The sweeping waves rolled on;
And what was England's glorious crown
To him that wept a son?
He lived—for life may long be borne,
Ere sorrow break its chain;—
Why comes not death to those who mourn?—
He never smiled again!

There stood proud forms around his throne,
The stately and the brave;
But which could fill the place of one,
That one beneath the wave?

Before him passed the young and fair,
 In pleasure's reckless train;
 But seas dashed o'er his son's bright hair—
 He never smiled again!

He sat where festal bowls went round,
 He heard the minstrel sing;
 He saw the tourney's victor crowned
 Amidst the knightly ring;
 A murmur of the restless deep
 Was blent with every strain,
 A voice of winds that would not sleep—
 He never smiled again!

Hearts, in that time, closed o'er the trace
 Of vows once fondly poured,
 And strangers took the kinsman's place
 At many a joyous board;
 Graves, which true love had bathed with tears,
 Were left to heaven's bright rain,
 Fresh hopes were born for other years—
He never smiled again!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans [1793-1833]

BRUCE TO HIS MEN AT BANNOCKBURN

[JUNE 24, 1314]

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour:
 See the front o' battle lour:
 See approach proud Edward's power,—
 Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?
 Wha sae base as be a slave?
 Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!—
Let us do or die!

Robert Burns [1759–1796]

CORONACH

From "The Lady of the Lake"

HE is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The font, reappearing
From the raindrops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are serest,
But our flower was in flushing,
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber!

Like the dew on the mountain,
 Like the foam on the river,
 Like the bubble on the fountain,
 Thou art gone, and for ever!

Walter Scott [1771-1832]

CREÇY

[AUGUST 26, 1346]

At Crécy by Somme in Ponthieu
 High up on a windy hill
 A mill stands out like a tower:
 King Edward stands on the mill.
 The plain is seething below,
 As Vesuvius seethes with flame,
 But O! not with fire, but gore,
 Earth incarnadined o'er,
 Crimson with shame and with fame.
 To the King run the messengers, crying,
 "Thy Son is hard pressed to the dying!"
 "Let alone: for to-day will be written in story
 To the great world's end and for ever:
 So let the boy have the glory."

Erin and Gwalia there
 With England are ranked against France;
 Out-facing the oriflamme red
 The red dragons of Merlin advance;
 As a harvest in autumn renewed
 The lances bend over the fields;
 Snow-thick our arrow-heads white
 Level the foe as they light;
 Knighthood to yeomanry yields:
 Proud heart, the King watches, as higher
 Goes the blaze of the battle, and nigher:
 "To-day is a day will be written in story
 To the great world's end, and for ever!
 Let the boy alone have the glory."

Harold at Senlac-on-Sea
By Norman arrow laid low,
When the shield-wall was breached by the shaft,
Thou art avenged by the bow!
Chivalry! name of romance!
Thou art henceforth but a name;
Weapon that none can withstand,
Yew in the Englishman's hand,
Flight-shaft unerring in aim!
As a lightning-struck forest the foemen
Shiver down to the stroke of the bowmen;
"O to-day is a day will be written in story
To the great world's end, and for ever!
So, let the boy have the glory."

Pride of Liguria's shore
Genoa wrestles in vain;
Vainly Bohemia's king
King-like is laid with the slain.
The Blood-lake is wiped out in blood,
The shame of the centuries o'er;
Where the pride of the Norman had sway,
The lions lord over the fray,
The legions of France are no more:
The Prince to his father kneels lowly:
"His is the battle—his wholly!
For to-day is a day will be written in story
To the great world's end, and for ever!
So, let him have the spurs and the glory."
Francis Turner Palgrave [1824-1897]

THE PATRIOT'S PASS-WORD

[JULY 9, 1386]

"MAKE way for Liberty!" he cried,
Made way for Liberty, and died.

In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,
A living wall, a human wood;

A wall,—where every conscious stone
Seemed to its kindred thousands grown;
A rampart all assaults to bear,
Till time to dust their frames should wear:
A wood,—like that enchanted grove
In which with fiends Rinaldo strove,
Where every silent tree possessed
A spirit prisoned in its breast,
Which the first stroke of coming strife
Might startle into hideous life:
So still, so dense, the Austrians stood,
A living wall, a human wood.
Impregnable their front appears,
All-horrent with projected spears,
Whose polished points before them shine,
From flank to flank, one brilliant line,
Bright as the breakers' splendors run
Along the billows to the sun.

Opposed to these, a hovering band
Contended for their father-land:
Peasants, whose new-found strength had broke
From manly necks the ignoble yoke,
And forged their fetters into swords,
On equal terms to fight their lords,
And what insurgent rage had gained
In many a mortal fray maintained.
Marshalled once more, at Freedom's call,
They came to conquer or to fall,
Where he who conquered, he who fell,
Was deemed a dead, or living, Tell;
Such virtue had that patriot breathed,
So to the soil his soul bequeathed,
That wheresoe'er his arrows flew,
Heroes in his own likeness grew,
And warriors sprang from every sod,
Which his awakening footstep trod.

And now the work of life and death
Hung on the passing of a breath;

The fire of conflict burned within,
The battle trembled to begin;
Yet, while the Austrians held their ground,
Point for assault was nowhere found;
Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,
The unbroken line of lances blazed:
That line 'twere suicide to meet,
And perish at their tyrants' feet:
How could they rest within their graves,
And leave their homes the haunts of slaves?
Would they not feel their children tread
With clanging chains, above their head?

It must not be: this day, this hour,
Annihilates the invader's power:
All Switzerland is in the field,
She will not fly, she cannot yield,
She must not fall; her better fate
Here gives her an immortal date.
Few were the number she could boast,
Yet every freeman was a host,
And felt as 'twere a secret known
That one should turn the scale alone,
While each unto himself were he
On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on *one* indeed;
Behold him,—Arnold Winkelried!
There sounds not to the trump of fame
The echo of a nobler name.
Unmarked he stood amid the throng,
In rumination deep and long,
Till you might see, with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face,
And by the motion of his form
Anticipate the bursting storm,
And by the uplifting of his brow
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.

But 'twas no sooner thought than done,
The field was in a moment won;

"Make way for Liberty!" he cried,
 Then ran, with arms extended wide,
 As if his dearest friend to clasp;
 Ten spears he swept within his grasp;
 "Make way for Liberty!" he cried;
 Their keen points met from side to side;
 He bowed amidst them, like a tree,
 And thus made way for Liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly;
 "Make way for Liberty!" they cry,
 And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
 As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart;
 While, instantaneous as his fall,
 Rout, ruin, panic seized them all;
 An earthquake could not overthrow
 A city with a surer blow.

Thus Switzerland again was free;
 Thus Death made way for Liberty!

James Montgomery [1771-1854]

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBURN

[AUGUST 10, 1388]

It fell about the Lammas tide,
 When muir-men win their hay,
 That the doughty Earl of Douglas rade
 Into England, to take a prey.

He chose the Gordons and the Græmes,
 With them the Lindsays gay;
 But the Jardines wald not with him ride,
 And they rue it to this day.

And they hae harried the dales o' Tyne,
 And half o' Bambrough-shire,
 And the Otter-dale they burned it hale,
 And set it a' on fire.

Then he cam' up to Newcastle,
And rade it round about:
"O wha's the lord of this castle?
Or wha's the lady o't?"

But up spake proud Lord Percy then,
And O but he spake hie!
"I am the lord of this castle,
My wife's the lady gay."

"If thou'rt the lord of this castle,
Sae weel it pleases me,
For, ere I cross the Border fells,
The tane of us shall dee."

He took a lang spear in his hand,
Shod with the metal free,
And for to meet the Douglas there
He rode right furiouslie.

But O how pale his lady looked,
Frae aff the castle-wa',
As down before the Scottish spear
She saw proud Percy fa'.

"Had we twa been upon the green,
And never an eye to see,
I wad hae had you, flesh and fell;
But your sword sall gae wi me."

"Now gae ye up to Otterbourne,
And wait there dayis three,
And gin I come not ere they end,
A fause knight ca' ye me."

"The Otterbourne's a bonnie burn;
'Tis pleasant there to be;
But there is naught at Otterbourne
To feed my men and me.

"The deer rins wild on hill and dale,
The birds fly wild frae tree to tree;
But there is neither bread nor kale
To fend my men and me.

"Yet I will stay at Otterbourne,
Where you sall welcome be;
And, if ye come not at three days' end,
A fause lord I'll ca' thee."

"Thither will I come," proud Percy said,
"By the might of Our Ladye;"
"There will I bide thee," said the Douglas,
"My troth I plight to thee."

They licted high on Otterbourne,
Upon the bent sae broun;
They licted high on Otterbourne,
And pitched their pallions down.

And he that had a bonnie boy,
He sent his horse to grass;
And he that had not a bonnie boy,
His ain servant he was.

But up then spak' a little page,
Before the peep o' dawn:
"O waken ye, waken ye, my good lord.
For Percy's hard at hand."

"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liar loud!
Sae loud I hear ye lie:
For Percy had not men yestreen
To dight my men and me.

"But I hae dreamed a dreary dream,
Beyond the Isle of Sky;
I saw a deid man win a fight,
And I think that man was I."

He belted on his gude braid-sword,
And to the field he ran,
But he forgot the hewmont strong,
That should have kept his brain.

When Percy wi' the Douglas met,
I wot he was fu' fain;
They swakkit swords, till sair they swat,
And the blud ran down like rain.

But Percy wi' his gude braid-sword,
That could sae sharply wound,
Has wounded Douglas on the brow,
Till he fell to the ground.

And then he called his little foot-page,
And said, "Run speedily,
And fetch my ain dear sister's son,
Sir Hugh Montgomery.

"My nephew gude," the Douglas said,
"What recks the death of ane?
Last night I dreamed a dreary dream,
And I ken the day's thy ain!

"My wound is deep; I fain wad sleep;
Tak' thou the vanguard o' the three,
And bury me by the braken-bush,
That grows on yonder lilye lea.

"O bury me by the braken-bush,
Beneath the blumin' brier;
Let never living mortal ken
That a kindly Scot lies here."

He lifted up that noble lord,
Wi' the saut tear in his e'e;
He hid him by the braken-bush,
That his merrie men might not see.

The moon was clear, the day drew near,
The spears in flinders flew,
And mony a gallant Englishman
Ere day the Scotsmen slew.

The Gordons gude, in English blude
They wat their hose and shoon;
The Lindsays flew like fire about,
Till a' the fray was dune.

The Percy and Montgomery met,
That either of other was fain;
They swakkit swords, and sair they swat,
And the blude ran down between.

"Now yield thee, yield thee, Percy," he said,
"Or else I will lay thee low!"
"To whom maun I yield," quoth Earl Percy,
"Since I see it maun be so?"

"Thou shalt not yield to lord or loun,
Nor yet shalt thou yield to me;
But yield thee to the braken-bush,
That grows upon yon lilye lea."

"I will not yield to a braken-bush,
Nor yet will I yield to a brier;
But I would yield to Earl Douglas,
Or Sir Hugh the Montgomery, if he were here."

As soon as he knew it was Montgomery,
He struck his sword's point in the gronde;
The Montgomery was a courteous knight,
And quickly took him by the honde.

This deed was done at the Otterbourne,
About the breaking o' the day;
Earl Douglas was buried at the braken-bush,
And the Percy led captive away.

Unknown

AGINCOURT

[OCTOBER 25, 1415]

FAIR stood the wind for France
 When we our sails advance,
 Nor now to prove our chance
 Longer will tarry;
 But putting to the main,
 At Caux, the mouth of Seine,
 With all his martial train
 Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
 Furnished in warlike sort,
 Marcheth towards Agincourt
 In happy hour;
 Skirmishing day by day
 With those that stopped his way, .
 Where the French general lay
 With all his power.

Which, in his height of pride,
 King Henry to deride,
 His ransom to provide
 Unto him sending;
 Which he neglects the while
 As from a nation vile,
 Yet with an angry smile
 Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
 Quoth our brave Henry then,
 "Though they to one be ten
 Be not amazèd:
 Yet have we well begun:
 Battles so bravely won
 Have ever to the sun
 By fame been raisèd.

“And for myself (quoth he)
This my full rest shall be:
England ne’er mourn for me
Nor more esteem me:
Victor I will remain
Or on this earth lie slain,
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me.

“Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell:
No less our skill is
Than when our grandsire great
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
Lopped the French lilies.”

The Duke of York so dread
The eager vanguard led;
With the main Henry sped
Among his henchmen.
Excester had the rear,
A braver man not there;
O Lord, how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone,
Armor on armor shone,
Drum now to drum did groan,
To hear was wonder;
That with the cries they make
The very earth did shake:
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which didst the signal aim
To our hid forces!

When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly
The English archery
Struck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilbos drew,
And on the French they flew,
Not one was tardy;
Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went—
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,
His broadsword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding
As to o'erwhelm it;
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
Bruisèd his helmet.

Gloster, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood
With his brave brother;
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight.
Yet in that furious fight
Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
 Oxford the foe invade,
 And cruel slaughter made
 Still as they ran up;
 Suffolk his axe did ply,
 Beaumont and Willoughby
 Bare them right doughtily,
 Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's Day
 Fought was this noble fray,
 Which fame did not delay
 To England to carry.
 O when shall English men
 With such acts fill a pen?
 Or England breed again
 Such a King Harry?

Michael Drayton [1563-1631]

A BALLAD OF ORLEANS

[1429]

THE fray began at the middle-gate,
 Between the night and the day;
 Before the matin bell was rung
 The foe was far away.
 There was no knight in the land of France
 Could gar that foe to flee,
 Till up there rose a young maiden,
 And drove them to the sea.

*Sixty forts around Orleans town,
 And sixty forts of stone !
 Sixty forts at our gates last night—
 To-day there is not one !*

Talbot, Suffolk, and Pole are fled
 Beyond the Loire, in fear—
 Many a captain who would not drink,
 Hath drunken deeply there—

Many a captain is fallen and drowned,
 And many a knight is dead,
 And many die in the misty dawn
 While forts are burning red.

The blood ran off our spears all night
 As the rain runs off the roofs—
 God rest their souls that fell i' the fight
 Among our horses' hoofs!
 They came to rob us of our own
 With sword and spear and lance,
 They fell and clutched the stubborn earth,
 And bit the dust of France!

We fought across the moonless dark
 Against their unseen hands—
 A knight came out of Paradise
 And fought among our bands.
 Fight on, O maiden knight of God,
 Fight on and do not tire—
 For lo! the misty break o' the day
 Sees all their forts on fire!

*Sixty forts around Orleans town,
 And sixty forts of stone!
 Sixty forts at our gates last night—
 To-day there is not one!*

A. Mary F. Robinson [1857—

COLUMBUS

[JANUARY, 1487]

ST. STEPHEN'S cloistered hall was proud
 In learning's pomp that day,
 For there a robed and stately crowd
 Pressed on in long array.
 A mariner with simple chart
 Confronts that conclave high,
 While strong ambition stirs his heart,
 And burning thoughts of wonder part
 From lip and sparkling eye.

What hath he said? With frowning face,
 In whispered tones they speak,
 And lines upon their tablets trace,
 Which flush each ashen cheek;
 The Inquisition's mystic doom
 Sits on their brows severe,
 And bursting forth in visioned gloom,
 Sad heresy from burning tomb
 Groans on the startled ear.

Courage, thou Genoese! Old Time
 Thy splendid dream shall crown;
 Yon Western Hemisphere sublime,
 Where unshorn forests frown,
 The awful Andes' cloud-wrapped brow,
 The Indian hunter's bow,
 Bold streams untamed by helm or prow,
 And rocks of gold and diamonds, thou
 To thankless Spain shalt show.

Courage, World-finder! Thou hast need!
 In Fate's unfolding scroll,
 Dark woes and ingrate wrongs I read,
 That rack the noble soul.
 On! on! Creation's secrets probe,
 Then drink thy cup of scorn,
 And wrapped in fallen Cæsar's robe,
 Sleep like that master of the globe,
 All glorious,—yet forlorn.

Lydia Huntly Sigourney [1791-1865]

COLUMBUS

[AUGUST 3—OCTOBER 12, 1492]

BEHIND him lay the gray Azores,
 Behind the Gates of Hercules;
 Before him not the ghost of shores,
 Before him only shoreless seas.

The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say?"
"Why, say 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say"—
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! a light! a light! a light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

Joaquin Miller [1841-1913]

A LAMENT FOR FLODDEN

[SEPTEMBER 9, 1513]

I'VE heard them lilting at our ewe-milking,
 Lasses a-lilting before dawn o' day;
 But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning:
 "The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away."

At buchts, in the morning, nae blithe lads are scorning,
 Lasses are lanely and dowie and wae;
 Nae daffing, nae gabbing, but sighing and sabbing,
 Ilk ane lifts her leglen and hies her away.

In har'st, at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering,
 The bandsters are lyart, and runkled, and gray:
 At fair or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, in the gloaming, nae swankies are roaming
 'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play;
 But ilk ane sits eerie, lamenting her dearie—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Dool and wae for the order sent our lads to the Border!
 The English, for ance, by guile wan the day;
 The Flowers of the Forest, that fought aye the foremost,
 The prime o' our land, lie cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair lilting at our ewe-milking;
 Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
 Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning:
 "The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away."

Jane Elliot [1727-1805]

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT

[1583]

SOUTHWARD with fleet of ice
 Sailed the corsair Death;
 Wild and fast blew the blast,
 And the east-wind was his breath.

His lordly ships of ice
Glisten in the sun;
On each side, like pennons wide,
Flashing crystal streamlets run.

His sails of white sea-mist
Dripped with silver rain;
But where he passed there was cast
Leaden shadows o'er the main.

Eastward from Campobello
Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed;
Three days or more seaward he bore,
Then, alas! the land-wind failed.

Alas! the land-wind failed,
And ice-cold grew the night;
And nevermore, on sea or shore,
Should Sir Humphrey see the light.

He sat upon the deck,
The Book was in his hand;
"Do not fear! Heaven is as near,"
He said, "by water as by land!"

In the first watch of the night,
Without a signal's sound,
Out of the sea, mysteriously,
The fleet of Death rose all around.

The moon and the evening star
Were hanging in the shrouds;
Every mast, as it passed,
Seemed to rake the passing clouds.

They grappled with their prize,
At midnight black and cold!
As of a rock was the shock;
Heavily the ground-swell rolled.

Southward through day and dark,
 They drift in close embrace,
 With mist and rain, o'er the open main;
 Yet there seems no change of place.

Southward, forever southward,
 They drift through dark and day;
 And like a dream, in the Gulf-Stream,
 Sinking, vanish all away.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow [1807-1882]

THE ARMADA: A FRAGMENT

[JULY 21-29, 1588]

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise;
 I sing of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,
 When that great fleet invincible against her bore, in vain,
 The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
 There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth
 Bay;
 The crew had seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's
 isle,
 At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a mile.
 At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace;
 And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in chase.
 Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall;
 The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgumbe's lofty hall;
 Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast;
 And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a post.

With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes;
 Behind him march the halberdiers; before him sound the
 drums:
 His yeomen round the market cross make clear an ample
 space;
 For there behooves him to set up the standard of Her Grace.
 And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
 As slow upon the laboring wind the royal blazon swells.

Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down.
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed Picard
field,

Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle shield.
So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to bay,
And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely hunters
lay.

Ho! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight: ho! scatter flowers,
fair maids:

Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute: ho! gallants, draw your
blades:

Thou sun, shine on her joyously; ye breezes, waft her wide;
Our glorious *Semper Eadem*, the banner of our pride.

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy
fold;

The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of
gold;

Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea,
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall
be.

From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford
Bay,

That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day;
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-flame
spread,

High on St. Michael's Mount it shone: it shone on Beachy
Head.

Far o'er the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern
shire,

Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of
fire.

The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves:
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless
caves:

O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery
herald flew:

He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of
Beaulieu.

Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol town,
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton Down;
The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,
And saw, o'erhanging Richmond Hill, the streak of blood-red light:
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the deathlike silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke.

At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires;
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling spires;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear;
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer:
And from the furthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed down each roaring street:
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in;
And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the warlike errand went,
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of Kent.
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright couriers forth;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for the north;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still:
All night from tower to tower they sprang; they sprang from hill to hill;
Till the proud Peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's rocky dales;
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales;

Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely
height;
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest of
light;
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately
fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless
plain;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent:
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled
pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.

Thomas Babington Macaulay [1800-1859]

“GOD SAVE ELIZABETH!”

LET them come, come never so proudly,
O'er the green waves as giants ride;
Silver clarions menacing loudly,
“All the Spains” on their banners wide;
High on deck of the gilded galleys
Our light sailors they scorn below:—
We will scatter them, plague, and shatter them,
Till their flag hauls down to their foe!
For our oath we swear
By the name we bear,
By England's Queen, and England free and fair,—
Her's ever and her's still, come life, come death!
God save Elizabeth!

Sidonia, Recalde, and Leyva
Watch from their bulwarks in swarthy scorn,
Lords and Princes by Philip's favor;—
We by birthright are noble born!
Freemen born of the blood of freemen:
Sons of Creçy and Flodden are we!
We shall sunder them, fire, and plunder them;
English boats on the English sea!

Drake and Frobisher, Hawkins and Howard,
 Raleigh, Cavendish, Cecil, and Brooke,
 Hang like wasps by the flagships towered,
 Sting their way through the thrice-piled oak!
 Let them range their seven-mile crescent,
 Giant galleons, canvas wide!
 Ours will harry them, board, and carry them,
 Plucking the plumes of the Spanish pride.

Has God risen in wrath and scattered?
 Have His tempests smote them in scorn?
 Past the Orcades, dumb and tattered,
 'Mong sea-beasts do they drift forlorn?
 We were as lions hungry for battle;
 God has made our battle His own!
 God has scattered them, sunk, and shattered them:
 Give the glory to Him alone!
 While our oath we swear
 By the name we bear,
 By England's Queen, and England free and fair,—
 Her's ever and her's still, come life, come death!
 God save Elizabeth!

Francis Turner Palgrave [1824-1897]

IVRY

[MARCH 14, 1590]

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
 And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre!
 Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
 Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, oh pleasant
 land of France!
 And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the
 waters,
 Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daugh-
 ters.
 As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy;
 For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls
 annoy.

Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war.
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre.

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish
spears.

There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land;
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his
hand;

And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled
flood,

And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armor dressed;
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and
high.

Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout: "God save our Lord
the King!"

"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks
of war,

And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din,
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin.
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies,—upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white
crest;

And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding
star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours. Mayenne hath turned
his rein;

D'Aumale hath cried for quarter; the Flemish count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and
cloven mail.

And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,
"Remember Saint Bartholomew!" was passed from man to
man.

But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my foe:
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren
go."

Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our Sovereign Lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre?

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France
to-day;

And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.

But we of the religion have borne us best in fight;

And the good Lord of Rosny hath ta'en the cornet white.

Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,

The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lor-
raine.

Up with it high; unfurl it wide; that all the host may know
How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought His
Church such woe.

Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest
point of war,

Fling the red shreds, a footcloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

Ho! maidens of Vienna; ho! matrons of Lucerne;

Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall
return.

Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,

That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spear-
men's souls.

Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be
bright;

Ho! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-
night;

For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised
the slave,

And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valor of the
brave.

Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are;

And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of Navarre!

Thomas Babington Macaulay [1800-1859]

THE "REVENGE"

A BALLAD OF THE FLEET [SEPTEMBER, 1591]

AT Florés in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a fluttered bird, came flying from far
away:

"Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-three!"
Then sware Lord Thomas Howard: "'Fore God I am no
coward;

But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,
And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow quick.
We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-three?"

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I know you are no
coward;

You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.

But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore.
I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord
Howard,

To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain."

So Lord Howard passed away with five ships of war that
day,

Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land
Very carefully and slow,

Men of Bideford in Devon,

And we laid them on the ballast down below;
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blessed him in their pain, that they were not left
to Spain,
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the Lord.
He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to fight,
And he sailed away from Florés till the Spaniard came in
sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.
"Shall we fight or shall we fly?
Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
For to fight is but to die!
There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set."
And Sir Richard said again: "We be all good English men.
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,
For I never turned my back upon Don or devil yet."
Sir Richard spoke and he laughed, and we roared a hurrah,
and so
The little *Revenge* ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick below;
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left were
seen,
And the little *Revenge* ran on through the long sea-lane
between.
Thousands of their soldiers looked down from their decks
and laughed,
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little craft
Running on and on, till delayed
By their mountain-like *San Philip* that, of fifteen hundred
tons,
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers of
guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we stayed.
And while now the great *San Philip* hung above us like a cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall
Long and loud,
Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day,

And two upon the larboard and two upon the starboard lay,
And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

But anon the great *San Philip*, she bethought herself and
went,

Having that within her womb that had left her ill content;
And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us hand
to hand,

For a dozen times they came with their pikes and musque-
teers,

And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes his
ears

When he leaps from the water to the land.

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over
the summer sea,

But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the
fifty-three,

Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built galleons
came,

Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her
dead and her shame.

For some were sunk and many were shattered, and so could
fight us no more—

God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?

For he said, "Fight on! fight on!"

Though his vessel was all but a wreck;

And it chanced that, when half of the short summer night
was gone,

With a grisly wound to be dressed he had left the deck,

But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead,

And himself he was wounded again in the side and the head,

And he said, "Fight on! fight on!"

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far over
the summer sea,

And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all in a
ring;

But they dared not touch us again, for they feared that we
still could sting,

So they watched what the end would be.
And we had not fought them in vain,
But in perilous plight were we,
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,
And half of the rest of us maimed for life
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife;
And the sick men down in the hold were most of them stark
and cold,
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder was
all of it spent;
And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side;
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,
“We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
As may never be fought again!
We have won great glory, my men!
And a day less or more
At sea or ashore,
We die—does it matter when?
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her in
twain!
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!”
And the gunner said, “Ay, ay,” but the seamen made re-
ply:
“We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.
We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let us go;
We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow.”
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.
And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught at
last,
And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign
grace;
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:
“I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and
true;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do.
With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die!”
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and true,
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap
That he dared her with one little ship and his English few;
Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they knew,
That they sank his body with honor down into the deep,
And they manned the *Revenge* with a swarthier alien crew,
And away she sailed with her loss and longed for her own;
Then a wind from the lands they had ruined awoke from sleep,
And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,
And for ever that evening ended a great gale blew,
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake grew,
That it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts and their flags,
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shattered navy of Spain,
And the little *Revenge* herself went down by the island crags
To be lost evermore in the main.

Alfred Tennyson [1809-1892]

THE SONG OF THE SPANISH MAIN

Out in the south, when the day is done,
And the gathered winds go free,
Where golden-sanded rivers run,
Fair islands fade in the setting sun,
And the great ships stagger, one by one,
Up from the windy sea.

Out in the south, where a twilight shroud
Hangs o'er the ocean's rim,
Sail on sail, like a floating cloud,
Galleon, brigantine, cannon-browed,
Rich from the Indies, homeward crowd,
Singing a Spanish hymn.

Out in the south, when the sun has set
And the lightning flickers pale,
The cannon bellow their steady threat,

The ships grind, all in a crimson sweat,
 And hoarse throats call, "Have ye stricken yet?"
 Across the quarter-rail.

Out in the south, in the dead of night,
 When I hear the thunder speak,
 'Tis the Englishmen in their pride and might
 Mad with glory and blind with fight,
 Locked with the Spaniards, left and right,
 Fighting them cheek to cheek.

Out in the south, when the dawn's pale light
 Walks cold on the beaten shore,
 And the mists of night, like clouds of fight,
 Silvery violet, blinding bright,
 Drift in glory from height to height
 Where the white-tailed eagles soar;

There comes a song through the salt and spray,
 Blood-kin to the ocean's roar,
 "All day long down Florez way
 Richard Grenville stands at bay.
 Come and take him if ye may!"
 Then hush, forevermore.

John Bennett [1865—

HENRY HUDSON'S QUEST

[1609]

Out from the harbor of Amsterdam
 The Half Moon turned her prow to sea;
 The coast of Norway dropped behind,
 Yet Northward still kept she
 Through the drifting fog and the driving snow,
 Where never before man dared to go:
 "O Pilot, shall we find the strait that leads to the Eastern
 Sea?"
 "A waste of ice before us lies—we must turn back," said he.

Westward they steered their tiny bark,
Westward through weary weeks they sped,
Till the cold gray strand of a stranger-land
Loomed through the mist ahead.
League after league they hugged the coast,
And their Captain never left his post:
"O Pilot, see you yet the strait that leads to the Eastern
Sea?"
"I see but the rocks and the barren shore; no strait is
there," quoth he.

They sailed to the North—they sailed to the South—
And at last they rounded an arm of sand
Which held the sea from a harbor's mouth—
The loveliest in the land;
They kept their course across the bay,
And the shore before them fell away:
"O Pilot, see you not the strait that leads to the Eastern
sea?"
"Hold the rudder true! Praise Christ Jesu! the strait is
here," said he.

Onward they glide with wind and tide,
Past marshes gray and crags sun-kissed;
They skirt the sills of green-clad hills,
And meadows white with mist—
But alas! the hope and the brave, brave dream!
For rock and shallow bar the stream:
"O Pilot, can this be the strait that leads to the Eastern
Sea?"
"Nay, Captain, nay; 'tis not this way; turn back we must,"
said he.

Full sad was Hudson's heart as he turned
The Half Moon's prow to the South once more;
He saw no beauty in crag or hill,
No beauty in curving shore;
For they shut him away from that fabled main
He sought his whole life long,—in vain:

“O Pilot, say, can there be a strait that leads to the Eastern Sea?” .

“God’s crypt is sealed! ’Twill stand revealed in His own good time,” quoth he.

Burton Egbert Stevenson [1872—

TO THE VIRGINIAN VOYAGE

[1611]

You brave heroic minds,
Worthy your country’s name,
That honor still pursue;
Go and subdue!
Whilst loitering hinds
Lurk here at home, with shame.

Britons, you stay too long:
Quickly aboard bestow you,
And with a merry gale
Swell your stretched sail,
With vows as strong
As the winds that blow you.

Your course securely steer,
West and by south forth keep!
Rocks, lee-shores, nor shoals,
When Eolus scowls,
You need not fear,
So absolute the deep.

And cheerfully at sea,
Success you still entice,
To get the pearl and gold,
And ours to hold
Virginia,
Earth’s only paradise;

Where nature hath in store
Fowl, venison, and fish,

And the fruitful'st soil,
Without your toil,
Three harvests more,
All greater than your wish

And the ambitious vine
Crowns with his purple mass
The cedar reaching high
To kiss the sky,
The cypress, pine,
And useful sassafras;

To whom the Golden Age
Still nature's laws doth give,
No other cares attend,
But them to defend
From winter's rage,
That long there doth not live.

When as the luscious smell
Of that delicious land,
Above the seas that flows,
The clear wind throws,
Your hearts to swell
Approaching the dear strand;

In kenning of the shore
(Thanks to God first given)
O you the happiest men,
Be frolic then!
Let cannons roar,
Frighting the wide heaven;

And in regions far,
Such heroes bring ye forth
As those from whom we came,
And plant our name
Under that star
Not known unto our North;

And as there plenty grows
 Of laurel everywhere,—
 Apollo's sacred tree,—
 You it may see,
 A poet's brow
 To crown, that may sing there.

Thy *Voyages* attend
 Industrious Hakluyt,
 Whose reading shall inflame
 Men to seek fame,
 And much commend
 To after-times thy wit.

Michael Drayton [1563–1631]

“THE WORD OF GOD TO LEYDEN CAME”

[AUGUST 15, 1620]

THE word of God to Leyden came,
 Dutch town by Zuyder Zee:
 Rise up, my children of no name,
 My kings and priests to be.
 There is an empire in the West,
 Which I will soon unfold;
 A thousand harvests in her breast,
 Rocks ribbed with iron and gold.

Rise up, my children, time is ripe!
 Old things are passed away.
 Bishops and kings from earth I wipe;
 Too long they've had their day.
 A little ship have I prepared
 To bear you o'er the seas;
 And in your souls, my will declared,
 Shall grow by slow degrees.

Beneath my throne the martyrs cry:
 I hear their voice, How long?
 It mingles with their praises high,
 And with their victor song.

The thing they longed and waited for.

But died without the sight;
So, this shall be! I wrong abhor,
The world I'll now set right.

Leave, then, the hammer and the loom,
You've other work to do;
For Freedom's commonwealth there's room,
And you shall build it too.

I'm tired of bishops and their pride,
I'm tired of kings as well;
Henceforth I take the people's side,
And with the people dwell.

Tear off the mitre from the priest,
And from the king, his crown;
Let all my captives be released;
Lift up, whom men cast down.
Their pastors let the people choose,
And choose their rulers too;
Whom they select, I'll not refuse,
But bless the work they do.

The Pilgrims rose, at this, God's word,
And sailed the wintry seas:
With their own flesh nor blood conferred,
Nor thought of wealth or ease.
They left the towers of Leyden town,
They left the Zuyder Zee;
And where they cast their anchor down,
Rose Freedom's realm to be.

Jeremiah Eames Rankin [1828-1904]

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS

[NOVEMBER 19, 1620]

THE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods, against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came:
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear,—
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean-eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared;
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim-band;
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans [1793–1835]

THE MAYFLOWER

[DECEMBER 21, 1620]

DOWN in the bleak December bay
The ghostly vessel stands away;
Her spars and halyards white with ice,
Under the dark December skies.
A hundred souls, in company,
Have left the vessel pensively,—
Have reached the frosty desert there,
And touched it with the knees of prayer.
And now the day begins to dip,
The night begins to lower
Over the bay, and over the ship
Mayflower.

Neither the desert nor the sea
Imposes rites: their prayers are free;
Danger and toil the wild imposes,
And thorns must grow before the roses.
And who are these?—and what distress
The savage-acred wilderness
On mother, maid, and child may bring,
Beseems them for a fearful thing;
For now the day begins to dip,
The night begins to lower
Over the bay, and over the ship
Mayflower.

But Carver leads (in heart and health
A hero of the commonwealth)
The axes that the camp requires, .
To build the lodge, and heap the fires.
And Standish from his warlike store
Arrays his men along the shore,

Distributes weapons resonant,
 And dons his harness militant;
 For now the day begins to dip,
 The night begins to lower
 Over the bay, and over the ship
 Mayflower;

And Rose, his wife, unlocks a chest—
 She sees a Book, in vellum dressed,
 She drops a tear, and kisses the tome,
 Thinking of England and of home:
 Might they—the Pilgrims, there and then
 Ordained to do the work of men—
 Have seen, in visions of the air,
 While pillowed on the breast of prayer
 (When now the day began to dip,
 The night began to lower
 Over the bay, and over the ship
 Mayflower),

The Canaan of their wilderness
 A boundless empire of success;
 And seen the years of future nights
 Jewelled with myriad household lights;
 And seen the honey fill the hive;
 And seen a thousand ships arrive;
 And heard the wheels of travel go;
 It would have cheered a thought of woe,
 When now the day began to dip,
 The night began to lower
 Over the bay, and over the ship
 Mayflower.

Erastus Wolcott Ellsworth [1822—

THE PILGRIM FATHERS

THE Pilgrim Fathers,—where are they?
 The waves that brought them o'er
 Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray
 As they break along the shore;

Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day
When the Mayflower moored below;
When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow.

The mists that wrapped the Pilgrim's sleep
Still brood upon the tide;
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep
To stay its waves of pride.
But the snow-white sail that he gave to the gale,
When the heavens looked dark, is gone,—
As an angel's wing through an opening cloud
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The pilgrim exile,—sainted name!
The hill whose icy brow
Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's flame,
In the morning's flame burns now.
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
On the hillside and the sea,
Still lies where he laid his houseless head,—
But the Pilgrim,—where is he?

The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest:
When summer's throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure dressed,
Go, stand on the hill where they lie.
The earliest ray of the golden day
On that hallowed spot is cast;
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
Looks kindly on that spot last.

The Pilgrim spirit has not fled:
It walks in noon's broad light;
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
With the holy stars, by night.
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
And still guard this ice-bound shore,
Till the waves of the bay, where the Mayflower lay,
Shall foam and freeze no more.

John Pierpont [1785-1866]

THE BATTLE OF NASEBY

BY OBADIAH BIND-THEIR-KINGS-IN-CHAINS-AND-THEIR-NO-
BLES-WITH-LINKS-OF-IRON; SERGEANT IN IRETON'S REGI-
MENT.

[JUNE 14, 1645]

OH, WHEREFORE come ye forth, in triumph from the North,
With your hands, and your feet, and your raiment all red?
And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout?
And whence be the grapes of the wine-press that ye tread?

Oh, evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,
And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod;
For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the strong,
Who sate in the high places and slew the saints of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day of June,
That we saw their banners dance and their cuirasses shine,
And the Man of Blood was there, with his long essenced
hair,
And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of the Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword,
The General rode along us to form us for the fight;
When a murmuring sound broke out, and swelled into a
shout
Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's right.

And hark! like the roar of the billows on the shore,
The cry of battle rises along their charging line:
For God! for the Cause! for the Church! for the Laws!
For Charles, King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine!

The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums,
His bravoës of Alsatia, and pages of Whitehall;
They are bursting on our flanks! Grasp your pikes! Close
your ranks!
For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.

They are here! They rush on! We are broken! We are gone!

Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast.
O Lord, put forth Thy might! O Lord, defend the right!
Stand back to back, in God's name, and fight it to the last!

Stout Skippon hath a wound; the centre hath given ground:
Hark! hark! what means the trampling of horsemen on our rear?

Whose banner do I see, boys? 'Tis he! thank God! 'tis he, boys!

Bear up another minute! Brave Oliver is here.

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dykes,
Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the Accursed,
And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.

Fast, fast the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide
Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple Bar;
And he,—he turns, he flies:—shame on those cruel eyes
That bore to look on torture, and dare not look on war!

Ho! comrades, scour the plain; and, ere ye strip the slain,
First give another stab to make your search secure;
Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broad-pieces and
loquets,
The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the poor.

Fools! your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts were
gay and bold,
When you kissed your lily hands to your lemans to-day;
And to-morrow shall the fox, from her chamber in the rocks,
Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey.

Where be your tongues that late mocked at heaven, and hell,
and fate?

And the fingers that once were so busy with your blades?
Your perfumed satin clothes, your catches and your oaths,
Your stage-plays and your sonnets, your diamonds and
your spades?

Down! down! forever down, with the mitre and the cro
 With the Belial of the Court, and the Mammon o
 Pope!

There is woe in Oxford halls; there is wail in Durham's s
 The Jesuit smites his bosom; the Bishop rends his c

And she of the Seven Hills shall mourn her children's il
 And tremble when she thinks on the edge of Englæ
 sword;

And the kings of earth in fear shall shudder when they
 What the hand of God hath wrought for the Houses
 the Word!

Thomas Babington Macaulay [1800-18

THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE

[MAY 21, 1650]

COME hither, Evan Cameron!

Come, stand beside my knee:

I hear the river roaring down

Towards the wintry sea.

There's shouting on the mountain-side,

There's war within the blast;

Old faces look upon me,

Old forms go trooping past:

I hear the pibroch wailing

Amidst the din of fight,

And my dim spirit wakes again

'Upon the verge of night.

'Twas I that led the Highland host

Through wild Lochaber's snows,

What time the plaided clans came down

To battle with Montrose.

I've told thee how the Southrons fell

Beneath the broad claymore,

And how we smote the Campbell clan

By Inverlochy's shore.

I've told thee how we swept Dundee,
And tamed the Lindsays' pride;
But never have I told thee yet
How the great Marquis died.

A traitor sold him to his foes;—
O deed of deathless shame!
I charge thee, boy, if e'er thou meet
With one of Assynt's name—
Be it upon the mountain's side,
Or yet within the glen,
Stand he in martial gear alone,
Or backed by armèd men—
Face him, as thou wouldst face the man
Who wronged thy sire's renown;
Remember of what blood thou art,
And strike the caitiff down!

They brought him to the Watergate,
Hard bound with hempen span,
As though they held a lion there,
And not a fenceless man.
They set him high upon a cart,—
The hangman rode below,—
They drew his hands behind his back,
And bared his noble brow.
Then, as a hound is slipped from leash,
They cheered the common throng,
And blew the note with yell and shout,
And bade him pass along.

It would have made a brave man's heart
Grow sad and sick that day,
To watch the keen malignant eyes
Bent down on that array.
There stood the Whig west-country lords,
In balcony and bow;
There sat their gaunt and withered dames,
And their daughters all a-row.

And every open window
Was full as full might be
With black-robed Covenanting carles,
That goodly sport to see!

But when he came, though pale and wan,
He looked so great and high,
So noble was his manly front,
So calm his steadfast eye,
The rabble rout forebore to shout,
And each man held his breath,
For well they knew the hero's soul
Was face to face with death.
And then a mournful shudder
Through all the people crept,
And some that came to scoff at him
Now turned aside and wept.

But onwards—always onwards,
In silence and in gloom,
The dreary pageant labored,
Till it reached the house of doom.
Then first a woman's voice was heard
In jeer and laughter loud,
And an angry cry and a hiss arose
From the heart of the tossing crowd:
Then, as the Graeme looked upwards,
He saw the ugly smile
Of him who sold his king for gold,—
The master-fiend Argyle!

The Marquis gazed a moment,
And nothing did he say,
But Argyle's cheek grew ghastly pale
And he turned his eyes away.
The painted harlot by his side,
She shook through every limb,
For a roar like thunder swept the street,
And hands were clenched at him:

And a Saxon soldier cried aloud,
“Back, coward, from thy place!
For seven long years thou hast not dared
To look him in the face.”

Had I been there with sword in hand,
And fifty Camerons by,
That day through high Dunedin's streets
Had pealed the slogan-cry.
Not all their troops of trampling horse,
Nor might of mailèd men,
Not all the rebels in the south
Had borne us backwards then!
Once more his foot on Highland heath
Had trod as free as air,
Or I, and all who bore my name,
Been laid around him there!

It might not be. They placed him next
Within the solemn hall,
Where once the Scottish kings were throned
Amidst their nobles all.
But there was dust of vulgar feet
On that polluted floor,
And perjured traitors filled the place
Where good men sate before.
With savage glee came Warriston
To read the murderous doom;
And then uprose the great Montrose
In the middle of the room.

“Now, by my faith as belted knight,
And by the name I bear,
And by the bright Saint Andrew's cross
That waves above us there,
Yea, by a greater, mightier oath—
And oh, that such should be!—
By that dark stream of royal blood
That lies 'twixt you and me,—

I have not sought in battle-field
A wreath of such renown,
Nor dared I hope on my dying day
To win the martyr's crown!

'There is a chamber far away
Where sleep the good and brave,
But a better place ye have named for me
Than by my fathers' grave.
For truth and right, 'gainst treason's might,
This hand hath always striven,
And ye raise it up for a witness still
In the eye of earth and heaven.
Then nail my head on yonder tower,
Give every town a limb,—
And God who made shall gather them:
I go from you to Him!"

The morning dawned full darkly,
The rain came flashing down,
And the jagged streak of the levin-bolt
Lit up the gloomy town:
The thunder crashed across the heaven,
The fatal hour was come;
Yet aye broke in, with muffled beat,
The 'larum of the drum.
There was madness on the earth below
And anger in the sky,
And young and old, and rich and poor,
Came forth to see him die.

Ah, God! that ghastly gibbet!
How dismal 'tis to see
The great tall spectral skeleton,
The ladder and the tree!
Hark! hark! it is the clash of arms—
The bells begin to toll—
"He is coming! he is coming!
God's mercy on his soul!"

One last long peal of thunder:

The clouds are cleared away,
And the glorious sun once more looks down
Amidst the dazzling day.

“He is coming! he is coming!”

Like a bridegroom from his room,
Came the hero from his prison
To the scaffold and the doom.
There was glory on his forehead,
There was luster in his eye,
And he never walked to battle
More proudly than to die;
There was color in his visage,
Though the cheeks of all were wan,
And they marvelled as they saw him pass,
That great and goodly man!

He mounted up the scaffold,
And he turned him to the crowd;
But they dared not trust the people,
So he might not speak aloud.
But he looked upon the heavens,
And they were clear and blue,
And in the liquid ether
The eye of God shone through;
Yet a black and murky battlement
Lay resting on the hill,
As though the thunder slept within--
All else was calm and still.

The grim Geneva ministers
With anxious scowl drew near,
As you have seen the ravens flock
Around the dying deer.
He would not deign them word nor sign,
But alone he bent the knee,
And veiled his face for Christ's dear grace
Beneath the gallows-tree.

Then radiant and serene he rose,
 And cast his cloak away:
 For he had ta'en his latest look
 Of earth and sun and day.

A beam of light fell o'er him,
 Like a glory round the shriven,
 And he climbed the lofty ladder
 As it were the path to heaven.
 Then came a flash from out the cloud,
 And a stunning thunder-roll;
 And no man dared to look aloft,
 For fear was on every soul.
 There was another heavy sound,
 A hush and then a groan;
 And darkness swept across the sky—
 The work of death was done!
William Edmondstoune Aytoun [1813-1865]

AN HORATIAN ODE UPON CROMWELL'S RETURN FROM IRELAND

[1650]

THE forward youth that would appear
 Must now forsake his Muses dear,
 Nor in the shadows sing
 His numbers languishing.

'Tis time to leave the books in dust,
 And oil the unused armor's rust,
 Removing from the wall
 The corselet of the hall.

So restless Cromwell could not cease
 In the inglorious arts of peace,
 But through adventurous war
 Urged his active star;

And, like the three-forked lightning, first
 Breaking the clouds where it was nursed,

Did through his own side
His fiery way divide;

For 'tis all one to courage high,
The emulous, or enemy,
And with such, to enclose
Is more than to oppose;—

Then burning through the air he went,
And palaces and temples rent;
And Cæsar's head at last
Did through his laurels blast.

'Tis madness to resist or blame
The face of angry Heaven's flame;
And if we would speak true,
Much to the man is due,

Who, from his private gardens, where
He lived reservèd and austere
(As if his highest plot
To plant the bergamot),

Could by industrious valor climb
To ruin the great work of time,
And cast the Kingdoms old
Into another mould;

Though Justice against Fate complain,
And plead the ancient rights in vain—
But those do hold or break
As men are strong or weak—

Nature, that hateth emptiness,
Allows of penetration less,
And therefore must make room
Where greater spirits come.

What field of all the civil war
Where his were not the deepest scar?
And Hampton shows what part
He had of wiser art;

Where, twining subtle fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope
That Charles himself might chase
To Caresbrooke's narrow case;

That thence the Royal actor borne
The tragic scaffold might adorn:
While round the armèd bands
Did clap their bloody hands.

He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try;

Nor called the gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right;
But bowed his comely head
Down, as upon a bed.

This was that memorable hour
Which first assured the forcèd power:
So when they did design
The Capitol's first line,

A Bleeding Head, where they begun,
Did fright the architects to run;
And yet in that the State
Foresaw its happy fate!

And now the Irish are ashamed
To see themselves in one year tamed;
So much one man can do
That does both act and know.

They can affirm his praises best,
And have, though overcome, confessed
How good he is, how just
And fit for highest trust.

Nor yet grown stiffer with command,
But still in the republic's hand—

How fit he is to sway
That can so well obey!

He to the Commons' feet presents
A Kingdom for his first year's rents,
And, what he may, forbears
His fame, to make it theirs:

And has his sword and spoils ungirt
To lay them at the public's skirt.
So when the falcon high
Falls heavy from the sky,

She, having killed, no more doth search
But on the next green bough to perch;
Where, when he first does lure,
The falconer has her sure.

What may not then our Isle presume,
While victory his crest does plume?
What may not others fear,
If thus he crowns each year?

As Cæsar, he, ere long, to Gaul,
To Italy an Hannibal,
And to all States not free
Shall Climacteric be.

The Pict no shelter now shall find
Within his parti-colored mind,
But, from this valor, sad,
Shrink underneath the plaid:

Happy, if in the tufted brake
The English hunter him mistake,
Nor lay his hounds in near
The Caledonian deer.

But thou, the war's and fortune's son,
March indefatigably on,
And for the last effect,
Still keep the sword erect:

Besides the force it has to fright
 The spirits of the shady night;
 The same arts that did gain
 A power, must it maintain.

Andrew Marvell [1621-1678]

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT

[1655]

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
 Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
 Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
 When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,
 Forget not: in thy book record their groans
 Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
 Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that rolled
 Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
 The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
 To Heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
 O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
 The triple Tyrant; that from these may grow
 A hundred-fold, who, having learnt thy way,
 Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

John Milton [1608-1674]

MORGAN

[1668]

OH, what a set of Vagabundos,
 Sons of Neptune, sons of Mars,
 Raked from todos otros mundos,
 Lascars, Gascons, Portsmouth tars,
 Prison mate and dock-yard fellow,
 Blades to Meg and Molly dear,
 Off to capture Porto Bello
 Sailed with Morgan the Buccaneer!

Out they voyaged from Port Royal
 (Fathoms deep its ruins be,
 Pier and convent, fortress loyal,
 Sunk beneath the gaping sea);

On the Spaniard's beach they landed,
Dead to pity, void of fear,—
Round their blood-red flag embanded,
Led by Morgan the Buccaneer.

Dawn till dusk they stormed the castle,
Beat the gates and gratings down;
Then, with ruthless rout and wassail,
Night and day they sacked the town,
Staved the bins its cellars boasted,
Port and Lisbon, tier on tier,
Quaffed to heart's content, and toasted
Harry Morgan the Buccaneer:

Stripped the church and monastery,
Racked the prior for his gold,
With the traders' wives made merry,
Lipped the young and mocked the old,
Diced for hapless señoritas
(Sire and brother bound anear),—
Juanas, Lolas, Manuelitas,
Cursing Morgan the Buccaneer.

Lust and rapine, flame and slaughter,
Forayed with the Welshman grim:
"Take my pesos, spare my daughter!"
"Ha! ha!" roared that devil's limb,
"These shall jingle in our pouches,
She with us shall find good cheer."
"Lash the graybeard till he crouches!"
Shouted Morgan the Buccaneer.

Out again through reef and breaker,
While the Spaniard moaned his fate,
Back they voyaged to Jamaica,
Flush with doubloons, coins of eight,
Crosses wrung from Popish varlets,
Jewels torn from arm and ear,—
Jesu! how the Jews and harlots
Welcomed Morgan the Buccaneer!

Edmund Clarence Stedman [1833-1908]

THE LAMENTABLE BALLAD OF THE BLOODY
BROOK

[SEPTEMBER 18, 1675]


COME listen to the Story of brave Lathrop and his Men,—
How they fought, how they died,
When they marched against the Red Skins in the Autumn
Days, and then
How they fell, in their pride,
By Pocumtuck Side.

“Who will go to Deerfield Meadows and bring the ripened
Grain?”
Said old Mosely to his men in Array.
“Take the Wagons and the Horses, and bring it back again:
But be sure that no Man stray
All the Day, on the Way.”

Then the Flower of Essex started, with Lathrop at their
head,
Wise and brave, bold and true.
He had fought the Pequots long ago, and now to Mosely said,
“Be there Many, be there Few,
I will bring the Grain to you.”

They gathered all the Harvest, and marched back on their
Way,
Through the Woods which blazed like Fire.
No Soldier left the Line of march to wander or to stray,
Till the Wagons were stalled in the Mire,
And the Beasts began to tire.

The Wagons have all forded the Brook as it flows,
And then the Rear-Guard stays
To pick the purple Grapes that are hanging from the Boughs,
When, crack!—to their Amaze,
A hundred Fire-locks blaze!



The Song of the Western Men 2335

Brave Lathrop, he lay dying; but as he fell he cried,
 "Each Man to his Tree," said he,
"Let no one yield an Inch;" and so the Soldier died;
 And not a Man of all can see
 Where the Foe can be.

And Philip and his Devils pour in their Shot so fast,
 From behind and before,
That Man after Man is shot down and breathes his last.
 Every Man lies dead in his Gore
 To fight no more,—no more!

Oh, weep, ye Maids of Essex, for the Lads who have died,—
 The Flower of Essex they!
The Bloody Brook still ripples by the black Mountain-side,
But never shall they come again to see the ocean-tide,
And never shall the Bridegroom return to his Bride,
 From that dark and cruel Day,—cruel Day!

Edward Everett Hale [1822-1909]

THE SONG OF THE WESTERN MEN

[1688]

A GOOD sword and a trusty hand!
 A merry heart and true!
King James's men shall understand
 What Cornish lads can do.

And have they fixed the where and when?
 And shall Trelawny die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
 Will know the reason why!

Out spake their captain brave and bold,
 A merry wight was he:
"If London Tower were Michael's hold,
 We'll set Trelawny free!

“We’ll cross the Tamar, land to land,
 The Severn is no stay,
 With ‘One and all!’ and hand in hand,
 And who shall bid us nay?

“And when we come to London Wall,
 A pleasant sight to view,
 Come forth! come forth, ye cowards all,
 Here’s men as good as you!

“Trelawny he’s in keep and hold,
 Trelawny he may die;
 But here’s twenty thousand Cornish bold
 Will know the reason why!”

Robert Stephen Hawker [1803–1875]

BONNIE DUNDEE

From “The Doom of Devoirgoil ”

[1689]

To the Lords of Convention ’twas Claver’s who spoke,
 “Ere the King’s crown shall fall, there are crowns to be broke;
 So let each Cavalier who loves honor and me
 Come follow the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee!

*“Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
 Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
 Come open the West Port and let me gang free,
 And it’s room for the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee!”*

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
 The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat;
 But the Provost, douce man, said, “Just e’en let him be,
 The Gude Town is well quit of that deil of Dundee!”

As he rode doun the sanctified bends of the Bow,
 Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her pow;
 But the young plants of grace they looked couthie and slee,
 Thinking, Luck to thy bonnet, thou Bonnie Dundee!

With sour-featured Whigs the Grass-market was thranged,
As if half the West had set tryst to be hanged;
There was spite in each look, there was fear in each e'e,
As they watched for the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,
And lang-hafted gullies to kill cavaliers;
But they shrunk to close-heads, and the causeway was free
At the toss of the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.

He spurred to the foot of the proud Castle rock,
And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke:
“Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa words or three,
For the love of the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.”

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes.
“Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose!
Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,
Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.

“There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth;
If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs in the North;
There are wild Duniewassals three thousand times three
Will cry ‘Hoigh!’ for the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.

“There's brass on the target of barked bull-hide,
There's steel in the scabbard that dangles beside;
The brass shall be burnished, the steel shall flash free,
At a toss of the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.

“Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks,—
Ere I own an usurper, I'll couch with the fox;
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me!”

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were blown,
The kettle-drums clashed, and the horsemen rode on,
Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's lea
Died away the wild war-notes of Bonnie Dundee.

*Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;
 Come saddle the horses, and call up the men;
 Come open your gates, and let me gae free,
 For it's up with the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee!*

Walter Scott [1771-1832]

A BALLAD OF SARFIELD

[1690]

SARFIELD went out the Dutch to rout,
 And to take and break their cannon;
 To Mass went he at half-past three,
 And at four he crossed the Shannon.

Tirconnel slept. In dream his thoughts
 Old fields of victory ran on;
 And the chieftains of Thomond in Limerick's towers
 Slept well by the banks of Shannon.

He rode ten miles and he crossed the ford,
 And couched in the wood and waited;
 Till, left and right, on marched in sight
 That host which the true men hated.

"Charge!" Sarsfield cried; and the green hill-side
 As they charged replied in thunder;
 They rode o'er the plain and they rode o'er the slain
 And the rebel rout lay under.

The spark flashed out—like a sailor's shout
 The sound into heaven ascended;
 The hosts of the sky made to earth reply,
 And the thunders twain were blended!

Sarsfield went out the Dutch to rout,
 And to take and break their cannon;—
 A century after, Sarsfield's laughter
 Was echoed from Dungannon.

Aubrey Thomas De Vere [1814-1902]

HERVÉ RIEL

[MAY 31, 1692]

I

ON the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French,—woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to Saint Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

II

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full
chase;
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Dam-
freville;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signalled to the place
“Help the winners of a race!
Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick—or, quicker
still,
Here's the English can and will!”

III

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt on
board;
“Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?”
laughed they:
“Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred
and scored,
Shall the *Formidable* here, with her twelve-and-eighty guns,
Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,
Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,
And with flow at full beside?
Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide.

Reach the mooring? Rather say,
While rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay!"

IV

Then was called a council straight.
Brief and bitter the debate:
"Here's the English at our heels; would you have them take
in tow
All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound?
Better run the ships aground!"
(Ended Damfreville his speech).
"Not a minute more to wait!
Let the Captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
France must undergo her fate.

V

"Give the word!" But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard;
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these
—A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate—first, second, third?
No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete!
But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the
fleet,
A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

VI

And "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé
Riel:
"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or
rogues?
Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings,
tell
On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell
'Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river disem-
bogues?
Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?

Morn and eve, night and day,
Have I piloted your bay,
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.
Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse than
fifty Hagues!
Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me
there's a way!
Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer,
Get this *Formidable* clear,
Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,
Right to Solidor past Grève,
And there lay them safe and sound;
And if one ship misbehave,—
—Keel so much as grate the ground,
Why, I've nothing but my life,—here's my head!" cries
Hervé Riel.

VII

Not a minute more to wait.
"Steer us in, then, small and great!
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried
its chief.
Captains, give the sailor place!
He is Admiral, in brief.
Still the north-wind, by God's grace!
See the noble fellow's face
As the big ship, with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage, as its inch of way were the wide seas
profound!
See, safe through shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock,
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the
ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past.
All are harbored to the last,
And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!"—sure as fate,
Up the English come,—too late!

VIII

So, the storm subsides to calm:
 They see the green trees wave
 On the heights o'erlooking Grève.
 Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.
 "Just our rapture to enhance,
 Let the English rake the bay,
 Gnash their teeth and glare askance
 As they cannonade away!
 'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"
 How hope succeeds despair on each Captain's countenance!
 Out burst all with one accord,
 "This is Paradise for Hell!
 Let France, let France's King
 Thank the man that did the thing!"
 What a shout, and all one word,
 "Hervé Riel!"
 As he stepped in front once more,
 Not a symptom of surprise
 In the frank blue Breton eyes,
 Just the same man as before.

IX

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
 I must speak out at the end,
 Though I find the speaking hard.
 Praise is deeper than the lips:
 You have saved the King his ships,
 You must name your own reward.
 'Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
 Demand whate'er you will,
 France remains your debtor still.
 Ask to heart's content and have! or my name's not Dam-
 freville."

X

Then a beam of fun outbroke
 On the bearded mouth that spoke,
 As the honest heart laughed through
 Those frank eyes of Breton blue:

"Since I needs must say my say,
 Since on board the duty's done,
 And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a
 run?—
 Since 'tis ask and have, I may—
 Since the others go ashore—
 Come! A good whole holiday!
 Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle
 Aurore!"
 That he asked and that he got,—nothing more.

XI

Name and deed alike are lost:
 Not a pillar or a post
 In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
 Not a head in white and black
 On a single fishing-smack,
 In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
 All that France saved from the fight whence England bore
 the bell:
 Go to Paris: rank on rank
 Search the heroes flung pell-mell
 On the Louvre, face and flank!
 You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.
 So, for better and for worse,
 Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
 In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
 Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife the Belle
 Aurore!

Robert Browning [1812–1889]

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

[AUGUST 13, 1704]

It was a summer evening;
 Old Kaspar's work was done,
 And he before his cottage-door
 Was sitting in the sun;
 And by him sported on the green
 His little grandchild, Wilhelmine,

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
That he beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found:
She ran to ask what he had found,
That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
“’Tis some poor fellow’s skull,” said he,
“Who fell in the great victory.

“I find them in my garden,
For there’s many here about;
And often, when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out;
For many thousand men,” said he,
“Were slain in that great victory.”

“Now tell us what ’twas all about,”
Young Peterkin, he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
“Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for.”

“It was the English,” Kaspar cried,
“Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for
I could not well make out;
But everybody said,” quoth he,
“That ’twas a famous victory.

“My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burned his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born baby, died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun:
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won
And our good Prince Eugene."

"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.

"Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.

"And everybody praised the Duke,
Who this great fight did win."

"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.

"Why, that I cannot tell," said he;
"But 'twas a famous victory."

Robert Southey [1774-1843]

LOVEWELL'S FIGHT

[MAY 8, 1725]

OF worthy Captain Lovewell I purpose now to sing,
How valiantly he served his country and his King;
He and his valiant soldiers did range the woods full wide,
And hardships they endured to quell the Indian's pride.

'Twas nigh unto Pigwacket, on the eighth day of May,
They spied a rebel Indian soon after break of day;
He on a bank was walking, upon a neck of land,
Which leads into a pond, as we're made to understand.

Our men resolved to have him, and travelled two miles round
Until they met the Indian, who boldly stood his ground;
Then spake up Captain Lovewell, "Take you good heed,"
 says he,
"This rogue is to decoy us, I very plainly see.

"The Indians lie in ambush, in some place nigh at hand,
In order to surround us upon this neck of land;
Therefore we'll march in order, and each man leave his pack
That we may briskly fight them, when they make their at-
 tack."

They came unto this Indian, who did them thus defy,
As soon as they came nigh him, two guns he did let fly,
Which wounded Captain Lovewell, and likewise one man
 more,
But when this rogue was running, they laid him in his gore.

Then having scalped the Indian, they went back to the spot
Where they had laid their packs down, but there they found
 them not,
For the Indians having spied them, when they them down
 did lay,
Did seize them for their plunder, and carry them away.

These rebels lay in ambush, this very place hard by,
So that an English soldier did one of them espy,
And cried out, "Here's an Indian!" With that they started
 out,
As fiercely as old lions, and hideously did shout.

With that our valiant English all gave a loud huzza,
To show the rebel Indians they feared them not a straw:
So now the fight began, and as fiercely as could be,
The Indians ran up to them, but soon were forced to flee.

Then spake up Captain Lovewell, when first the fight began:
"Fight on, my valiant heroes! you see they fall like rain."
For as we are informed, the Indians were so thick
A man could scarcely fire a gun and not some of them hit.

Then did the rebels try their best our soldiers to surround,
But they could not accomplish it, because there was a pond
To which our men retreated, and covered all the rear;
The rogues were forced to face them, although they skulked
for fear.

Two logs there were behind them, that close together lay,
Without being discovered, they could not get away;
Therefore our valiant English they travelled in a row,
And at a handsome distance, as they were wont to go.

'Twas ten o'clock in the morning when first the fight begun,
And fiercely did continue until the setting sun;
Excepting that the Indians some hours before 'twas night
Drew off into the bushes and ceased awhile to fight;

But soon again returned, in fierce and furious mood,
Shouting as in the morning, but yet not half so loud;
For as we are informed, so thick and fast they fell,
Scarce twenty of their number at night did get home well.

And that our valiant English till midnight there did stay,
To see whether the rebels would have another fray;
But they no more returning, they made off towards their
home,
And brought away their wounded as far as they could come.

Of all our valiant English there were but thirty-four,
And of the rebel Indians there were about fourscore.
And sixteen of our English did safely home return,
The rest were killed and wounded, for which we all must
mourn.

Our worthy Captain Lovewell among them there did die,
They killed Lieutenant Robbins, and wounded good young
Frye,
Who was our English Chaplain; he many Indians slew,
And some of them he scalped when bullets round him flew.

Young Fullam, too, I'll mention, because he fought so well;
Endeavoring to save a man, a sacrifice he fell:

But yet our valiant Englishmen in fight were ne'er dismayed,
But still they kept their motion, and Wymans Captain made,
Who shot the old chief Paugus, which did the foe defeat,
Then set his men in order, and brought off the retreat;
And, braving many dangers and hardships in the way,
They safe arrived at Dunstable, the thirteenth day of May.
Unknown

ADMIRAL HOSIER'S GHOST

WRITTEN ON THE TAKING OF CARTHAGENA FROM THE SPANIARDS, 1739

As near Portobello lying
On the gently-swelling flood,
At midnight, with streamers flying,
Our triumphant navy rode;
There while Vernon sat all-glorious
From the Spaniards' late defeat,
And his crews, with shouts victorious,
Drank success to England's fleet:

On a sudden, shrilly sounding,
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard;
Then, each heart with fear confounding,
A sad troop of ghosts appeared;
All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
Which for winding-sheets they wore,
And, with looks by sorrow clouded,
Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleamed the moon's wan lustre,
When the shade of Hosier brave
His pale bands was seen to muster,
Rising from their watery grave:
O'er the glimmering wave he hied him,
Where the Burford reared her sail,
With three thousand ghosts beside him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.

“Heed, oh, heed our fatal story!
I am Hosier's injured ghost;
You who now have purchased glory
At this place where I was lost:
Though in Portobello's ruin,
You now triumph free from fears,
When you think on our undoing,
You will mix your joys with tears.

“See these mournful spectres sweeping
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
Whose wan cheeks are stained with weeping;
These were English captains brave.
Mark those numbers, pale and horrid,
Who were once my sailors bold;
Lo! each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his dismal tale is told.

“I, by twenty sail attended,
Did this Spanish town affright;
Nothing then its wealth defended
But my orders—not to fight!
Oh! that in this rolling ocean
I had cast them with disdain,
And obeyed my heart's warm motion,
To have quelled the pride of Spain!

“For resistance I could fear none;
But with twenty ships had done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Hast achieved with six alone.
Then the Bastimentos never
Had our foul dishonor seen,
Nor the sea the sad receiver
Of this gallant train had been.

“Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though condemned for disobeying,
I had met a traitor's doom:

To have fallen, my country crying,
 'He has played an English part,'
 Had been better far than dying
 Of a grieved and broken heart.

"Unrepining at thy glory,
 Thy successful arms we hail;
 But remember our sad story,
 And let Hosier's wrongs prevail.
 Sent in this foul clime to languish,
 Think what thousands fell in vain,
 Wasted with disease and anguish,
 Not in glorious battle slain.

"Hence with all my train attending,
 From their oozy tombs below,
 Through the hoary foam ascending,
 Here I feed my constant woe.
 Here the Bastimentos viewing,
 We recall our shameful doom,
 And, our plaintive cries renewing,
 Wander through the midnight gloom.

"O'er these waves forever mourning
 Shall we roam, deprived of rest,
 If, to Britain's shores returning,
 You neglect my just request;
 After this proud foe subduing,
 When your patriot friends you see,
 Think on vengeance for my ruin,
 And for England—shamed in me."

Richard Glover [1712-1785]

FONTENOY

[APRIL 30, 1745]

THRICE at the huts of Fontenoy the English column failed,
 And twice the lines of Saint Antoine the Dutch in vain as-
 sailed;
 For town and slope were filled with fort and flanking battery,
 And well they swept the English ranks and Dutch auxiliary.

As vainly through De Barri's wood the British soldiers burst,
The French artillery drove them back, diminished and dispersed.

The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with anxious eye,
And ordered up his last reserve, his latest chance to try.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, how fast his generals ride!
And mustering come his chosen troops, like clouds at even-tide.

Six thousand English veterans in stately column tread;
Their cannon blaze in front and flank, Lord Hay is at their head.

Steady they step a-down the slope, steady they climb the hill,

Steady they load, steady they fire, moving right onward still,
Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy, as through a furnace-blast,

Through rampart, trench, and palisade, and bullets showering fast;

And on the open plain above they rose and kept their course,
With ready fire and grim resolve that mocked at hostile force:
Past Fontenoy, past Fontenoy, while thinner grow their ranks,

They break, as broke the Zuyder Zee through Holland's ocean-banks.

More idly than the summer flies, French tirailleurs rush round;

As stubble to the lava-tide, French squadrons strew the ground;

Bombshell and grape and round-shot tore, still on they marched and fired;

Fast, from each volley, grenadier and voltigeur retired.

"Push on my household cavalry!" King Louis madly cried.
To death they rush, but rude their shock; not unavenged they died.

On through the camp the column trod—King Louis turns his rein.

"Not yet, my liege," Saxe interposed; "the Irish troops remain."

And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo,
Had not these exiles ready been, fresh, vehement, and
true.

“Lord Clare,” he said, “you have your wish; there are your
Saxon foes!”

The Marshal almost smiles to see, so furiously he goes.
How fierce the look these exiles wear, who’re wont to be so
gay!

The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their hearts to-
day:

The treaty broken, ere the ink wherewith ’twas writ could
dry;

Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their women’s
parting cry;

Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their country
overthrown—

Each looks as if revenge for all were staked on him alone.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet elsewhere,

Rushed on to fight a nobler band than these proud exiles
were.

O’Brien’s voice is hoarse with joy, as, halting, he com-
mands:

“Fix bayonets—charge!” Like mountain-storm rush on
those fiery bands.

Thin is the English column now, and faint their volleys
grow,

Yet, mustering all the strength they have, they make a gal-
lant show.

They dress their ranks upon the hill, to face that battle-
wind!

Their bayonets the breakers’ foam, like rocks the men be-
hind!

One volley crashes from their line, when, through the surg-
ing smoke,

With empty guns clutched in their hands, the headlong
Irish broke.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce huzza:

“Revenge! remember Limerick! dash down the Sacsanagh!”

Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad with hunger's pang,
 Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang;
 Bright was their steel, 'tis bloody now, their guns are filled
 with gore;
 Through shattered ranks and severed files and trampled
 flags they tore.
 The English strove with desperate strength, paused, rallied,
 staggered, fled;
 The green hillside is matted close with dying and with
 dead.
 Across the plain and far away passed on that hideous wrack,
 While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their track.
 On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,
 With bloody plumes, the Irish stand—the field is fought and
 won!

Thomas Osborne Davis [1814–1845]

LAMENT FOR CULLODEN

[APRIL 16, 1746]

THE lovely lass o' Inverness,
 Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
 For e'en and morn she cries, Alas!
 And aye the saut tear blins her e'e:
 Drumossie moor—Drumossie day—
 A waefu' day it was to me!
 For there I lost my father dear,
 My father dear, and brethren three.

Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,
 Their graves are growing green to see:
 And by them lies the dearest lad
 That ever blest a woman's e'e!
 Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
 A bluidy man I trow thou be;
 For mony a heart thou hast made sair
 That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee.

Robert Burns [1759–1796]

A BALLAD OF THE FRENCH FLEET

[OCTOBER 15, 1746]

MR. THOMAS PRINCE, *loquitur*

A FLEET with flags arrayed
Sailed from the port of Brest,
And the Admiral's ship displayed
The signal: "Steer southwest."
For this Admiral D'Anville
Had sworn by cross and crown
To ravage with fire and steel
Our helpless Boston Town.

There were rumors in the street,
In the houses there was fear
Of the coming of the fleet,
And the danger hovering near.
And while from mouth to mouth
Spread the tidings of dismay,
I stood in the Old South,
Saying humbly: "Let us pray!

"O Lord! we would not advise;
But if in thy Providence
A tempest should arise
To drive the French Fleet hence,
And scatter it far and wide,
Or sink it in the sea,
We should be satisfied,
And thine the glory be."

This was the prayer I made,
For my soul was all on flame,
And even as I prayed
The answering tempest came;
It came with a mighty power,
Shaking the windows and walls,
And tolling the bell in the tower,
As it tolls at funerals.

The lightning suddenly
 Unsheathed its flaming sword,
And I cried: "Stand still, and see
 The salvation of the Lord!"
The heavens were black with cloud,
 The sea was white with hail,
And ever more fierce and loud
 Blew the October gale.

The fleet it overtook,
 And the broad sails in the van
Like the tents of Cushan shook,
 Or the curtains of Midian.
Down on the reeling decks
 Crashed the o'erwhelming seas:
Ah, never were there wrecks
 So pitiful as these!

Like a potter's vessel broke
 The great ships of the line;
They were carried away as a smoke,
 Or sank like lead in the brine.
O Lord! before thy path
 They vanished and ceased to be,
When thou didst walk in wrath
 With thine horses through the sea!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow [1807-1882]

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

From "Tales of a Wayside Inn"

[APRIL 18-19, 1775]

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed.
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
 And so through the night went his cry of alarm
 To every Middlesex village and farm,—
 A cry of defiance and not of fear,
 A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
 And a word that shall echo forevermore!
 For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
 Through all our history, to the last,
 In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
 The people will waken and listen to hear
 The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
 And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow [1807-1882]

NEW ENGLAND'S CHEVY CHASE

[APRIL 19, 1775]

'TWAS the dead of the night. By the pineknot's red light
 Brooks lay, half-asleep, when he heard the alarm,—
 Only this, and no more, from a voice at the door:
 "The Red-Coats are out, and have passed Phips's farm."

Brooks was booted and spurred; he said never a word:
 Took his horn from its peg, and his gun from the rack;
 To the cold midnight air he led out his white mare,
 Strapped the girths and the bridle, and sprang to her
 back.

Up the North County road at her full pace she strode,
 Till Brooks reined her up at John Tarbell's to say,
 "We have got the alarm,—they have left Phips's farm;
 You rouse the East Precinct, and I'll go this way."

John called his hired man, and they harnessed the span;
 They roused Abram Garfield, and Abram called me:
 Turn out right away; let no minute-man stay;
 The Red-Coats have landed at Phips's," says he.

By the Powder-House Green seven others fell in;
At Nahum's the men from the Saw-Mill came down;
So that when Jabez Bland gave the word of command,
And said, "Forward, march!" there marched forward
THE TOWN.

Parson Wilderspin stood by the side of the road,
And he took off his hat, and he said, "Let us pray!
O Lord, God of might, let thine angels of light
Lead thy children to-night to the glories of day!
And let thy stars fight all the foes of the Right
As the stars fought of old against Sisera."

And from heaven's high arch those stars blessed our march,
Till the last of them faded in twilight away;
And with morning's bright beam, by the banks of the stream
Half the county marched in, and we heard Davis say:

"On the King's own highway I may travel all day,
And no man hath warrant to stop me," says he;
"I've no man that's afraid, and I'll march at their head."
Then he turned to the boys, "Forward, march! Follow
me."

And we marched as he said, and the Fifer he played
The old "White Cockade," and he played it right well.
We saw Davis fall dead, but no man was afraid;
That bridge we'd have had, though a thousand men fell.

This opened the play, and it lasted all day.
We made Concord too hot for the Red-Coats to stay;
Down the Lexington way we stormed, black, white, and gray
We were first in the feast, and were last in the fray.

They would turn in dismay, as red wolves turn at bay.
They levelled, they fired, they charged up the road.
Cephas Willard fell dead; he was shot in the head
As he knelt by Aunt Prudence's well-sweep to load.

John Danforth was hit just in Lexington Street,
John Bridge at that lane where you cross Beaver Falls,
And Winch and the Snows just above John Munroe's—
Swept away by one swoop of the big cannon-balls.

Warren's Address at Bunker Hill 2361

I took Bridge on my knee, but he said, "Don't mind me;
Fill your horn from mine,—let me lie where I be.
Our fathers," says he, "that their sons might be free,
Left their king on his throne, and came over the sea;
And that man is a knave, or a fool who, to save
His life for a minute, would live like a slave."

Well, all would not do! There were men good as new,—
From Rumford, from Saugus, from towns far away,—
Who filled up quick and well for each soldier that fell;
And we drove them, and drove them, and drove them,
all day.

We knew, every one, it was war that begun,
When that morning's marching was only half done.

In the hazy twilight, at the coming of night,
I crowded three buckshot and one bullet down.
'Twas my last charge of lead; and I aimed her and said,
"Good luck to you, lobsters, in old Boston Town."

In a barn at Milk Row, Ephraim Bates and Munroe,
And Baker, and Abram, and I made a bed.
We had mighty sore feet, and we'd nothing to eat;
But we'd driven the Red-Coats, and Amos, he said:
"It's the first time," says he, "that it's happened to me
To march to the sea by this road where we've come;
But confound this whole day, but we'd all of us say
We'd rather have spent it this way than to home."

The hunt had begun with the dawn of the sun,
And night saw the wolf driven back to his den.
And never since then, in the memory of men,
Has the Old Bay State seen such a hunting again.

Edward Everett Hale [1822-1909]

WARREN'S ADDRESS AT BUNKER HILL

[JUNE 16-17, 1775]

STAND! the ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?

Hope ye mercy still?
 What's the mercy despots feel?
 Hear it in that battle-peal!
 Read it on yon bristling steel!
 Ask it,—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
 Will ye to your homes retire?
 Look behind you!—they're afire!
 And, before you, see
 Who have done it! From the vale
 On they come—and will ye quail?
 Leaden rain and iron hail
 Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
 Die we may,—and die we must:
 But, O, where can dust to dust
 Be consigned so well,
 As where heaven its dews shall shed
 On the martyred patriot's bed,
 And the rocks shall raise their head,
 Of his deeds to tell?

John Pierpont [1785–1866]

THE MARYLAND BATTALION

[BATTLE OF LONG ISLAND, AUGUST 27, 1776]

SPRUCE Macaronis, and pretty to see,
 Tidy and dapper and gallant were we;
 Blooded fine gentlemen, proper and tall,
 Bold in a fox-hunt, and gay at a ball;
 Prancing soldados, so martial and bluff,
 Billets for bullets, in scarlet and buff—
 But our cockades were clasped with a mother's low
 prayer,
 And the sweethearts that braided the swordknots were
 fair.

There was grummer of drums humming hoarse in the hills,
And the bugles sang fanfaron down by the mills;
By Flatbush the bagpipes were droning amain,
And keen cracked the rifles in Martense's lane;
For the Hessians were flecking the hedges with red,
And the grenadiers' tramp marked the roll of the dead.

Three to one, flank and rear, flashed the files of St. George,
The fierce gleam of their steel as the glow of a forge.
The brutal boom-boom of their swart cannoneers
Was sweet music compared with the taunt of their cheers—
For the brunt of their onset, our crippled array,
And the light of God's leading gone out in the fray!

Oh, the rout on the left and the tug on the right!
The mad plunge of the charge and the wreck of the flight!
When the cohorts of Grant held stout Stirling at strain,
And the mongrels of Hesse went tearing the slain;
When at Freeke's Mill the flumes and the sluices ran red,
And the dead choked the dyke and the marsh choked the
dead!

"Oh, Stirling, good Stirling! how long must we wait?
Shall the shout of your trumpet unleash us too late?
Have you never a dash for brave Mordecai Gist,
With his heart in his throat, and his blade in his fist?
Are we good for no more than to prance in a ball,
When the drums beat the charge and the clarions call?"

Tralára, Tralára! Now praise we the Lord,
For the clang of His call and the flash of His sword!
Tralára! Tralára! Now forward to die;
For the banner, hurrah! and for sweethearts, good-by!
"Four hundred wild lads!" Maybe so. I'll be bound
'Twill be easy to count us, face up, on the ground.
If we hold the road open, though Death take the toll,
We'll be missed on parade when the States call the roll—
When the flags meet in peace and the guns are at rest,
And fair Freedom is singing Sweet Home in the West.

John Williamson Palmer [1825-1906]

SEVENTY-SIX

WHAT heroes from the woodland sprung,
When, through the fresh-awakened land,
The thrilling cry of freedom rung
And to the work of warfare strung
The yeoman's iron hand!

Hills flung the cry to hills around,
And ocean-mart replied to mart,
And streams, whose springs were yet unfound,
Pealed far away the startling sound
Into the forest's heart.

Then marched the brave from rocky steep,
From mountain-river swift and cold;
The borders of the stormy deep,
The vales where gathered waters sleep,
Sent up the strong and bold,—

As if the very earth again
Grew quick with God's creating breath,
And, from the sods of grove and glen,
Rose ranks of lion-hearted men
To battle to the death.

The wife, whose babe first smiled that day,
The fair fond bride of yestereve,
And agèd sire and matron gray,
Saw the loved warriors haste away,
And deemed it sin to grieve.

Already had the strife begun;
Already blood, on Concord's plain,
Along the springing grass had run,
And blood had flowed at Lexington,
Like brooks of April rain.

That death-stain on the vernal sward
Hallowed to freedom all the shore;
In fragments fell the yoke abhorred—
The footstep of a foreign lord
Profaned the soil no' more.

William Cullen Bryant [1794-1878]

SONG OF MARION'S MEN

[1780-1781]

OUR band is few, but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good greenwood,
Our tent the cypress-tree;
We know the forest round us
As seamen know the sea.
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery
That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear:
When, waking to their tents on fire,
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again;
And they who fly in terror deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil;
We talk the battle over,
We share the battle's spoil.

The woodland rings with laugh and shout
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads—
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life to guide the fiery barb
Across the moonlight plain;
'Tis life to feel the night-wind
That lifts his tossing mane.
A moment in the British camp—
A moment—and away,
Back to the pathless forest
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs;
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band
With kindest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton,
Forever, from our shore.

William Cullen Bryant [1794-1878]

CARMEN BELLICOSUM

In their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not,

While the grenadiers were lunging,
And like hail fell the plunging
Cannon-shot;
When the files
Of the isles,
From the smoky night-encampment, bore the banner of the
rampant
Unicorn;
And grummer, grummer, grummer, rolled the roll of the
drummer,
Through the morn!

Then with eyes to the front all,
And with guns horizontal,
Stood our sires;
And the balls whistled deadly,
And in streams flashing redly
Blazed the fires;
As the roar
On the shore,
Swept the strong battle-breakers o'er the green-sodded acres
Of the plain;
And louder, louder, louder, cracked the black gunpowder,
Cracking amain!

Now like smiths at their forges
Worked the red St. George's
Cannoneers;
And the villainous saltpetre
Rung a fierce, discordant metre
Round their ears;
As the swift
Storm-drift,
With hot sweeping anger, came the horseguards' clangor
On our flanks;
Then higher, higher, higher, burned the old-fashioned fire
Through the ranks!

Then the bare-headed colonel
Galloped through the white infernal
Powder-cloud;

And his broad-sword was swinging,
And his brazen throat was ringing
Trumpet-loud.
Then the blue
Bullets flew,
And the trooper-jackets redden at the touch of the leaden
Rifle-breath;
And rounder, rounder, rounder, roared the iron six-pounder,
Hurling death!

Guy Humphreys McMaster [1829-1887]

ON THE LOSS OF THE "ROYAL GEORGE"

[AUGUST 29, 1782]

TOLL for the brave!
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset;
Down went the "Royal George,"
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea-fight is fought,
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak;
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath;
 His fingers held the pen,
 When Kempenfelt went down
 With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
 Once dreaded by our foes!
 And mingle with our cup
 The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
 And she may float again,
 Full charged with England's thunder,
 And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,
 His victories are o'er;
 And he and his eight hundred
 Shall plough the wave no more.

William Cowper [1731-1800]

CREMONA

[FEBRUARY 1, 1792]

THE Grenadiers of Austria are proper men and tall;
 The Grenadiers of Austria have scaled the city wall;
 They have marched from far away
 Ere the dawning of the day,
 And the morning saw them masters of Cremona.

There's not a man to whisper, there's not a horse to neigh,
 Of the footmen of Lorraine and the riders of Duprés;
 They have crept up every street,
 In the market-place they meet,
 They are holding every vantage in Cremona.

The Marshal Villeroy he has started from his bed;
 The Marshal Villeroy has no wig upon his head;
 "I have lost my men!" quoth he,
 "And my men they have lost me,
 And I sorely fear we both have lost Cremona."

Prince Eugène of Austria is in the market-place;
Prince Eugène of Austria has smiles upon his face;
Says he, "Our work is done,
For the Citadel is won,
And the black and yellow flag floats o'er Cremona."

Major Dan O'Mahony is in the barrack square,
And just six hundred Irish lads are waiting for him there;
Says he, "Come in your shirt,
And you won't take any hurt,
For the morning air is pleasant in Cremona."

Major Dan O'Mahony is at the barrack gate,
And just six hundred Irish lads will neither stay nor wait,
There's Dillon and there's Burke,
And there'll be some bloody work
Ere the Kaiserlics shall boast they hold Cremona.

Major Dan O'Mahony has reached the river fort,
And just six hundred Irish lads are joining in the sport;
"Come, take a hand!" says he,
"And if you will stand by me,
Then it's glory to the man who takes Cremona!"

Prince Eugène of Austria has frowns upon his face,
And loud he calls his Galloper of Irish blood and race:
"MacDonnell, ride, I pray,
To your countrymen, and say
That only they are left in all Cremona!"

MacDonnell he has reined his mare beside the river dike,
And he has tied the parley flag upon a sergeant's pike;
Six companies were there
From Limerick and Clare,
The last of all the guardians of Cremona.

"Now, Major Dan O'Mahony, give up the river gate,
Or, Major Dan O'Mahony, you'll find it is too late;
For when I gallop back
'Tis the signal for attack,
And no quarter for the Irish in Cremona!"

And Major Dan he laughed: "Faith, if what you say be true,
And if they will not come until they hear again from you,
Then there will be no attack,
For you're never going back,
And we'll keep you snug and safely in Cremona."

All the weary day the German stormers came,
All the weary day they were faced by fire and flame;
They have filled the ditch with dead,
And the river's running red,
But they cannot win the gateway of Cremona.

All the weary day, again, again, again,
The horsemen of Duprés and the footmen of Lorraine,
Taafe and Herberstein,
And the riders of the Rhine;
It's a mighty price they're paying for Cremona.

Time and time they came with the deep-mouthed German
roar,
Time and time they broke like the wave upon the shore;
For better men were there
From Limerick and Clare,
And who will take the gateway of Cremona?

Prince Eugène has watched, and he gnaws his nether lip;
Prince Eugène has cursed as he saw his chances slip:
"Call off! Call off!" he cried,
"It is nearing eventide,
And I fear our work is finished in Cremona."

Says Wauchop to McAuliffe, "Their fire is growing slack."
Says Major Dan O'Mahony, "It is their last attack;
But who will stop the game
While there's light to play the same,
And to walk a short way with them from Cremona?"

And so they snarl behind them, and beg them turn and come,
They have taken Neuberg's standard, they have taken
Diak's drum;

And along the winding Po,
 Beard on shoulder, stern and slow,
 The Kaiserlics are riding from Cremona.

Just two hundred Irish lads are shouting on the wall;
 Four hundred more are lying who can hear no slogan call;
 But what's the odds of that,
 For it's all the same to Pat
 If he pays his debt in Dublin or Cremona.

Says General de Vaudray, "You've done a soldier's work!
 And every tongue in France shall talk of Dillon and of
 Burke!

Ask what you will this day,
 And be it what it may,
 It is granted to the heroes of Cremona."

"Why, then," says Dan O'Mahony, "one favor we entreat,
 We were called a little early, and our toilet's not complete.
 We've no quarrel with the shirt,
 But the breeches wouldn't hurt,
 For the evening air is chilly in Cremona."

Arthur Conan Doyle [1859-

CASABIANCA

[BATTLE OF THE NILE, AUGUST, 1798]

THE boy stood on the burning deck,
 Whence all but him had fled;
 The flame that lit the battle's wreck
 Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
 As born to rule the storm;
 A creature of heroic blood,
 A proud, though child-like form.

The flames rolled on; he would not go
 Without his father's word;
 That father, faint in death below,
 His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud, "Say, father, say,
If yet my task be done!"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone!"
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death
In still, yet brave despair;

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My father! must I stay?"
While o'er him, fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapped the ship in splendor wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound;
The boy,—oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds, that far around
With fragments strewed the sea,—

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part,—
But the noblest thing that perished there,
Was that young, faithful heart.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans [1793-1835]

HOHENLINDEN

[DECEMBER 3, 1800]

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
 When the drum beat, at dead of night,
 Commanding fires of death to light
 The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed
 Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
 And furious every charger neighed
 To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven;
 Then rushed the steed, to battle driven;
 And louder than the bolts of heaven
 Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
 On Linden's hills of stained snow;
 And bloodier yet the torrent flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun
 Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
 Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
 Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye Brave,
 Who rush to glory, or the grave!
 Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
 And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part, where many meet!
 The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
 And every turf beneath their feet
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

Thomas Campbell [1777-1844]

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC

[APRIL 2, 1801]

OF Nelson and the North,
 Sing the glorious day's renown,
 When to battle fierce came forth
 All the might of Denmark's crown,

And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line;
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.—

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
“Hearts of oak!” our captain cried; when each gun
From its adamant lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.—

Outspoke the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave:
“Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save:—

So peace instead of death let us bring.
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King."—

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief,
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day;
While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, Old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light;
And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!—

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died;—
With the gallant good Riou:
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!

Thomas Campbell [1777–1844]

THE FIGHTING TÉMÉRAIRE

[OCTOBER 21, 1805]

It was eight bells ringing,
 For the morning watch was done,
 And the gunner's lads were singing
 As they polished every gun.
 It was eight bells ringing,
 And the gunner's lads were singing,
 For the ship she rode a-swinging,
 As they polished every gun.

*Oh ! to see the linstock lighting,
 Téméraire ! Téméraire !
 Oh ! to hear the round shot biting,
 Téméraire ! Téméraire !
 Oh ! to see the linstock lighting,
 And to hear the round shot biting,
 For we're all in love with fighting
 On the Fighting Téméraire.*

It was noontide ringing,
 And the battle just begun,
 When the ship her way was winging,
 As they loaded every gun,
 It was noontide ringing,
 When the ship her way was winging,
 And the gunner's lads were singing,
 As they loaded every gun.

*There'll be many grim and gory,
 Téméraire ! Téméraire !
 There'll be few to tell the story,
 Téméraire ! Téméraire !
 There'll be many grim and gory,
 There'll be few to tell the story,
 But we'll all be one in glory
 With the Fighting Téméraire.*

There's a far bell ringing
 At the setting of the sun,
 And a phantom voice is singing
 Of the great days done,
 There's a far bell ringing,
 And a phantom Voice is singing
 Of renown for ever clinging
 To the great days done.

*Now the sunset breezes shiver,
 Téméraire ! Téméraire !
 And she's fading down the river,
 Téméraire ! Téméraire !
 Now the sunset breezes shiver,
 And she's fading down the river,
 But in England's song for ever
 She's the Fighting Téméraire.*
 Henry Newbolt [1862—

SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE

[1808]

OF all the rides since the birth of time,
 Told in story or sung in rhyme,—
 On Apuleius's Golden Ass,
 Or one-eyed Calender's horse of brass,
 Witch astride of a human back,
 Islam's prophet on Al-Borák,—
 The strangest ride that ever was sped
 Was Ireson's, out from Marblehead!
 Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead!

Body of turkey, head of fowl,
 Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,
 Feathered and ruffled in every part,
 Skipper Ireson stood in the cart.
 Scores of women, old and young,
 Strong of muscle, and glib of tongue,

Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,
Shouting and singing the shrill refrain:

“Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!”

Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,
Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,
Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase
Bacchus round some antique vase,
Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,
Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,
With conch-shells blowing and fish-horns' twang,
Over and over the Mænads sang:

“Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!”

Small pity for him!—He sailed away
From a leaking ship in Chaleur Bay,—
Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
With his own town's-people on her deck!
“Lay by! lay by!” they called to him.
Back he answered, “Sink or swim!
Brag of your catch of fish again!”
And off he sailed through the fog and rain!
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur
That wreck shall lie forevermore.
Mother and sister, wife and maid,
Looked from the rocks of Marblehead
Over the moaning and rainy sea,—
Looked for the coming that might not be!
What did the winds and the sea-birds say
Of the cruel captain who sailed away?—
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Through the street, on either side,
Up flew windows, doors swung wide;
Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives gray,
Treble lent the fish-horn's bray.
Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound,
Hulks of old sailors run aground,
Shook head, and fist, and hat, and cane,
And cracked with curses the hoarse refrain:
 "Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
 Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
 By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Sweetly along the Salem road
Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.
Little the wicked skipper knew
Of the fields so green and the sky so blue.
Riding there in his sorry trim,
Like an Indian idol glum and grim,
Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear
Of voices shouting, far and near:
 "Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
 Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
 By the women o' Morble'ead!"

"Hear me, neighbors!" at last he cried,—
"What to me is this noisy ride?
What is the shame that clothes the skin
To the nameless horror that lives within?
Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck,
And hear a cry from a reeling deck!
Hate me and curse me,—I only dread
The hand of God and the face of the dead!"
 Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered, and carried in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead!

Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea
Said, "God has touched him! why should we!"
Said an old wife mourning her only son,
"Cut the rogue's tether and let him run!"

The Burial of Sir John Moore 2381

So with soft relentings and rude excuse,
Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,
And gave him a cloak to hide him in,
And left him alone with his shame and sin.
Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

John Greenleaf Whittier [1807-1892]

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE AFTER CORUNNA

[JANUARY 16, 1809]

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
And the lanthorn dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

Charles Wolfe [1791-1823]

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

[APRIL 23, 1809]

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall,"—
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect—

(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
 Scarce any blood came through),
 You looked twice ere you saw his breast
 Was all but shot in two.

“Well,” cried he, “Emperor, by God’s grace
 We’ve got you Ratisbon!
 The Marshal’s in the market-place,
 And you’ll be there anon
 To see your flag-bird flap his vans
 Where I, to heart’s desire,
 Perched him!” The chief’s eye flashed; his plans
 Soared up again like fire.

The chief’s eye flashed; but presently
 Softened itself, as sheathes
 A film the mother-eagle’s eye
 When her bruised eaglet breathes;
 “You’re wounded!” “Nay,” the soldier’s pride
 Touched to the quick, he said:
 “I’m killed, Sire!” And his chief beside,
 Smiling the boy fell dead.

Robert Browning [1812–1889]

THE EVE OF WATERLOO

From “Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage”

[JUNE 18, 1815]

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium’s capital had gathered then
 Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
 The lamps shone o’er fair women and brave men;
 A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage bell;—
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high wall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! they come! they
come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!
 The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
 Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:—
 How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
 Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
 Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
 With the fierce native daring which instils
 The stirring memory of a thousand years,
 And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops as they pass,
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
 Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
 In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
 Of living valor, rolling on the foe
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
 The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
 Battle's magnificently stern array!
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
 The earth is covered thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

George Gordon Byron [1788–1824]

WATERLOO

WHY have the Mighty lived—why have they died?
 Is it ever thus with idle wreck to strew
 Fields such as thine, remorseless Waterloo?
 Hopeless the lesson! Vainly hath ever cried
 Stern Fate to man—"So perish human pride!"
 Still must the Many combat for the Few:
 Still must the noblest blood fair earth bedew:
 Tyrants, slaves, freemen, mouldering side by side!

On such a day the World was lost, and won,
 By Pompey at Pharsalia: such a day
 Saw glorious Hannibal a fugitive:
 So faded 'neath the Macedonian Sun
 Persia's pale star: so empire passed away
 From Harold's brow,—but He disdained to live!
Aubrey De Vere [1788–1846]

MARCO BOZZARIS

[APRIL 20, 1823]

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
 The Turk was dreaming of the hour
 When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
 Should tremble at his power:
 In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
 The trophies of a conqueror;
 In dreams his song of triumph heard;
 Then wore his monarch's signet ring:
 Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king;
 As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
 As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
 Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
 True as the steel of their tried blades,
 Heroes in heart and hand.
 There had the Persian's thousands stood,
 There had the glad earth drunk their blood
 On old Plataea's day;
 And now there breathed that haunted air
 The sons of sires who conquered there,
 With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
 As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;
 That bright dream was his last;
 He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
 “To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!”

He woke—to die midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:

“Strike—till the last armed foe expires;
Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires;
God—and your native land!”

They fought—like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain,
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.

His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal-chamber, Death!
Come to the mother's, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessèd seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine;
And thou art terrible,—the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard

The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come, when his task of fame is wrought—
Come, with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought—
Come in her crowning hour—and then
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
Of sky and stars to prisoned men:
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh
To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land wind, from woods of palm,
And orange groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
She wore no funeral-weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
The heartless luxury of the tomb:
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved, and for a season gone;
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birthday bells;
Of thee her babes' first lisping tells;
For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace-couch and cottage-bed;
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears:
And she, the mother of thy boys,

Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
The memory of her buried joys,
And even she who gave thee birth,
Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
Talk of thy doom without a sigh:
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's:
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.

Fitz-Greene Halleck [1790-1867]

OLD IRONSIDES

[SEPTEMBER 14, 1830]

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

Oliver Wendell Holmes [1809-1894]

THE VALOR OF BEN MILAM

[DECEMBER 5-11, 1835]

Oh, who will follow old Ben Milam into San Antonio?

Such was the thrilling word we heard in the chill December
glow;

Such was the thrilling word we heard, and a ringing, answer-
ing cry

Went up from the dun adobe walls to the cloudless Texas
sky.

He had won from the reek of a Mexique jail back without
map or chart,

With his mother-wit and his hero-grit and his stanch Ken-
tucky heart;

He had trudged by vale and by mountain trail, and by thorn
and thirsty plain,

And now, with joy on his grizzled brow, he had come to his
own again.

*They're the spawn of Hell! we heard him tell; they will knife
and lie and cheat*

*At the board of none of the swarthy horde would I deign to sit at
meat;*

*They hold it naught that I bled and fought when Spain was
their ruthless foe;*

Oh, who will follow old Ben Milam into San Antonio?

It was four to one, not gun for gun, but never a curse cared
we,

Three hundred faithful and fearless men who had sworn to
make Texas free.

It was mighty odds, by all the gods, this brute of the Mexi-
que dam,

But it was not much for heroes such as followed old Ben
Milam!

With rifle-crack and sabre-hack we drove them back in the
street;

From house to house in the red carouse we hastened their
flying feet;

And ever that shout kept pealing out with a swift and sure
death-blow:

Oh, who will follow old Ben Milam into San Antonio?

Behind the walls from the hurtling balls Cos cowered and
swore in his beard,

While we slashed and slew from dawn till dew, and, Bexar,
how we cheered!

But ere failed each ruse, and the white of truce on the fail-
ing day was thrown,

Our fearless soul had gone to the goal, the Land of the Great
Unknown.

Death brought the darksome boon too soon to this truest
one of the true,

Or, men of the fated Alamo, Milam had died with you!

So when their names that now are Fame's—the scorners of
braggard sham;—

In song be praised, let a rouse be raised for the name of Ben
Milam!

Clinton Scollard [1860—

THE DEFENCE OF THE ALAMO

[MARCH 6, 1836]

SANTA ANA came storming, as a storm might come;

There was rumble of cannon; there was rattle of blade;

There was cavalry, infantry, bugle and drum,—

Full seven thousand, in pomp and parade,

The chivalry, flower of Mexico;

And a gaunt two hundred in the Alamo!

And thirty lay sick, and some were shot through;

For the siege had been bitter, and bloody, and long.

“Surrender, or die!”—“Men, what will *you* do?”

And Travis, great Travis, drew sword, quick and strong;

Drew a line at his feet . . . “Will you come? Will you go?

I die with my wounded, in the Alamo.”

The Bowie gasped, “Lead me over that line!”

Then Crockett, one hand to the sick, one hand to his gun,

Crossed with him; then never a word or a sign

Till all, sick or well, all, all save but one,

One man. Then a woman stepped, praying, and slow
Across; to die at her post in the Alamo.

Then that one coward fled, in the night, in that night
When all men silently prayed and thought
Of home; of to-morrow; of God and the right,
Till dawn: and with dawn came Travis's cannon-shot,
In answer to insolent Mexico,
From the old bell-tower of the Alamo.

Then came Santa Ana; a crescent of flame!
Then the red escalade; then the fight hand to hand;
Such an unequal fight as never had name
Since the Persian hordes butchered that doomed Spartan
band.

All day—all day and all night; and the morning? so slow,
Through the battle-smoke mantling the Alamo.

Now silence! Such silence! Two thousand lay dead
In a crescent outside! And within? Not a breath
Save the gasp of a woman, with gory gashed head,
All alone, all alone there, waiting for death;
And she but a nurse. Yet when shall we know
Another like this of the Alamo?

Shout "Victory, victory, victory ho!"
I say 'tis not always to the hosts that win!
I say that the victory, high or low,
Is given the hero who grapples with sin,
Or legion or single; just asking to know
When duty fronts death in his Alamo.

Joaquin Miller [1841-1913]

THE FIGHT AT SAN JACINTO

[APRIL 21, 1836]

"Now for a brisk and cheerful fight!"
Said Harman, big and droll,
As he coaxed his flint and steel for a light,
And puffed at his cold clay bowl;

“For we are a skulking lot,” says he,
 “Of land-thieves hereabout,
 And the bold señores, two to one,
 Have come to smoke us out.”

Santa Anna and Castrillon,
 Almonte brave and gay,
 Portilla red from Goliad,
 And Cos with his smart array.
 Dulces and cigaritos,
 And the light guitar, ting-tum!
 Sant’ Anna courts siesta—
 And Sam Houston taps his drum.

The buck stands still in the timber—
 “Is it patter of nuts that fall?”
 The foal of the wild mare whinnies—
 Did he hear the Comanche call?
 In the brake by the crawling bayou
 The slinking she-wolves howl,
 And the mustang’s snort in the river sedge
 Has startled the paddling fowl.

A soft, low tap, and a muffled tap,
 And a roll not loud nor long—
 We would not break Sant’ Anna’s nap,
 Nor spoil Almonte’s song.
 Saddles and knives and rifles!
 Lord! but the men were glad
 When Deaf Smith muttered “Alamo!”
 And Karnes hissed “Goliad!”

The drummer tucked his sticks in his belt,
 And the fifer gripped his gun.
 Oh, for one free, wild, Texan yell,
 As we took the slope in a run!
 But never a shout nor a shot we spent,
 Nor an oath nor a prayer, that day,
 Till we faced the bravos, eye to eye,
 And then we blazed away.

Then we knew the rapture of Ben Milam,
 And the glory that Travis made,
 With Bowie's lunge, and Crockett's shot,
 And Fannin's dancing blade;
 And the heart of the fighter, bounding free
 In his joy so hot and mad—
 When Millard charged for Alamo,
 Lamar for Goliad.

Deaf Smith rode straight, with reeking spur,
 Into the shock and rout:
 "I've hacked and burned the bayou bridge,
 There's no sneak's back-way out!"
 Muzzle or butt for Goliad,
 Pistol and blade and fist!
 Oh, for the knife that never glanced,
 And the gun that never missed!

Dulces and cigaritos,
 Song and the mandolin!
 That gory swamp was a gruesome grove
 To dance fandangos in.
 We bridged the bog with the sprawling herd
 That fell in that frantic rout;
 We slew and slew till the sun set red,
 And the Texan star flashed out.

John Williamson Palmer [1825-1906]

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

[DECEMBER 17, 1839]

It was the schooner Hesperus,
 That sailed the wintry sea;
 And the skipper had taken his little daughtèr,
 To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
 Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
 And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
 That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Sailòr,
Had sailed to the Spanish main,
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the Northeast,
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughtèr,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
Oh say, what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"—
And he steered for the open sea.

“O father! I hear the sound of guns,
Oh say, what may it be?”
“Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!”

“O father! I see a gleaming light,
Oh say, what may it be!”
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That savèd she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave,
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts, went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow [1807-1882]

THE LOST COLORS

[1843]

FROWNING, the mountain stronghold stood,
Whose front no mortal could assail;
For more than twice three hundred years
The terror of the Indian vale.
By blood and fire the robber band
Answered the helpless village wail.

Hot was his heart and cool his thought,
When Napier from his Englishmen
Up to the bandits' rampart glanced,
And down upon his ranks again.
Summoned to dare a deed like that,
Which of them all would answer then?

What sullen regiment is this
That lifts its eyes to dread Cutchee?

Abased, its standard bears no flag.
 For thus the punishment shall be
 That England metes to Englishmen
 Who shame her once by mutiny.

From out the disgraced Sixty-Fourth
 There stepped a hundred men of might.
 Cried Napier: "Now prove to me
 I read my soldiers' hearts aright!
 Form! Forward! Charge, my volunteers!
Your colors are on yonder height!"

So sad is shame, so wise is trust!
 The challenge echoed bugle-clear.
 Like fire along the Sixty-Fourth
 From rank to file rang cheer on cheer.
 In death and glory up the pass
 They fought for all to brave men dear.

Old is the tale, but read anew
 In every warring human heart,
 What rebel hours, what coward shame,
 Upon the aching memory start!
 To find the ideal forfeited,
 —What tears can teach the holy art?

Thou great Commander! leading on
 Through weakest darkness to strong light;
 By any anguish, give us back
 Our life's young standard, pure and bright.
 O fair, lost Colors of the soul!
 For your sake storm we any height.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward [1844-1911]

A BALLAD OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN

[1845-47]

O, WHITHER sail you, Sir John Franklin?
 Cried a whaler in Baffin's Bay.
 To know if between the land and the pole
 I may find a broad sea-way.

I charge you back, Sir John Franklin,
As you would live and thrive;
For between the land and the frozen pole
No man may sail alive.

But lightly laughed the stout Sir John,
And spoke unto his men:
Half England is wrong, if he be right;
Bear off to westward then.

O, whither sail you, brave Englishman?
Cried the little Esquimau.
Between your land and the polar star
My goodly vessels go.

Come down, if you would journey there,
The little Indian said;
And change your cloth for fur clothing,
Your vessel for a sled.

But lightly laughed the stout Sir John,
And the crew laughed with him too:—
A sailor to change from ship to sled,
I ween, were something new.

All through the long, long polar day,
The vessels westward sped;
And wherever the sail of Sir John was blown,
The ice gave way and fled:—

Gave way with many a hollow groan,
And with many a surly roar,
But it murmured and threatened on every side,
And closed where he sailed before.

Ho! see ye not, my merry men,
The broad and open sea?
Bethink ye what the whaler said,
Think of the little Indian's sled!
The crew laughed out in glee.

Sir John, Sir John, 'tis bitter cold,
The scud drives on the breeze,
The ice comes looming from the north,
The very sunbeams freeze.

Bright summer goes, dark winter comes,—
We cannot rule the year;
But long ere summer's sun goes down,
On yonder sea we'll steer.

The dripping icebergs dipped and rose,
And floundered down the gale;
The ships were stayed, the yards were manned,
And furled the useless sail.

The summer's gone, the winter's come,—
We sail not on yonder sea:
Why sail we not, Sir John Franklin?—
A silent man was he.

The summer goes, the winter comes,—
We cannot rule the year:
I ween we cannot rule the ways,
Sir John, wherein we'd steer.

The cruel ice came floating on,
And closed beneath the lee,
Till the thickening waters dashed no more:
'Twas ice around, behind, before—
My God! there is no sea!

What think you of the whaler now?
What of the Esquimau?
A sled were better than a ship,
To cruise through ice and snow.

Down sank the baleful crimson sun,
The northern light came out,
And glared upon the ice-bound ships,
And shook its spears about.

A Ballad of Sir John Franklin 2401

The snow came down, storm breeding storm,
And on the decks was laid,
Till the weary sailor, sick at heart,
Sank down beside his spade.

Sir John, the night is black and long,
The hissing wind is bleak,
The hard, green ice as strong as death:—
I prithee, Captain, speak!

The night is neither bright nor short,
The singing breeze is cold,—
The ice is not so strong as hope,
The heart of man is bold!

What hope can scale this icy wall,
High over the main flag-staff?
Above the ridges the wolf and bear
Look down, with a patient, settled stare,
Look down on us and laugh.

The summer went, the winter came,—
We could not rule the year;
But summer will melt the ice again,
And open a path to the sunny main,
Whereon our ships shall steer.

The winter went, the summer went,
The winter came around;
But the hard, green ice was strong as death,
And the voice of hope sank to a breath,
Yet caught at every sound.

Hark! heard you not the noise of guns?—
And there, and there, again?
'Tis some uneasy iceberg's roar,
As he turns in the frozen main.

Hurra! Hurra! the Esquimaux
Across the ice-fields steal:
God give them grace for their charity!—
Ye pray for the silly seal.

Sir John, where are the English fields,
And where are the English trees,
And where are the little English flowers
That open in the breeze?

Be still, be still, my brave sailors!
You shall see the fields again,
And smell the scent of the opening flowers,
The grass, and the waving grain.

Oh! when shall I see my orphan child?
My Mary waits for me.
Oh! when shall I see my old mother,
And pray at her trembling knee?

Be still, be still, my brave sailors!
Think not such thoughts again.
But a tear froze slowly on his cheek:
He thought of Lady Jane.

Ah! bitter, bitter grows the cold,
The ice grows more and more;
More settled stare the wolf and bear,
More patient than before.

Oh, think you, good Sir John Franklin,
We'll ever see the land?
'Twas cruel to send us here to starve,
Without a helping hand.

'Twas cruel, Sir John, to send us here,
So far from help or home,
To starve and freeze on this lonely sea:
I ween the lords of the Admiralty
Would rather send than come.

Oh! whether we starve to death alone,
Or sail to our own country,
We have done what man has never done—
The truth is founded, the secret won—
We passed the Northern Sea!

George Henry Boker [1823-1890]

MONTEREY

[SEPTEMBER 23, 1846]

WE were not many, we who stood
Before the iron sleet that day:
Yet many a gallant spirit would
Give half his years if but he could
Have been with us at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot it hailed
In deadly drifts of fiery spray,
Yet not a single soldier quailed
When wounded comrades round them wailed
Their dying shout at Monterey.

And on—still on our column kept
Through walls of flame its withering way;
Where fell the dead, the living stepped,
Still charging on the guns which swept
The slippery streets of Monterey.

The foe himself recoiled aghast,
When, striking where he strongest lay,
We swooped his flanking batteries past,
And braving full their murderous blast,
Stormed home the towers of Monterey.

Our banners on those turrets wave,
And there our evening bugles play:
Where orange-boughs above their grave
Keep green the memory of the brave
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We are not many—we who pressed
Beside the brave who fell that day—
But who of us has not confessed
He'd rather share their warrior rest
Than not have been at Monterey?

Charles Fenno Hoffman [1806-1884]

PESCHIERA

[MAY, 1848]

WHAT voice did on my spirit fall,
Peschiera, when thy bridge I crossed?
" 'Tis better to have fought and lost,
Than never to have fought at all."

The tricolor—a trampled rag
Lies, dirt and dust; the lines I track
By sentry boxes, yellow-black,
Lead up to no Italian flag.

I see the Croat soldier stand
Upon the grass of your redoubts;
The eagle with his black wing flouts
The breath and beauty of your land.

Yet not in vain, although in vain,
O men of Brescia, on the day
Of loss past hope, I heard you say
Your welcome to the noble pain.

You said: "Since so it is, good-bye,
Sweet life, high hope; but whatsoe'er
May be, or must, no tongue shall dare
To tell, 'The Lombard feared to die!'"

You said (there shall be answer fit):
"And if our children must obey,
They must; but, thinking on this day,
'Twill less debase them to submit."

You said (O not in vain you said):
"Haste, brothers, haste, while yet we may;
The hours ebb fast of this one day,
While blood may yet be nobly shed."

Ah! not for idle hatred, not
For honor, fame, nor self-applause,
But for the glory of the cause,
You did, what will not be forgot.

The Loss of the Birkenhead 2405

And though the stranger stand, 'tis true,
By force and fortune's right he stands:
By fortune, which is in God's hands,
And strength, which yet shall spring in you.

This voice did on my spirit fall,
Peschiera, when thy bridge I crossed:
" 'Tis better to have fought and lost,
Than never to have fought at all."

Arthur Hugh Clough [1819-1861]

THE LOSS OF THE BIRKENHEAD

SUPPOSED TO BE TOLD BY A SOLDIER WHO SURVIVED

[FEBRUARY 26, 1852]

RIGHT on our flank the crimson sun went down;
The deep sea rolled around in dark repose;
When, like the wild shriek from some captured town,
A cry of women rose.

The stout ship *Birkenhead* lay hard and fast,
Caught without hope upon a hidden rock;
Her timbers thrilled as nerves, when through them passed
The spirit of that shock.

And ever like base cowards, who leave their ranks
In danger's hour, before the rush of steel,
Drifted away disorderly the planks
From underneath her keel.

So calm the air, so calm and still the flood,
That low down in its blue translucent glass
We saw the great fierce fish, that thirst for blood,
Pass slowly, then repass.

They tarried, the waves tarried, for their prey!
The sea turned one clear smile! Like things asleep
Those dark shapes in the azure silence lay,
As quiet as the deep.

Then amidst oath, and prayer, and rush, and wreck,
 Faint screams, faint questions waiting no reply,
 Our Colonel gave the word, and on the deck
 Formed us in line to die.

To die!—'twas hard, whilst the sleek ocean glowed
 Beneath a sky as fair as summer flowers:—
All to the boats! cried one:—he was, thank God,
 No officer of ours!

Our English hearts beat true:—we would not stir:
 That base appeal we heard, but heeded not:
 On land, on sea, we had our Colors, sir,
 To keep without a spot!

They shall not say in England, that we fought
 With shameful strength, unhonored life to seek;
 Into mean safety, mean deserters, brought
 By trampling down the weak.

So we made women with their children go,
 The oars ply back again, and yet again;
 Whilst, inch by inch, the drowning ship sank low,
 Still under steadfast men.

—What follows, why recall?—The brave who died,
 Died without flinching in the bloody surf,
 They sleep as well beneath that purple tide,
 As others under turf:—

They sleep as well! and, roused from their wild grave,
 Wearing their wounds like stars, shall rise again,
 Joint-heirs with Christ, because they bled to save
 His weak ones, not in vain.

Francis Hastings Doyle [1810–1888]

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

[BALACLAVA, OCTOBER 25, 1852]

HALF a league, half a league,
 Half a league onward,
 All in the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

“Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!” he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

“Forward, the Light Brigade!”
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre-stroke,
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them

Volleyed and thundered;
 Stormed at with shot and shell,
 While horse and hero fell,
 They that had fought so well
 Came through the jaws of Death,
 Back from the mouth of Hell,
 All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
 O the wild charge they made!
 All the world wondered.
 Honor the charge they made!
 Honor the Light Brigade,
 Noble six hundred!

Alfred Tennyson [1809-1892]

THE DEFENCE OF LUCKNOW

[JULY-SEPTEMBER, 1857]

I

BANNER of England, not for a season, O banner of Britain,
 hast thou
 Floated in conquering battle or flapped to the battle-cry!
 Never with mightier glory than when we had reared thee on
 high
 Flying at top of the roofs in the ghastly siege of Lucknow—
 Shot through the staff or the halyard, but ever we raised
 thee anew,
 And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

II

Frail were the works that defended the hold that we held
 with our lives—
 Women and children among us, God help them, our children
 and wives!
 Hold it we might—and for fifteen days or for twenty at most.
 “Never surrender, I charge you, but every man die at his
 post!”

Voice of the dead whom we loved, our Lawrence, the best of
the brave;
Cold were his brows when we kissed him,—we laid him that
night in his grave.
“Every man die at his post!” and there hailed on our houses
and halls
Death from their rifle-bullets, and death from their cannon-
balls,
Death in our innermost chamber, and death at our slight
barricade,
Death while we stood with the musket, and death while we
stooped to the spade,
Death to the dying, and wounds to the wounded, for often
there fell
Striking the hospital wall, crashing through it, their shot and
their shell.
Death—for their spies were among us, their marksmen were
told of our best,
So that the brute bullet broke through the brain that could
think for the rest;
Bullets would sing by our foreheads, and bullets would rain
at our feet—
Fire from ten thousand at once of the rebels that girdled us
round—
Death at the glimpse of a finger from over the breadth of a
street,
Death from the heights of the mosque and the palace, and
death in the ground!
Mine? yes, a mine! Countermine! down, down! and creep
through the hole!
Keep the revolver in hand! you can hear him—the murder-
ous mole!
Quiet, ah! quiet—wait till the point of the pickaxe be
through!
Click with the pick, coming nearer and nearer again than
before—
Now let it speak, and you fire, and the dark pioneer is no
more;
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England
blew!

III

Ay, but the foe sprung his mine many times, and it chanced
on a day
Soon as the blast of that underground thunderclap echoed
away,
Dark through the smoke and the sulphur, like so many fiends
in their hell—
Cannon-shot, musket-shot, volley on volley, and yell upon
yell—
Fiercely on all the defences our myriad enemy fell.
What have they done? where is it? Out yonder. Guard
the Redan!
Storm at the Water-gate! storm at the Bailey-gate! storm!
and it ran
Surging and swaying all around us, as ocean on every side.
Plunges and heaves at a bank that is daily drowned by the
tide—
So many thousands that, if they be bold enough, who shall
escape?
Kill or be killed, live or die, they shall know we are soldiers
and men!
Ready! take aim at their leaders—their masses are gapped
with our grape—
Backward they reel like the wave, like the wave flinging
forward again,
Flying and foiled at the last by the handful they could not
subdue;
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

IV

Handful of men as we were, we were English in heart and
in limb,
Strong with the strength of the race to command, to obey,
to endure,
Each of us fought as if hope for the garrison hung but on
him;
Still — could we watch at all points? We were every day
fewer and fewer.
There was a whisper among us, but only a whisper that
passed:

“Children and wives—if the tigers leap into the fold un-
wares—

Every man die at his post—and the foe may outlive us at
last—

Better to fall by the hands that they love, than to fall into
theirs!”

Roar upon roar, in a moment two mines by the enemy sprung
Clove into perilous chasms our walls and our poor palisades.
Rifleman, true is your heart, but be sure that your hand be
as true!

Sharp is the fire of assault, better aimed are your flank fusi-
lades—

Twice do we hurl them to earth from the ladders to which
they had clung,

Twice from the ditch where they shelter we drive them with
hand-grenades;

And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

v

Then on another wild morning another wild earthquake
out-tore.

Clean from our lines of defence ten or twelve good paces or
more.

Rifleman, high on the roof, hidden there from the light of the
sun—

One has leaped up on the breach, crying out: “Follow me,
follow me!”—

Mark him—he falls! then another, and *him* too, and down
goes he.

Had they been bold enough then, who can tell but the trait-
ors had won?

Boardings and rafters and doors—an embrasure! make way
for the gun!

Now double-charge it with grape! It is charged and we
fire, and they run.

Praise to our Indian brothers, and let the dark face have his
due!

Thanks to the kindly dark faces who fought with us, faith-
ful and few,

Fought with the bravest among us, and drove them, and
smote them, and slew,
That ever upon the topmost roof our banner in India blew.

VI

Men will forget what we suffer and not what we do. We can
fight!

But to be soldier all day, and be sentinel all through the
night—

Ever the mine and assault, our sallies, their lying alarms,
Bugles and drums in the darkness, and shoutings and sound-
ing to arms;

Ever the labor of fifty that had to be done by five,
Ever the marvel among us that one should be left alive,
Ever the day with its traitorous death from the loopholes
around,

Ever the night with its coffinless corpse to be laid in the
ground;

Heat like the mouth of a hell, or a deluge of cataract
skies,

Stench of old offal decaying, and infinite torment of flies,
Thoughts of the breezes of May blowing over an English
field,

Cholera, scurvy, and fever, the wound that *would* not be
healed,

Lopping away of the limb by the pitiful-pitiless knife,—
Torture and trouble in vain—for it never could save us a
life;

Valor of delicate women who tended the hospital bed,
Horror of women in travail among the dying and dead,
Grief for our perishing children, and never a moment for
grief,

Toil and ineffable weariness, faltering hopes of relief,
Havelock baffled, or beaten, or, butchered for all that we
knew—

Then day and night, day and night, coming down on the
still shattered walls,

Millions of musket-bullets, and thousands of cannon-balls—
But ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

VII

Hark cannonade, fusilade! is it true what was told by the
scout—
Outram and Havelock breaking their way through the fell
mutineers?
Surely the pibroch of Europe is ringing again in our ears!
All on a sudden the garrison utter a jubilant shout,
Havelock's glorious Highlanders answer with conquering
cheers,
Sick from the hospital echo them, women and children come
out,
Blessing the wholesome white faces of Havelock's good fusil-
eers,
Kissing the war-hardened hand of the Highlander wet with
their tears!
Dance to the pibroch!—saved! we are saved!—is it you? is
it you?
Saved by the valor of Havelock, saved by the blessing of
Heaven!
“Hold it for fifteen days!” we have held it for eighty-seven!
And ever aloft on the palace roof the old banner of Eng-
land blew.

Alfred Tennyson [1809–1892]

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW

[SEPTEMBER 26, 1857]

OH, that last day in Lucknow fort!
We knew that it was the last;
That the enemy's lines crept surely on,
And the end was coming fast.

To yield to that foe meant worse than death;
And the men and we all worked on;
It was one day more of smoke and roar,
And then it would all be done.

There was one of us, a corporal's wife,
A fair, young, gentle thing,
Wasted with fever in the siege,
And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground, in her Scottish plaid,
And I took her head on my knee;
“When my father comes hame frae the pleugh,” she said,
“Oh! then please wauken me.”

She slept like a child on her father’s floor,
In the flecking of woodbine-shade,
When the house-dog sprawls by the open door,
And the mother’s wheel is stayed.

It was smoke and roar and powder-stench,
And hopeless waiting for death;
And the soldier’s wife, like a full-tired child,
Seemed scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep; and I had my dream
Of an English village-lane,
And wall and garden;—but one wild scream
Brought me back to the roar again.

There Jessie Brown stood listening
Till a sudden gladness broke
All over her face; and she caught my hand
And drew me near as she spoke:—

“The Hielanders! O! dinna ye hear
The slogan far awa’?
The McGregor’s. O! I ken it weel;
It’s the grandest o’ them a’!

“God bless the bonny Hielanders!
We’re saved! we’re saved!” she cried;
And fell on her knees; and thanks to God
Flowed forth like a full flood-tide.

Along the battery-line her cry
Had fallen among the men,
And they started back;—they were there to die;
But was life so near them, then?

They listened for life; the rattling fire
Far off, and the far-off roar,
Were all; and the colonel shook his head,
And they turned to their guns once more.

But Jessie said, "The slogan's done;
But winna ye hear it noo,—
The Campbells are comin'? It's no a dream;
Our succors hae broken through!"

We heard the roar and the rattle afar,
But the pipes we could not hear;
So the men plied their work of hopeless war,
And knew that the end was near.

It was not long ere it made its way,—
A thrilling, ceaseless sound:
It was no noise from the strife afar,
Or the sappers under ground.

It *was* the pipes of the Highlanders!
And now they played *Auld Lang Syne*,
It came to our men like the voice of God,
And they shouted along the line.

And they wept, and shook one another's hands,
And the women sobbed in a crowd;
And every one knelt down where he stood,
And we all thanked God aloud.

That happy time, when we welcomed them,
Our men put Jessie first;
And the general gave her his hand, and cheers
Like a storm from the soldiers burst.

And the pipers' ribbons and tartans streamed,
Marching round and round our line;
And our joyful cheers were broken with tears,
As the pipes played *Auld Lang Syne*.

Robert Traill Spence Lowell [1816–1891]

THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS; OR, THE BRITISH
SOLDIER IN CHINA

[1857]

LAST night, among his fellow roughs,
He jested, quaffed, and swore;
A drunken private of the Buffs,
Who never looked before.
To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,
He stands in Elgin's place,
Ambassador from Britain's crown,
And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
Bewildered, and alone,
A heart, with English instinct fraught,
He yet can call his own.
Ay, tear his body limb from limb,
Bring cord, or axe, or flame,
He only knows that not through him
Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hop-fields round him seemed,
Like dreams, to come and go;
Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleamed,
One sheet of living snow;
The smoke above his father's door
In gray soft eddyings hung;
Must he then watch it rise no more,
Doomed by himself, so young?

Yes, honor calls!—with strength like steel
He put the vision by;
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel,
An English lad must die.
And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
With knee to man unbent,
Unflinching on its dreadful brink,
To his red grave he went.

How Old Brown Took Harper's Ferry 2417

Vain, mightiest fleets of iron framed,
Vain, those all-shattering guns,
Unless proud England keep, untamed,
The strong heart of her sons;
So let his name through Europe ring,—
A man of mean estate,
Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,
Because his soul was great.

Francis Hastings Doyle [1810-1888]

HOW OLD BROWN TOOK HARPER'S FERRY

[OCTOBER 16, 1859]

JOHN BROWN in Kansas settled, like a steadfast Yankee
farmer,
Brave and godly, with four sons, all stalwart men of
might.

There he spoke aloud for freedom, and the Border-strife
grew warmer,
Till the Rangers fired his dwelling, in his absence, in the
night;

And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Came homeward in the morning—to find his house burned
down.

Then he grasped his trusty rifle and boldly fought for free-
dom;

Smote from border unto border the fierce, invading
band;

And he and his brave boys vowed—so might Heaven help
and speed 'em!—

They would save those grand old prairies from the curse
that blights the land;

And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Said, "Boys, the Lord will aid us!" and he shoved his ram-
rod down.

And the Lord *did* aid these men, and they labored day and even,
Saving Kansas from its peril; and their very lives seemed charmed,
Till the ruffians killed one son, in the blessed light of Heaven:
In cold blood the fellows slew him, as he journeyed all unarmed;

Then Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Shed not a tear, but shut his teeth, and frowned a terrible frown!

Then they seized another brave boy,—not amid the heat of battle,
But in peace, behind his ploughshare,—and they loaded him with chains,
And with pikes, before their horses, even as they goad their cattle,
Drove him cruelly, for their sport, and at last blew out his brains;

Then Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Raised his right hand up to Heaven, calling Heaven's vengeance down.

And he swore a fearful oath, by the name of the Almighty,
He would hunt this ravening evil that had scathed and torn him so;
He would seize it by the vitals; he would crush it day and night; he
Would so pursue its footsteps, so return it blow for blow,
That Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Should be a name to swear by, in backwoods or in town!

Then his beard became more grizzled, and his wild blue eye grew wilder,
And more sharply curved his hawk's-nose, snuffing battle from afar;

How Old Brown Took Harper's Ferry 2419

And he and the two boys left, though the Kansas strife
waxed milder,

Grew more sullen, till was over the bloody Border War,
And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,

Had gone crazy, as they reckoned by his fearful glare and
frown.

So he left the plains of Kansas and their bitter woes behind
him,

Slipped off into Virginia, where the statesmen all are born.
Hired a farm by Harper's Ferry, and no one knew where to
find him,

Or whether he'd turned parson, or was jacketed and shorn;
For Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,

Mad as he was, knew texts enough to wear a parson's gown.

He bought no ploughs and harrows, spades and shovels,
and such trifles;

But quietly to his rancho there came, by every train,
Boxes full of pikes and pistols, and his well-beloved Sharp's
rifles;

And eighteen other madmen joined their leader there again.

Says Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,

"Boys, we've got an army large enough to march and take
the town!

"Take the town, and seize the muskets, free the negroes,
and then arm them;

Carry the County and the State, ay, and all the potent
South.

On their own heads be the slaughter, if their victims rise to
harm them—

These Virginians! who believed not, nor would heed the
warning mouth."

Says Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,

"The world shall see a Republic, or my name is not John
Brown."

'Twas the sixteenth of October, on the evening of a Sunday:
"This good work," declared the captain, "shall be on a
holy night!"

It was on a Sunday evening, and before the noon of Monday,
With two sons, and Captain Stephens, fifteen privates
—black and white,

Captain Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Marched across the bridged Potomac, and knocked the sen-
try down;

Took the guarded armory-building, and the muskets and
the cannon;

Captured all the county majors and the colonels, one by
one;

Scared to death each gallant scion of Virginia they ran on,
And before the noon of Monday, I say, the deed was done.

Mad Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
With his eighteen other crazy men, went in and took the
town.

Very little noise and bluster, little smell of powder made he;
It was all done in the midnight, like the Emperor's *coup
d'etat*.

"Cut the wires! Stop the rail-cars! Hold the streets and
bridges!" said he,

Then declared the new Republic, with himself for guiding
star,—

This Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
And the bold two thousand citizens ran off and left the town.

Then was riding and railroading and expressing here and
thither;

And the Martinsburg Sharpshooters and the Charlestown
Volunteers,

And the Shepherdstown and Winchester Militia hastened
whither

Old Brown was said to muster his ten thousand grenadiers.

How Old Brown Took Harper's Ferry 2421

General Brown!

Osawatomie Brown!

Behind whose rampant banner all the North was pouring
down.

But at last, 'tis said, some prisoners escaped from Old
Brown's durance,

And the effervescent valor of the Chivalry broke out,
When they learned that nineteen madmen had the mar-
vellous assurance—

Only nineteen—thus to seize the place and drive them
straight about;

And Old Brown,

Osawatomie Brown,

Found an army come to take him, encamped around the
town.

But to storm, with all the forces I have mentioned, was too
risky;

So they hurried off to Richmond for the Government
Marines,

Tore them from their weeping matrons, fired their souls with
Bourbon whiskey,

Till they battered down Brown's castle with their ladders
and machines;

And Old Brown,

Osawatomie Brown,

Received three bayonet stabs, and a cut on his brave old
crown.

Tallyho! the old Virginia gentry gather to the baying!

In they rushed and killed the game, shooting lustily
away;

And whene'er they slew a rebel, those who came too late
for slaying,

Not to lose a share of glory, fired their bullets in his clay;

And Old Brown,

Osawatomie Brown,

Saw his sons fall dead beside him, and between them laid
him down.

How the conquerors wore their laurels; how they hastened
on the trial;

How Old Brown was placed, half dying, on the Charles-
town court-house floor;

How he spoke his grand oration, in the scorn of all denial;

What the brave old madman told them,—these are known
the country o'er.

“Hang Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,”

Said the judge, “and all such rebels!” with his most judicial
frown.

But, Virginians, don't do it! for I tell you that the flagon,
Filled with blood of Old Brown's offspring, was first poured
by Southern hands;

And each drop from Old Brown's life-veins, like the red gore
of the dragon,

May spring up a vengeful Fury, hissing through your
slave-worn lands!

And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,

May trouble you more than ever, when you've nailed his
coffin down!

Edmund Clarence Stedman [1833–1908]

BROWN OF OSSAWATOMIE

[DECEMBER 2, 1859]

JOHN BROWN of Ossawatomie spake on his dying day:

“I will not have to shrive my soul a priest in Slavery's pay.
But let some poor slave-mother whom I have striven to
free,

With her children, from the gallows-stair put up a prayer
for me!”

John Brown of Ossawatomie, they led him out to die;

And lo! a poor slave-mother with her little child pressed
nigh.

Then the bold, blue eye grew tender, and the old harsh face
grew mild,
As he stooped between the jeering ranks and kissed the
negro's child!

The shadows of his stormy life that moment fell apart;
And they who blamed the bloody hand forgave the loving
heart.

That kiss from all its guilty means redeemed the good intent,
And round the grisly fighter's hair the martyr's aureole bent!

Perish with him the folly that seeks through evil good!
Long live the generous purpose unstained with human blood!
Not the raid of midnight terror, but the thought which underlies;
Not the borderer's pride of daring, but the Christian's sacrifice.

Nevermore may yon Blue Ridges the Northern rifle hear,
Nor see the light of blazing homes flash on the negro's spear;
But let the free-winged angel Truth their guarded passes
scale,
To teach that right is more than might, and justice more
than mail!

So vainly shall Virginia set her battle in array;
In vain her trampling squadrons knead the winter snow with
clay.
She may strike the pouncing eagle, but she dares not harm
the dove;

And every gate she bars to Hate, shall open wide to Love!

John Greenleaf Whittier [1807-1892]

BROTHER JONATHAN'S LAMENT FOR SISTER CAROLINE

[DECEMBER 20, 1860]

SHE has gone,—she has left us in passion and pride,—
Our stormy-browed sister, so long at our side!
She has torn her own star from our firmament's glow,
And turned on her brother the face of a foe!

Oh, Caroline, Caroline, child of the sun,
We can never forget that our hearts have been one,—
Our foreheads both sprinkled in Liberty's name,
From the fountain of blood with the finger of flame!

You were always too ready to fire at a touch;
But we said: "She is hasty,—she does not mean much."
We have scowled when you uttered some turbulent threat;
But Friendship still whispered: "Forgive and forget!"

Has our love all died out? Have its altars grown cold?
Has the curse come at last which the fathers foretold?
Then Nature must teach us the strength of the chain
That her petulant children would sever in vain.

They may fight till the buzzards are gorged with their spoil,
Till the harvest grows black as it rots in the soil,
Till the wolves and the catamounts troop from their caves,
And the shark tracks the pirate, the lord of the waves:

In vain is the strife! When its fury is past,
Their fortunes must flow in one channel at last,
As the torrents that rush from the mountains of snow
Roll mingled in peace through the valleys below.

Our Union is river, lake, ocean, and sky;
Man breaks not the medal, when God cuts the die!
Though darkened with sulphur, though cloven with steel,
The blue arch will brighten, the waters will heal!

Oh, Caroline, Caroline, child of the sun,
There are battles with Fate that can never be won!
The star-flowering banner must never be furled,
For its blossoms of light are the hope of the world!

Go, then, our rash sister! afar and aloof,
Run wild in the sunshine away from our roof;
But when your heart aches and your feet have grown sore,
Remember the pathway that leads to our door!

Oliver Wendell Holmes [1809–1894]

THE GREAT BELL ROLAND

SUGGESTED BY THE PRESIDENT'S CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS

[APRIL, 1861]

I

TOLL! Roland, toll!
—High in St. Bavon's tower,
At midnight hour,
The great bell Roland spoke,
And all who slept in Ghent awoke.
—What meant its iron stroke?
Why caught each man his blade?
Why the hot haste he made?
Why echoed every street
With tramp of thronging feet—
All flying to the city's wall?
It was the call
Known well to all,
That Freedom stood in peril of some foe:
And even timid hearts grew bold
Whenever Roland tolled,
And every hand a sword could hold;—
For men
Were patriots then,
Three hundred years ago!

II

Toll! Roland, toll!
Bell never yet was hung,
Between whose lips there swung
So true and brave a tongue!
—If men be patriots still,
At thy first sound
True hearts will bound,
Great souls will thrill—
Then toll! and wake the test
In each man's breast,
And let him stand confessed!

III

Toll! Roland, toll!
 —Not in St. Bavon's tower
 At midnight hour,—
 Nor by the Scheldt, nor far-off Zuyder Zee;
 But here—this side the sea!—
 And here in broad, bright day!
 Toll! Roland, toll!
 For not by night awaits
 A brave foe at the gates,
 But Treason stalks abroad—inside!—at noon!
 Toll! Thy alarm is not too soon!
 To arms! Ring out the Leader's call!
 Reëcho it from East to West,
 Till every dauntless breast
 Swell beneath plume and crest!
 Toll! Roland, toll!
 Till swords from scabbards leap!
 Toll! Roland, toll!
 —What tears can widows weep
 Less bitter than when brave men fall?
 Toll! Roland, toll!
 Till cottager from cottage-wall
 Snatch pouch and powder-horn and gun—
 The heritage of sire to son,
 Ere half of Freedom's work was done!
 Toll! Roland, toll!
 Till son, in memory of his sire,
 Once more shall load and fire
 Toll! Roland, toll!
 Till volunteers find out the art
 Of aiming at a traitor's heart!

IV

Toll! Roland, toll!
 —St. Bavon's stately tower
 Stands to this hour,—
 And by its side stands Freedom yet in Ghent;
 For when the bells now ring,
 Men shout, "God save the King!"

Until the air is rent!
—Amen!—So let it be;
For a true king is he
Who keeps his people free.
Toll! Roland, toll!
This side the sea!
No longer they, but we,
Have now such need of thee!
Toll! Roland, toll!
And let thy iron throat
Ring out its warning note,
Till Freedom's perils be outbraved,
And Freedom's flag, wherever waved,
Shall overshadow none enslaved!
Toll! till from either ocean's strand,
Brave men shall clasp each other's hand,
And shout, "God save our native land!"
—And love the land which God hath saved!
Toll! Roland, toll!

Theodore Tilton [1835-1907]

THE PICKET-GUARD

[NOVEMBER, 1861]

"ALL quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'Tis nothing: a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fire, are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh of the gentle night-wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping,
While the stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard, for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack; his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep—
For their mother—may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night, when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips—when low-murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree;
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Towards the shade of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle . . . “Ha! Mary, good-by!”
The red life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night;
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket's off duty forever.

Ethel Lynn Beers [1827–1879]

CIVIL WAR

[1861]

“RIFLEMAN, shoot me a fancy shot
Straight at the heart of yon prowling vidette;
Ring me a ball in the glittering spot
That shines on his breast like an amulet!”

“Ah, captain! here goes for a fine-drawn bead,
There’s music around when my barrel’s in tune!”
Crack! went the rifle, the messenger sped,
And dead from his horse fell the ringing dragoon.

“Now, rifleman, steal through the bushes, and snatch
From your victim some trinket to handsel first blood;
A button, a loop, or that luminous patch
That gleams in the moon like a diamond stud!”

“O captain! I staggered, and sunk on my track,
When I gazed on the face of that fallen vidette,
For he looked so like you, as he lay on his back,
That my heart rose upon me, and masters me yet.

“But I snatched off the trinket,—this locket of gold;
An inch from the center my lead broke its way,
Scarce grazing the picture, so fair to behold,
Of a beautiful lady in bridal array.”

“Ha! rifleman, fling me the locket!—’tis she,
My brother’s young bride,—and the fallen dragoon
Was her husband—Hush! soldier, ’twas Heaven’s decree;
We must bury him there, by the light of the moon!

“But, hark! the far bugles their warnings unite;
War is a virtue,—weakness a sin;
There’s a lurking and loping around us to-night;
Load again, rifleman, keep your hand in!”

Charles Dawson Shanly [1811-1875]

KEARNY AT SEVEN PINES

[MAY 31, 1862]

So that soldierly legend is still on its journey,—
That story of Kearny who knew not to yield!
’Twas the day when with Jameson, fierce Berry, and Birney,
Against twenty thousand he rallied the field.

Where the red volleys poured, where the clamor rose highest,
 Where the dead lay in clumps through the dwarf oak and
 pine,

Where the aim from the thicket was surest and nighest,—
 No charge like Phil Kearny's along the whole line.

When the battle went ill, and the bravest were solemn,
 Near the dark Seven Pines, where we still held our ground.
 He rode down the length of the withering column,
 And his heart at our war-cry leapt up with a bound;
 He snuffed, like his charger, the wind of the powder,—
 His sword waved us on and we answered the sign;
 Loud our cheer as we rushed, but his laugh rang the louder,
 "There's the devil's own fun, boys, along the whole line!"

How he strode his brown steed! How we saw his blade
 brighten

In the one hand still left,—and the reins in his teeth!
 He laughed like a boy when the holidays heighten,
 But a soldier's glance shot from his visor beneath.
 Up came the reserves to the mellay infernal,
 Asking where to go in,—through the clearing or pine?
 "Oh, anywhere! Forward! 'Tis all the same, Colonel:
 You'll find lovely fighting along the whole line!"

Oh, evil the black shroud of night at Chantilly,
 That hid him from sight of his brave men and tried!
 Foul, foul sped the bullet that clipped the white lily,
 The flower of our knighthood, the whole army's pride!
 Yet we dream that he still,—in that shadowy region
 Where the dead form their ranks at the wan drummer's
 sign,—

Rides on, as of old, down the length of his legion,
 And the word still is "Forward!" along the whole line.

Edmund Clarence Stedman [1833-1908]

BARBARA FRIETCHIE

[SEPTEMBER 13, 1862]

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
 Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as the garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall;

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.

“Halt!”—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
“Fire!”—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word;

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

John Greenleaf Whittier [1807-1892]

KEENAN'S CHARGE

[MAY 2, 1863]

I

THE sun had set;
The leaves with dew were wet:—
Down fell a bloody dusk
On the woods, that second of May,
Where "Stonewall's" corps, like a beast of prey,
Tore through, with angry tusk.

"They've trapped us, boys!"
Rose from our flank a voice.
With rush of steel and smoke
On came the rebels straight,
Eager as love and wild as hate;
And our line reeled and broke;

Broke and fled.
Not one stayed,— but the dead!
With curses, shrieks, and cries,
Horses and wagons and men
Tumbled back through the shuddering glen,
And above us the fading skies.

There's one hope, still,—
Those batteries, parked on the hill!
"Battery, wheel!" ('mid the roar),
"Pass pieces; fix prolonge to fire
Retiring. Trot!" In the panic dire
A bugle rings "Trot!"—and no more.

The horses plunged,
The cannon lurched and lunged,

To join the hopeless rout.
But suddenly rose a form
Calmly in front of the human storm,
With a stern, commanding shout:

“Align those guns!”
(We knew it was Pleasonton’s.)
The cannoneers bent to obey,
And worked with a will at his word,
And the black guns moved as if *they* had heard.
But, ah, the dread delay!

“To wait is crime;
O God, for ten minutes’ time!”
The General looked around.
There Keenan sat, like a stone,
With his three hundred horse alone,
Less shaken than the ground.

“Major, your men?”
“Are soldiers, General.” “Then,
Charge, Major! Do your best;
Hold the enemy back, at all cost,
Till my guns are placed;—else the army is lost.
You die to save the rest!”

II

By the shrouded gleam of the western skies,
Brave Keenan looked into Pleasonton’s eyes
For an instant—clear, and cool, and still;
Then, with a smile, he said: “I will.”

“Cavalry, charge!” Not a man of them shrank.
Their sharp, full cheer, from rank on rank,
Rose joyously, with a willing breath,—
Rose like a greeting hail to death.

Then forward they sprang, and spurred, and clashed;
Shouted the officers, crimson-sashed;
Rode well the men, each brave as his fellow,
In their faded coats of the blue and yellow;

And above in the air, with an instinct true,
Like a bird of war their pennon flew.

With clank of scabbards and thunder of steeds,
And blades that shine like sunlit reeds,
And strong brown faces bravely pale
For fear their proud attempt shall fail,
Three hundred Pennsylvanians close
On twice ten thousand gallant foes.

Line after line the troopers came
To the edge of the wood that was ringed with flame;
Rode in, and sabred, and shot,—and fell:
Nor came one back his wounds to tell.
And full in the midst rose Keenan, tall,
In the gloom, like a martyr awaiting his fall,
While the circle-stroke of his sabre, swung
'Round his head, like a halo there, luminous hung.

Line after line, aye, whole platoons,
Struck dead in their saddles, of brave dragoons
By the maddened horses were onward borne
And into the vortex flung, trampled and torn;
As Keenan fought with his men, side by side.

So they rode, till there were no more to ride.

But over them, lying there shattered and mute,
What deep echo rolls? 'Tis a death-salute
From the cannon in place; for, heroes, you braved
Your fate not in vain: the army was saved!

Over them now,—year following year,—
Over their graves the pine-cones fall,
And the whippoorwill chants his spectre-call;
But they stir not again; they raise no cheer;
They have ceased. But their glory shall never cease,
Nor their light be quenched in the light of peace.
The rush of their charge is resounding still,
That saved the army at Chancellorsville.

George Parsons Lathrop [1851-1898]

THE BLACK REGIMENT

[PORT HUDSON, MAY 27, 1863]

DARK as the clouds of even,
Ranked in the western heaven,
Waiting the breath that lifts
All the dead mass, and drifts
Tempest and falling brand
Over a ruined land,—
So still and orderly,
Arm to arm, knee to knee,
Waiting the great event,
Stands the black regiment.

Down the long dusky line
Teeth gleam and eyeballs shine;
And the bright bayonet,
Bristling and firmly set,
Flashed with a purpose grand,
Long ere the sharp command
Of the fierce rolling drum
Told them their time had come,
Told them what work was sent
For the black regiment.

“Now,” the flag-sergeant cried,
“Though death and hell betide,
Let the whole nation see
If we are fit to be
Free in this land; or bound
Down, like the whining hound,—
Bound with red stripes of pain
In our old chains again!”
Oh, what a shout there went
From the black regiment!

“Charge!” Trump and drum awoke;
Onward the bondmen broke;
Bayonet and saber-stroke

Vainly opposed their rush.
 Through the wild battle's crush,
 With but one thought aflush,
 Driving their lords like chaff,
 In the guns' mouths they laugh;
 Or at the slippery brands,
 Leaping with open hands,
 Down they tear man and horse,
 Down in their awful course;
 Trampling with bloody heel
 Over the crashing steel,
 All their eyes forward bent,
 Rushed the black regiment.

"Freedom!" their battle-cry,—
 "Freedom! or leave to die!"
 Ah! and they meant the word,
 Not as with us 'tis heard,
 Not a mere party shout:
 They gave their spirits out;
 Trusted the end to God,
 And on the gory sod
 Rolled in triumphant blood.
 Glad to strike one free blow,
 Whether for weal or woe;
 Glad to breathe one free breath,
 Though on the lips of death;
 Praying,—alas! in vain!—
 That they might fall again,
 So they could once more see
 That burst to liberty!
 This was what "freedom" lent
 To the black regiment.

Hundreds on hundreds fell;
 But they are resting well;
 Scourges and shackles strong
 Never shall do them wrong.
 Oh, to the living few,
 Soldiers, be just and true!

Hail them as comrades tried;
Fight with them side by side;
Never, in field or tent,
Scorn the black regiment!

George Henry Boker [1823–1890]

THE HIGH TIDE AT GETTYSBURG

[JULY 3, 1863]

A CLOUD possessed the hollow field,
The gathering battle's smoky shield:
 Athwart the gloom the lightning flashed,
 And through the cloud some horsemen dashed,
And from the heights the thunder pealed.

Then, at the brief command of Lee,
Moved out that matchless infantry,
 With Pickett leading grandly down,
 To rush against the roaring crown
Of those dread heights of destiny.

Far heard above the angry guns,
A cry across the tumult runs:
 The voice that rang through Shiloh's woods,
 And Chickamauga's solitudes:
The fierce South cheering on her sons!

Ah, how the withering tempest blew
Against the front of Pettigrew!
 A Khamsin wind that scorched and singed,
 Like that infernal flame that fringed
The British squares at Waterloo!

A thousand fall where Kemper led;
A thousand died where Garnett bled;
 In blinding flame and strangling smoke,
 The remnant through the batteries broke,
And crossed the works with Armistead.

The High Tide at Gettysburg 2439

"Once more in Glory's van with me!"

Virginia cried to Tennessee:

 "We two together, come what may,
 Shall stand upon those works to-day!"
The reddest day in history.

Brave Tennessee! In reckless way

Virginia heard her comrade say:

 "Close round this rent and riddled rag!"
 What time she set her battle-flag
Amid the guns of Doubleday.

But who shall break the guards that wait
Before the awful face of Fate?

 The tattered standards of the South
 Were shrivelled at the cannon's mouth,
And all her hopes were desolate.

In vain the Tennesseean set

His breast against the bayonet;

 In vain Virginia charged and raged,
 A tigress in her wrath uncaged,
Till all the hill was red and wet!

Above the bayonets, mixed and crossed,

Men saw a gray, gigantic ghost

 Receding through the battle-cloud,
 And heard across the tempest loud
The death-cry of a nation lost!

The brave went down! Without disgrace

They leaped to Ruin's red embrace;

 They only heard Fame's thunders wake,
 And saw the dazzling sun-burst break
In smiles on Glory's bloody face!

They fell, who lifted up a hand

And bade the sun in heaven to stand;

 They smote and fell, who set the bars
 Against the progress of the stars,
And stayed the march of Motherland!

They stood, who saw the future come
On through the fight's delirium;
They smote and stood, who held the hope
Of nations on that slippery slope,
Amid the cheers of Christendom!

God lives! He forged the iron will,
That clutched and held that trembling hill!
God lives and reigns! He built and lent
The heights for Freedom's battlement,
Where floats her flag in triumph still!

Fold up the banners! Smelt the guns!
Love rules. Her gentler purpose runs.
A mighty mother turns in tears,
The pages of her battle years,
Lamenting all her fallen sons!

Will Henry Thompson [1848-

JOHN BURNS OF GETTYSBURG

HAVE you heard the story that gossips tell
Of Burns of Gettysburg? No? Ah, well:
Brief is the glory that hero earns,
Briefer the story of poor John Burns:
He was the fellow who won renown,—
The only man who didn't back down
When the rebels rode through his native town;
But held his own in the fight next day,
When all his townsfolk ran away.
That was in July, sixty-three,—
The very day that General Lee,
Flower of Southern chivalry,
Baffled and beaten, backward reeled
From a stubborn Meade and a barren field.

I might tell how, but the day before,
John Burns stood at his cottage door,
Looking down the village street,

Where, in the shade of his peaceful vine,
He heard the low of his gathered kine,
And felt their breath with incense sweet;
Or I might say, when the sunset burned
The old farm gable, he thought it turned
The milk that fell like a babbling flood
Into the milk-pail, red as blood!
Or how he fancied the hum of bees
Were bullets buzzing among the trees.
But all such fanciful thoughts as these
Were strange to a practical man like Burns,
Who minded only his own concerns,
Troubled no more by fancies fine
Than one of his calm-eyed, long-tailed kine,—
Quite old-fashioned and matter-of-fact,
Slow to argue, but quick to act.
That was the reason, as some folks say,
He fought so well on that terrible day.

And it was terrible. On the right
Raged for hours the heady fight,
Thundered the battery's double bass,—
Difficult music for men to face;
While on the left—where now the graves
Undulate like the living waves
That all that day unceasing swept
Up to the pits the rebels kept—
Round-shot ploughed the upland glades,
Sown with bullets, reaped with blades;
Shattered fences here and there
Tossed their splinters in the air;
The very trees were stripped and bare;
The barns that once held yellow grain
Were heaped with harvests of the slain;
The cattle bellowed on the plain,
The turkeys screamed with might and main,
The brooding barn-fowl left their rest
With strange shells bursting in each nest.

Just where the tide of battle turns,
Erect and lonely, stood old John Burns.

How do you think the man was dressed?
He wore an ancient long buff vest,
Yellow as saffron,—but his best;
And, buttoned over his manly breast,
Was a bright blue coat, with a rolling collar,
And large gilt buttons,—size of a dollar,—
With tails that the country-folk called “swaller.”
He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat,
White as the locks on which it sat.
Never had such a sight been seen
For forty years on the village green,
Since old John Burns was a country beau,
And went to the “quiltings” long ago.

Close at his elbows all that day,
Veterans of the Peninsula,
Sunburnt and bearded, charged away;
And striplings, downy of lip and chin,—
Clerks that the Home-Guard mustered in,—
Glanced, as they passed, at the hat he wore,
Then at the rifle his right hand bore;
And hailed him, from out their youthful lore,
With scraps of a slangy repertoire:
“How are you, White Hat?” “Put her through!”
“Your head’s level!” and “Bully for you!”
Called him “Daddy,”—begged he’d disclose
The name of the tailor who made his clothes,
And what was the value he set on those;
While Burns, unmindful of jeer or scoff,
Stood there picking the rebels off,—
With his long brown rifle, and bell-crowned hat,
And the swallow-tails they were laughing at.

’Twas but a moment, for that respect
Which clothes all courage their voices checked;
And something the wildest could understand
Spake in the old man’s strong right hand,
And his corded throat, and the lurking frown
Of his eyebrows under his old bell-crown;
Until, as they gazed, there crept an awe
Through the ranks in whispers, and some men saw,

In the antique vestments and long white hair,
The Past of the Nation in battle there;
And some of the soldiers since declare
That the gleam of his old white hat afar,
Like the crested plume of the brave Navarre,
That day was their oriflamme of war.

So raged the battle. You know the rest:
How the rebels, beaten and backward pressed,
Broke at the final charge and ran.
At which John Burns—a practical man—
Shouldered his rifle, unbent his brows,
And then went back to his bees and cows.

That is the story of old John Burns;
This is the moral the reader learns:
In fighting the battle, the question's whether
You'll show a hat that's white, or a feather!

Bret Harte [1839-1902]

FARRAGUT

[MOBILE BAY, AUGUST 5, 1864]

FARRAGUT, Farragut,
Old Heart of Oak,
Daring Dave Farragut,
Thunderbolt stroke,
Watches the hoary mist
Lift from the bay,
Till his flag, glory-kissed,
Greets the young day.

Far, by gray Morgan's walls,
Looms the black fleet.
Hark, deck to rampart calls
With the drums' beat!
Buoy your chains overboard,
While the steam hums;
Men! to the battlement,
Farragut comes.

See, as the hurricane
Hurtles in wrath
Squadrons of clouds amain
Back from its path!
Back to the parapet,
To the guns' lips,
Thunderbolt Farragut
Hurls the black ships.

Now through the battle's roar
Clear the boy sings,
"By the mark fathoms four,"
While his lead swings.
Steady the wheelmen five
"Nor' by East keep her,"
"Steady," but two alive:
How the shells sweep her!

Lashed to the mast that sways
Over red decks,
Over the flame that plays
Round the torn wrecks,
Over the dying lips
Framed for a cheer,
Farragut leads his ships,
Guides the line clear.

On by heights cannon-browed,
While the spars quiver;
Onward still flames the cloud
Where the hulks shiver.
See, yon fort's star is set,
Storm and fire past.
Cheer him, lads—Farragut,
Lashed to the mast!

Oh! while Atlantic's breast
Bears a white sail,
While the Gulf's towering crest
Tops a green vale,

Men thy bold deeds shall tell,
Old Heart of Oak,
Daring Dave Farragut,
Thunderbolt stroke!
William Tuckey Meredith [1839—

CRAVEN

[MOBILE BAY, AUGUST 5, 1864]

OVER the turret, shut in his ironclad tower,
Craven was conning his ship through smoke and flame;
Gun to gun he had battered the fort for an hour,
Now was the time for a charge to end the game.

There lay the narrowing channel, smooth and grim,
A hundred deaths beneath it, and never a sign:
There lay the enemy's ships, and sink or swim
The flag was flying, and he was head of the line.

The fleet behind was jamming: the monitor hung
Beating the stream; the roar for a moment hushed;
Craven spoke to the pilot; slow she swung;
Again he spoke, and right for the foe she rushed

Into the narrowing channel, between the shore
And the sunk torpedoes lying in treacherous rank;
She turned but a yard too short; a muffled roar,
A mountainous wave, and she rolled, righted, and sank.

Over the manhole, up in the ironclad tower,
Pilot and captain met as they turned to fly:
The hundredth part of a moment seemed an hour,
For one could pass to be saved, and one must die.

They stood like men in a dream; Craven spoke,—
Spoke as he lived and fought, with a captain's pride:
"After you, Pilot." The pilot woke,
Down the ladder he went, and Craven died.

All men praise the deed and the manner; but we—
We set it apart from the pride that stoops to the proud,
The strength that is supple to serve the strong and free,
The grave of the empty hands and promises loud;

Sidney thirsting a humbler need to slake,
Nelson waiting his turn for the surgeon's hand,
Lucas crushed with chains for a comrade's sake,
Outram coveting right before command,

These were paladins, these were Craven's peers,
These with him shall be crowned in story and song,
Crowned with the glitter of steel and the glimmer of tears,
Princes of courtesy, merciful, proud, and strong.

Henry Newbolt [1862—

SHERIDAN'S RIDE

[OCTOBER 19, 1864]

UP from the South, at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down:
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight;

As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell, but his heart was gay,
 With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprang from those swift hoofs, thundering south,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
 With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire;
But, lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
 With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;
What was done? what to do? a glance told him both,
Then, striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye, and the red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say:
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
 From Winchester town to save the day!"

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!

And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldier's Temple of Fame,
There, with the glorious general's name,
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester—twenty miles away!"

Thomas Buchanan Read [1822-1872]

SONG OF SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA

[NOVEMBER, 1864]

OUR camp-fires shone bright on the mountains
That frowned on the river below,
While we stood by our guns in the morning,
And eagerly watched for the foe;
When a rider came out from the darkness
That hung over mountain and tree,
And shouted: "Boys, up and be ready,
For Sherman will march to the sea."

Then cheer upon cheer for bold Sherman
Went up from each valley and glen,
And the bugles reëchoed the music
That came from the lips of the men:
For we knew that the stars in our banner
More bright in their splendor would be,
And that blessings from Northland would greet us
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

Then forward, boys, forward to battle!
We marched on our wearisome way,
And we stormed the wild hills of Resaca;
God bless those who fell on that day!
Then Kenesaw, dark in its glory,
Frowned down on the flag of the free,
But the East and the West bore our standards,
And Sherman marched on to the sea.

Still onward we pressed, till our banners
Swept out from Atlanta's grim walls,
And the blood of the patriot dampened
The soil where the traitor flag falls;
Yet we paused not to weep for the fallen,
Who slept by each river and tree;
We twined them a wreath of the laurel
As Sherman marched down to the sea.

Oh! proud was our army that morning,
That stood where the pine darkly towers,
When Sherman said: "Boys, you are weary;
This day fair Savannah is ours!"
Then sang we a song for our chieftain,
That echoed o'er river and lea,
And the stars in our banner shone brighter
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

Samuel H. M. Byers [1838-

A SECOND REVIEW OF THE GRAND ARMY

[MAY 24, 1865]

I READ last night of the Grand Review
In Washington's chiefest avenue,—
Two hundred thousand men in blue,
I think they said was the number,—
Till I seemed to hear their trampling feet,
The bugle blast and the drum's quick beat,
The clatter of hoofs in the stony street,
The cheers of people who came to greet,
And the thousand details that to repeat
Would only my verse encumber,—
Till I fell in a revery, sad and sweet,
And then to a fitful slumber.

When, lo! in a vision I seemed to stand
In the lonely Capitol. On each hand
Far stretched the portico, dim and grand
Its columns ranged like a martial band

Of sheeted spectres, whom some command
Had called to a last reviewing.
And the streets of the city were white and bare;
No footfall echoed across the square;
But out of the misty midnight air
I heard in the distance a trumpet blare,
And the wandering night-winds seemed to bear
The sound of a far tattooing.

Then I held my breath with fear and dread;
For into the square, with a brazen tread,
There rode a figure whose stately head
O'erlooked the review that morning,
That never bowed from its firm-set seat
When the living column passed its feet,
Yet now rode steadily up the street
To the phantom bugle's warning:

Till it reached the Capitol square, and wheeled,
And there in the moonlight stood revealed
A well-known form that in State and field
Had led our patriot sires:
Whose face was turned to the sleeping camp,
Afar through the river's fog and damp,
That showed no flicker, nor waning lamp,
Nor wasted bivouac fires.

And I saw a phantom army come,
With never a sound of fife or drum,
But keeping time to a throbbing hum
Of wailing and lamentation:
The martyred heroes of Malvern Hill,
Of Gettysburg and Chancellorsville,
The men whose wasted figures fill
The patriot graves of the nation.

And there came the nameless dead,—the men
Who perished in fever-swamp and fen,
The slowly-starved of the prison-pen;
And, marching beside the others,

Came the dusky martyrs of Pillow's fight,
With limbs enfranchised and bearing bright;
I thought—perhaps 'twas the pale moonlight—
They looked as white as their brothers!

And so all night marched the Nation's dead,
With never a banner above them spread,
Nor a badge, nor a motto brandishèd;
No mark—save the bare uncovered head
Of the silent bronze Reviewer;
With never an arch save the vaulted sky;
With never a flower save those that lie
On the distant graves—for love could buy
No gift that was purer or truer.

So all night long swept the strange array;
So all night long, till the morning gray,
I watched for one who had passed away,
With a reverent awe and wonder,—
Till a blue cap waved in the lengthening line,
And I knew that one who was kin of mine
Had come; and I spake—and lo! that sign
Awakened me from my slumber.

Bret Harte [1839-1902]

THE CONQUERED BANNER

FURL that Banner, for 'tis weary;
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;
Furl it, fold it—it is best;
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it;
And its foes now scorn and brave it;
Furl it, hide it—let it rest!

Take that Banner down! 'tis tattered;
Broken is its shaft and shattered;
And the valiant hosts are scattered

Over whom it floated high.
Oh, 'tis hard for us to fold it,
Hard to think there's none to hold it,
Hard that those who once unrolled it
Now must furl it with a sigh!

Furl that Banner—furl it sadly;
Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,
And ten thousands wildly, madly,
Swore it should forever wave—
Swore that foeman's sword should never
Hearts like theirs entwined dissever,
And that flag should float forever
O'er their freedom, or their grave!

Furl it! for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
Cold and dead are lying low;
And that Banner—it is trailing,
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe.

For, though conquered, they adore it—
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it!
Weep for those who fell before it!
Pardon those who trailed and tore it!
But, oh, wildly they deplore it,
Now who furl and fold it so!

Furl that Banner! True, 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story
Though its folds are in the dust!
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages—
Furl its folds though now we must!

Furl that Banner, softly, slowly;
Treat it gently—it is holy,

For it droops above the dead;
Touch it not—unfold it never;
Let it droop there, furled forever,—
For its people's hopes are fled.

Abram J. Ryan [1839–1888]

DRIVING HOME THE COWS

OUT of the clover and blue-eyed grass,
He turned them into the river-lane;
One after another he let them pass,
Then fastened the meadow-bars again.

Under the willows, and over the hill,
He patiently followed their sober pace;
The merry whistle for once was still,
And something shadowed the sunny face.

Only a boy! and his father had said
He never could let his youngest go:
Two already were lying dead
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,
And the frogs were loud in the meadow-swamp,
Over his shoulder he slung his gun,
And stealthily followed the foot-path damp,

Across the clover, and through the wheat,
With resolute heart and purpose grim,
Though cold was the dew on his hurrying feet,
And the blind bat's flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white,
And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom;
And now, when the cows came back at night,
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm
That three were lying where two had lain;
And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm
Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer day grew cold and late.

He went for the cows when the work was done;
But down the lane, as he opened the gate,
He saw them coming, one by one,—

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,
Shaking their horns in the evening wind;
Cropping the buttercups out of the grass,—
But who was it following close behind?

Loosely swung in the idle air
The empty sleeve of army blue;
And worn and pale, from the crisping hair,
Looked out a face that the father knew.

For Southern prisons will sometimes yawn,
And yield their dead unto life again;
And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn
In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes;
For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb;
And under the silent evening skies,
Together they followed the cattle home.

Kate Putnam Osgood [1841—

BEFORE SEDAN

[AUGUST 29—SEPTEMBER 1, 1870]

“The dead hand clasped a letter”—*Special Correspondence*

HERE in this leafy place,
Quiet he lies,
Cold, with his sightless face
Turned to the skies;
'Tis but another dead;
All you can say is said.

Carry his body hence,—
Kings must have slaves;
Kings climb to eminence
Over men's graves:

So this man's eye is dim;—
Throw the earth over him.

What was the white you touched,
There, at his side?
Paper his hand had clutched
Tight ere he died;—
Message or wish, may be:—
Smooth out the folds and see.

Hardly the worst of us
Here could have smiled!—
Only the tremulous
Words of a child;—
Prattle, that had for stops
Just a few ruddy drops.

Look. She is sad to miss.
Morning and night,
His—her dead father's—kiss;
Tries to be bright,
Good to mamma, and sweet.
That is all. "Marguerite."

Ah, if beside the dead
Slumbered the pain!
Ah, if the hearts that bled
Slept with the slain!
If the grief died;—But no;—
Death will not have it so.

Austin Dobson [1840—

CUSTER'S LAST CHARGE

[JUNE 25, 1876]

DEAD! Is it possible? He, the bold rider,
Custer, our hero, the first in the fight,
Charming the bullets of yore to fly wider,
Far from our battle-king's ringlets of light!

Dead, our young chieftain, and dead, all forsaken!
No one to tell us the way of his fall!
Slain in the desert, and never to waken,
Never, not even to victory's call!

Proud for his fame that last day that he met them!
All the night long he had been on their track,
Scorning their traps and the men that had set them,
Wild for a charge that should never give back.
There on the hilltop he halted and saw them.—
Lodges all loosened and ready to fly;
Hurrying scouts with the tidings to awe them,
Told of his coming before he was nigh.

All the wide valley was full of their forces,
Gathered to cover the lodges' retreat!—
Warriors running in haste to their horses,
Thousands of enemies close to his feet!
Down in the valleys the ages had hollowed,
There lay the Sitting Bull's camp for a prey!
Numbers! What recked he? What recked those who
followed—
Men who had fought ten to one ere that day?

Out swept the squadrons, the fated three hundred,
Into the battle-line steady and full;
Then down the hillside exultingly thundered,
Into the hordes of the old Sitting Bull!
Wild Ogalallah, Arapahoe, Cheyenne,
Wild Horse's braves, and the rest of their crew,
Shrank from that charge like a herd from a lion,—
Then closed around, the grim horde of wild Sioux!

Right to their centre he charged, and then facing—
Hark to those yells! and around them, O see!
Over the hilltops the Indians come racing,
Coming as fast as the waves of the sea!
Red was the circle of fire around them;
No hope of victory, no ray of light,
Shot through that terrible black cloud without them,
Brooding in death over Custer's last fight.

Then did he blench? Did he die like a craven,
 Begging those torturing fiends for his life?
 Was there a soldier who carried the Seven
 Flinched like a coward or fled from the strife?
 No, by the blood of our Custer, no quailing!
 There in the midst of the Indians they close,
 Hemmed in by thousands, but ever assailing,
 Fighting like tigers, all bayed amid foes!

Thicker and thicker the bullets came singing;
 Down go the horses and riders and all;
 Swiftly the warriors round them were ringing,
 Circling like buzzards awaiting their fall.
 See the wild steeds of the mountain and prairie,
 Savage eyes gleaming from forests of mane;
 Quivering lances with pennons so airy,
 War-painted warriors charging amain.

Backward, again and again, they were driven,
 Shrinking to close with the lost little band;
 Never a cap that had worn the bright Seven
 Bowed till its wearer was dead on the strand.
 Closer and closer the death-circle growing,
 Ever the leader's voice, clarion clear,
 Rang out his words of encouragement glowing,
 "We can but die once, boys,—we'll sell our lives dear!"

Dearly they sold them like Berserkers raging,
 Facing the death that encircled them round;
 Death's bitter pangs by their vengeance assuaging,
 Marking their tracks by their dead on the ground.
 Comrades, our children shall yet tell their story,—
 Custer's last charge on the old Sitting Bull;
 And ages shall swear that the cup of his glory
 Needed but that death to render it full.

Frederick Whittaker [1838—

THE LAST REDOUBT

[SEPTEMBER, 1877]

KACELYEVO's slope still felt
 The cannons' bolts and the rifles' pelt;

For the last redoubt up the hill remained,
By the Russ yet held, by the Turk not gained.

Mehemet Ali stroked his beard;
His lips were clinched and his look was weird;
Round him were ranks of his ragged folk,
Their faces blackened with blood and smoke.

“Clear me the Muscovite out!” he cried;
Then the name of “Allah!” echoed wide,
And the fezzes were waved and the bayonets lowered,
And on to the last redoubt they poured.

One fell, and a second quickly stopped
The gap that he left when he reeled and dropped;
The second,—a third straight filled his place;
The third,—and a fourth kept up the race.

Many a fez in the mud was crushed,
Many a throat that cheered was hushed,
Many a heart that sought the crest
Found Allah’s arms and a houri’s breast.

Over their corpses the living sprang,
And the ridge with their musket-rattle rang,
Till the faces that lined the last redoubt
Could see their faces and hear their shout.

In the redoubt a fair form towered,
That cheered up the brave and chid the coward;
Brandishing blade with a gallant air;
His head erect and his bosom bare.

“Fly! they are on us!” his men implored;
But he waved them on with his waving sword.
“It cannot be held; ’tis no shame to go!”
But he stood with his face set hard to the foe.

Then clung they about him, and tugged, and knelt;
He drew a pistol from out his belt,
And fired it blank at the first that set
Foot on the edge of the parapet

Over that first one toppled; but on
Clambered the rest till their bayonets shone,
As hurriedly fled his men dismayed,
Not a bayonet's length from the length of his blade.

“Yield!” But aloft his steel he flashed,
And down on their steel it ringing clashed;
Then back he reeled with a bladeless hilt,
His honor full, but his life-blood spilt.

They lifted him up from the dabbled ground;
His limbs were shapely and soft and round,
No down on his lip, on his cheek no shade,—
“Bismillah!” they cried, “’tis an infidel maid!”

Mehemet Ali came and saw
The riddled breast and the tender jaw.
“Make her a bier of your arms,” he said,
“And daintily bury this dainty dead!

“Make her a grave where she stood and fell,
’Gainst the jackal’s scratch and the vulture’s smell
Did the Muscovite men like their maidens fight,
In their lines we had scarcely supped to-night.”

So a deeper trench ’mong the trenches there
Was dug, for the form as brave as fair;
And none, till the judgment trump and shout,
Shall drive her out of the last redoubt.

Alfred Austin [1835–

“FUZZY-WUZZY”

(SOUDAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE, 1889)

WE’VE fought with many men acrost the seas,
An’ some of em’ was brave an’ some was not:
The Paythan an’ the Zulu an’ Burmese;
But the Fuzzy was the finest o’ the lot.

We never got a ha' porth's change of 'im:
 'E squatted in the scrub an' 'ocked our 'orses,
'E cut our sentries up at Suakim,
 An' 'e played the cat an' banjo with our forces.
 So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in
 the Sowdan;
 You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-class
 fightin' man;
 We gives you your certifikit, an' if you want it
 signed
 We'll come an' 'ave a romp with you whenever
 you're inclined.

We took our chanst among the Kyber 'ills,
 The Boers knocked us silly at a mile,
The Burman guv us Irriwaddy chills,
 An' a Zulu *impi* dished us up in style:
But all we ever got from such as they
 Was pop to what the Fuzzy made us swaller;
We 'eld our bloomin' own, the papers say,
 But man for man the Fuzzy knocked us 'oller.
 Then 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' the missis
 and the kid;
 Our orders was to break you, an' of course we
 went and did.
 We sloshed you with Martinis, an' it wasn't 'ardly
 fair;
 But for all the odds agin you, Fuzzy-Wuz, you
 bruk the square.

'E 'asn't got no papers of 'is own,
 'E 'asn't got no medals nor rewards,
So we most certify the skill 'e's shown
 In usin' of 'is long two-'anded swords:
When 'e's 'oppin' in an' out among the bush
 With 'is coffin-'eaded shield an' shovel-spear,
A 'appy day with Fuzzy on the rush
 Will last a 'ealthy Tommy for a year.
 So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' your friends
 which is no more,

The Word of the Lord from Havana 2461

If we 'adn't lost some messmates we would 'elp
you to deplore;
But give an' take's the gospel, an' we'll call the
bargain fair,
For if you 'ave lost more than us, you crumpled
up the square!

'E rushes at the smoke when we let drive,
An', before we know, 'e's 'ackin' at our 'ead;
'E's all 'ot sand an' ginger when alive,
An' 'e's generally shammin' when 'e's dead.
'E's a daisy, 'e's a ducky, 'e's a lamb!
'E's a injia-rubber idiot on a spree,
'E's the only thing that doesn't care a damn
For the Regiment o' British Infantee.
So here's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in
the Sowdan;
You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-class
fightin' man;
An' 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, with your 'ayrick
'ead of hair—
You big black boundin' beggar—for you bruk a
British square.

Rudyard Kipling [1865–

THE WORD OF THE LORD FROM HAVANA

[FEBRUARY 16, 1898]

THUS spake the Lord:
Because ye have not heard,
Because ye have given no heed
To my people in their need,

Because the oppressed cried
From the dust where he died,
And ye turned your face away
From his cry in that day,

Because ye have bought and sold
That which is above gold,

Because your brother is slain
While ye get you drunk with gain,

(Behold, these are my people, I have brought them to birth
On whom the mighty have trod,
The kings of the earth,
Saith the Lord God!)

Because ye fawned and bowed down
Lest the spoiler frown,
And the wrongs that the spoiled have borne
Ye have held in scorn,

Therefore with rending and flame
I have marred and smitten you,
Therefore I have given you to shame,
That the nations shall spit on you.

Therefore my Angel of Death
Hath stretched out his hand on you,
Therefore I speak in my wrath,
Laying command on you;

(Once have I bared my sword,
And the kings of the earth gave a cry;
Twice have I bared my sword,
That the kings of the earth should die;
Thrice shall I bare my sword,
And ye shall know my name, that it is I!)

Ye who held peace less than right
When a king laid a pitiful tax on you,
Hold not your hand from the fight
When freedom cries under the axe on you!

(I who called France to you, call you to Cuba in turn!
Repay—lest I cast you adrift and you perish astern!)

Ye who made war that your ships
Should lay to at the beck of no nation,
Make war now on Murder, that slips
The leash of her hounds of damnation!

Ye who remembered the Alamo,
Remember the Maine!

Richard Hovey [1864-1900]

DEWEY AT MANILA

[MAY 1, 1898]

'Twas the very verge of May
When the bold Olympia led
Into Bocagrande Bay
Dewey's squadron, dark and dread,—
Creeping past Corregidor,
Guardian of Manila's shore.

Do they sleep who wait the fray?
Is the moon so dazzling bright
That our cruisers' battle-gray
Melts into the misty light? . . .
Ah! the red flash and the roar!
Wakes at last Corregidor!

All too late their screaming shell
Tears the silence with its track;
This is but the *gate* of hell,
We've no leisure to turn back.
Answer, Concord!—then once more
Slumber on, Corregidor!

And as, like a slowing tide,
Onward still the vessels creep,
Dewey, watching, falcon-eyed,
Orders,—“Let the gunners sleep;
For we meet a foe at four
Fiercer than Corregidor.”

Well they slept, for well they knew
What the morrow taught us all,—
He was wise (as well as true)
Thus upon the foe to fall.
Long shall Spain the day deplore
Dewey ran Corregidor.

May is dancing into light
As the Spanish Admiral
From a dream of phantom fight
Wakens at his sentry's call.
Shall he leave Cavit 's lee,
Hunt the Yankee fleet at sea?

O Montojo, to thy deck,
That to-day shall float its last!
Quick! To quarters! Yonder speck
Grows a hull of portent vast.
Hither, toward Cavit 's lee
Comes the Yankee hunting thee!

Not for fear of hidden mine
Halts our doughty Commodore.
He, of old heroic line,
Follows Farragut once more,
Hazards all on victory,
Here within Cavit 's lee.

If he loses, all is gone;
He will win because he must.
And the shafts of yonder dawn
Are not quicker than his thrust.
Soon, Montojo, he shall be
With thee in Cavit 's lee.

Now, Manila, to the fray!
Show the hated Yankee host
This is not a holiday,—
Spanish blood is more than boast.
Fleet and mine and battery,
Crush him in Cavit 's lee!

Lo, hell's geysers at our fore
Pierce the plotted path—in vain,
Nerving every man the more
With the memory of the Maine!
Now at last our guns are free
Here within Cavit 's lee.

"Gridley," says the Commodore,
"You may fire when ready." Then
Long and loud, like lions' roar
When a rival dares the den,
Breaks the awful cannonry
Full across Cavité's lee.

Who shall tell the daring tale
Of our Thunderbolt's attack,
Finding, when the chart should fail,
By the lead his dubious track,
Five ships following faithfully
Five times o'er Cavité's lee;

Of our gunners' deadly aim;
Of the gallant foe and brave
Who, unconquered, faced with flame,
Seek the mercy of the wave,—
Choosing honor in the sea
Underneath Cavité's lee?

Let the meed the victors gain
Be the measure of their task.
Less of flinching, stouter strain,
Fiercer combat—who could ask?
And "surrender,"—'twas a word
That Cavité ne'er had heard.

Noon,—the woful work is done!
Not a Spanish ship remains;
But, of their eleven, none
Ever was so truly Spain's!
Which is prouder, they or we,
Thinking of Cavité's lee?

ENVOY

But remember, when we've ceased
Giving praise and reckoning odds,
Man shares courage with the beast,
Wisdom cometh from the gods:

Who would win, on land or wave,
Must be wise as well as brave.

Robert Underwood Johnson [1853-

DEEDS OF VALOR AT SANTIAGO

[JULY 1, 1898]

WHO cries that the days of daring are those that are faded
far,
That never a light burns planet-bright to be hailed as the
hero's star?
Let the deeds of the dead be laureled, the brave of the elder
years,
But a song, we say, for the men of to-day, who have proved
themselves their peers!

High in the vault of the tropic sky is the garish eye of the
sun,
And down with its crown of guns afrown looks the hilltop
to be won;
There is the trench where the Spaniard lurks, his hold and
his hiding-place,
And he who would cross the space between must meet death
face to face.

The black mouths belch and thunder, and the shrapnel
shrieks and flies;
Where are the fain and the fearless, the lads with the daunt-
less eyes?
Will the moment find them wanting! Nay, but with valor
stirred!
Like the leashed hound on the coursing-ground they wait
but the warning word.

"Charge!" and the line moves forward, moves with a shout
and a swing,
While sharper far than the cactus-thorn is the spiteful bul-
let's sting.

Now they are out in the open, and now they are breasting
the slope,
While into the eyes of death they gaze as into the eyes of
hope.

Never they wait nor waver, but on they clamber and on,
With "Up with the flag of the Stripes and Stars, and down
with the flag of the Don!"

What should they bear through the shot-rent air but rout
to the ranks of Spain,
For the blood that throbs in their hearts is the blood of the
boys of Anthony Wayne!

See, they have taken the trenches! Where are the foemen?
Gone!

And now "Old Glory" waves in the breeze from the heights
of San Juan!

And so, while the dead are laureled, the brave of the elder
years,

A song, we say, for the men of to-day, who have proved
themselves their peers.

Clinton Scollard [1860—

BREATH ON THE OAT

FREE are the Muses, and where freedom is
They follow, as the thrushes follow spring,
Leaving the old lands songless there behind;
Parnassus disenchanted suns its woods,
Empty of every nymph; wide have they flown;
And now on new sierras think to set
Their wandering court, and thrill the world anew,
Where the Republic babbling waits its speech;
For but the prelude of its mighty song
As yet has sounded. Therefore, would I woo
Apollo to the land I love, 'tis vain;
Unknown he spies on us; and if my verse
Ring not the empyrean round and round,
'Tis that the feeble oat is few of stops.

The noble theme awaits the nobler bard.
Then how all air will quire to it, and all
The great dead listen, America!—For lo,
Diana of the nations hath she lived
Remote, and hoarding her own happiness
In her own land, the land that seemed her first
An exile, where her bark was cast away,
Till maiden grew the backward-hearted child,
And on that sea whose waves were memories
Turned her young shoulder, looked with steadfast eyes
Upon her wilderness, her woods, her streams;
Inland she ran, and gathering virgin joy
Followed her shafts afar from humankind.
And if sometimes her isolation drooped
And yearning woke in her, she put it forth
With a high boast and with a sick disdain;
Actæons fleeing, into antlers branched
The floating tresses of her fancy, and far
Her arrows smote them with a bleeding laugh.
O vain and virgin, O the fool of love!
Now children not her own are at her knee.
For stricken by her path lay one that vexed
Her maiden calm; she reached a petulant hand;
And the old nations drew sharp breath and looked.
The two-edged sword, how came it in her hand?
The sword that slays the holder if he withhold,
That none can take, or having taken drop,
The sword is in thy hand, America!
The wrath of God, that fillets thee with lightnings,
America! Strike then; the sword departs.
Ah God, once more may men crown drowsy days
With glorious death, upholding a great cause!
I deemed it fable; not of them am I.
Yet if they loved thee on the loud May-day
Who with unexultant thunder wreathed the flag,
With thunder and with victory, if they
Who on the third most famous of our Fourths
Along the seaboard mountains swept, a storm
Unleashed, whose tread spurned not the wrecks of Spain,
If these thy sons have loved thee, and have set

When the Great Gray Ships Come In 2469

Santiago and Manila like new stars
Crowding thy field of blue, new terror perched
Like eagles on thy banners, oh, not less
I love thee, who but prattle in the prime
Of birds of passage over river and wood
Thine also, piping little charms to lure,
Uncaptured and unlying, the wings of song.

Joseph Russell Taylor [1868—

WHEN THE GREAT GRAY SHIPS COME IN

[NEW YORK HARBOR, AUGUST 20, 1898]

To eastward ringing, to westward winging, o'er mapless
miles of sea,
On winds and tides the gospel rides that the furthestmost
isles are free,
And the furthestmost isles make answer, harbor, and height,
and hill,
Breaker and beach cry each to each, "'Tis the Mother who
calls! Be still!"
Mother! new-found, beloved, and strong to hold from harm,
Stretching to these across the seas the shield of her sovereign
arm,
Who summoned the guns of her sailor sons, who bade her
navies roam,
Who calls again to the leagues of main, and who calls them
this time Home!
And the great gray ships are silent, and the weary watchers
rest,
The black cloud dies in the August skies, and deep in the
golden west
Invisible hands are limning a glory of crimson bars,
And far above is the wonder of a myriad wakened stars!
Peace! As the tidings silence the strenuous cannonade,
Peace at last! is the bugle blast the length of the long block-
ade,
And eyes of vigil weary are lit with the glad release,
From ship to ship and from lip to lip it is "Peace! Thank
God for peace."

Ah, in the sweet hereafter Columbia still shall show
The sons of these who swept the seas how she bade them
 rise and go,—
How, when the stirring summons smote on her children's
 ear,
South and North at the call stood forth, and the whole land
 answered, "Here!"
For the soul of the soldier's story and the heart of the sailor's
 song
Are all of those who meet their foes as right should meet
 with wrong,
Who fight their guns till the foeman runs, and then, on the
 decks they trod,
Brave faces raise, and give the praise to the grace of their
 country's God!

Yes, it is good to battle, and good to be strong and free,
To carry the hearts of a people to the uttermost ends of the
 sea,
To see the day steal up the bay where the enemy lies in wait,
To run your ship to the harbor's lip and sink her across the
 strait:—
But better the golden evening when the ships round heads
 for home,
And the long gray miles slip swiftly past in a swirl of seeth-
 ing foam,
And the people wait at the haven's gate to greet the men
 who win!
Thank God for peace! Thank God for peace, when the great
 gray ships come in!

Guy Wetmore Carryl [1873-1904]

POEMS OF PLACES

ON THE PROSPECT OF PLANTING ARTS AND LEARNING IN AMERICA

THE Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time,
Producing subjects worthy fame:

In happy climes, where from the genial sun
And virgin earth such scenes ensue,
The force of Art by Nature seems outdone,
And fancied beauties by the true:

In happy climes, the seat of Innocence,
Where Nature guides and Virtue rules,
Where men shall not impose, for truth and sense,
The pedantry of courts and schools:

There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great inspiring epic rage,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay:
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The first four acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

George Berkeley [1685-1753]

BERMUDAS

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride
In the ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat that rowed along
The listening winds received this song:

“What should we do but sing His praise
That led us through the watery maze
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?
Where He the huge sea-monsters wracks,
That lift the deep upon their backs,
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms' and prelates' rage:
He gave us this eternal Spring
Which here enamels everything,
And sends the fowls to us in care
On daily visits through the air:
He hangs in shades the orange bright
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows:
He makes the figs our mouths to meet
And throws the melons at our feet;
But apples plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice.
With cedars chosen by His hand
From Lebanon He stores the land;
And makes the hollow seas that roar
Proclaim the ambergris on shore.
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast;
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound His name.
O, let our voice His praise exalt
Till it arrive at Heaven's vault,
Which thence (perhaps) rebounding may
Echo beyond the Mexique bay!”

Thus sung they in the English boat
A holy and a cheerful note:
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

Andrew Marvell [1621-1678]

INDIAN NAMES

YE say, they all have passed away,
That noble race and brave;
That their light canoes have vanished
From off the crested wave;
That, 'mid the forests where they roamed,
There rings no hunter's shout;
But their name is on your waters,—
Ye may not wash it out.

'Tis where Ontario's billow
Like Ocean's surge is curled;
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake
The echo of the world;
Where red Missouri bringeth
Rich tribute from the West,
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps
On green Virginia's breast.

Ye say, their cone-like cabins,
That clustered o'er the vale,
Have fled away, like withered leaves
Before the Autumn gale;
But their memory liveth on your hills,
Their baptism on your shore,
Your everlasting rivers speak
Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it
Within her lordly crown,
And broad Ohio bears it
Amid his young renown;

Connecticut hath wreathed it
 Where her quiet foliage waves,
 And bold Kentucky breathes it hoarse
 Through all her ancient caves.

Wachuset hides its lingering voice
 Within its rocky heart.
 And Alleghany graves its tone
 Throughout his lofty chart;
 Monadnock, on his forehead hoar,
 Doth seal the sacred trust;
 Your mountains build their monument,
 Though ye destroy their dust.

Lydia Huntly Sigourney [1791-1865]

MANNAHATTA

I WAS asking for something specific and perfect for my city,
 Whereupon lo! upsprang the aboriginal name.

Now I see what there is in a name, a word, liquid, sane, unruly, musical, self-sufficient,
 I see that the word of my city is that word from of old,
 Because I see that word nested in nests of water-bays, superb,
 Rich, hemmed thick all around with sail-ships and steam-ships, an island sixteen miles long, solid-founded,
 Numberless crowded streets, high growths of iron, slender, strong, light, splendidly uprising toward clear skies,
 Tides swift and ample, well-loved by me, toward sundown,
 The flowing sea-currents, the little islands, larger adjoining islands, the heights, the villas,
 The countless masts, the white shore-steamers, the lighters, the ferry-boats, the black sea-steamers well-modelled,
 The down-town streets, the jobbers' houses of business, the houses of business of the ship-merchants and money-brokers, the river-streets,
 Immigrants arriving, fifteen or twenty thousand in a week,
 The carts hauling goods, the manly race of drivers of horses, the brown-faced sailors,

The summer air, the bright sun shining, and the sailing
clouds aloft,
The winter snows, the sleigh-bells, the broken ice in the river,
passing along up or down with the flood-tide or ebb-tide,
The mechanics of the city, the masters, well-formed, beautiful-faced,
looking you straight in the eyes,
Trottoirs thronged, vehicles, Broadway, the women, the shops and shows,
A million people—manners free and superb—open voices—hospitality—the most courageous and friendly young men,
City of hurried and sparkling waters! city of spires and masts!
City nested in bays! my city!

Walt Whitman [1819–1892]

THE SONG OF THE COLORADO

FROM the heart of the mighty mountains strong-souled for
my fate I came,
My far-drawn track to a nameless sea through a land without a name;
And the earth rose up to hold me, to bid me linger and stay;
And the brawn and bone of my mother's race were set to bar my way.

Yet I stayed not, I could not linger; my soul was tense to the call
The wet winds sing when the long waves leap and beat on the far sea wall.
I stayed not, I could not linger; patient, resistless, alone,
I hewed the trail of my destiny deep in the hindering stone.

How narrow that first dim pathway—yet deepening hour by hour!
Years, ages, eons, spent and forgot, while I gathered me might and power
To answer the call that led me, to carve my road to the sea,
Till my flood swept out with that greater tide as tireless and tameless and free.

From the far, wild land that bore me, I drew my blood as
wild—

I, born of the glacier's glory, born of the uplands piled
Like stairs to the door of heaven, that the Maker of all
might go

Down from his place with honor, to look on the world and
know

That the sun and the wind and the waters, and the white ice
cold and still,

Were moving aright in the plan he had made, shaping his
wish and will.

When the spirit of worship was on me, turning alone,
apart,

I stayed and carved me temples deep in the mountain's
heart,

Wide-domed and vast and silent, meet for the God I knew,
With shrines that were shadowed and solemn and altars of
richest hue;

And out of my ceaseless striving I wrought a victor's
hymn,

Flung up to the stars in greeting from my far track deep and
dim.

For the earth was put behind me; I reckoned no more with
them

That come or go at her bidding, and cling to her garment's
hem.

Apart in my rock-hewn pathway, where the great cliffs shut
me in,

The storm-swept clouds were my brethren, and the stars
were my kind and kin.

Tireless, alone, unstaying, I went as one who goes
On some high and strong adventure that only his own heart
knows.

Tireless, alone, unstaying, I went in my chosen road—

I trafficked with no man's burden—I bent me to no man's
load.

On my tawny, sinuous shoulders no salt-gray ships swung in;
I washed no feet of cities, like a slave whipped out and in;
My will was the law of my moving in the land that my strife
 had made—

As a man in the house he has builded, master and unafraid.

O ye that would hedge and bind me—remembering whence I
 came!

I, that was, and was mighty, ere your race had breath or
 name!

Play with your dreams in the sunshine—delve and toil and
 plot—

Yet I keep the way of my will to the sea, when ye and your
 race are not!

Sharlot M. Hall [1870-

SANTA BARBARA

BETWEEN the mountains and the sea,
 Walled by the rock, fringed by the foam,
A valley stretches fair and free
 Beneath the blue of heaven's dome.

At rest in that fair valley lies
 Saint Barbara, the beauteous maid;
Above her head the cloudless skies
 Smile down upon her charms displayed.

The sunlit mountains o'er her shed
 The splendor of their purple tinge;
While round her like a mantle spread
 The blue seas with their silver fringe.

Enfolded in that soothing calm,
 The earth seems sweet, and heaven near;
The flowers bloom free, the air is balm,
 And Summer rules the radiant year.

Francis Fisher Browne [1843-1913]

LINES COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY, ON REVISITING THE BANKS OF THE WYE, DURING A TOUR, JULY 13, 1798

FIVE years have passed; five summers, with the length
Of five long winters! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs
With a soft inland murmur.—Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
Which on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral farms,
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!
With some uncertain notice, as might seem
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire
The Hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration:—feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence

On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered, acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blessèd mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened:—that serene and blessèd mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,—
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

If this

Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft—
In darkness and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart—
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer through the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee!

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again:
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever Nature led: more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one

Who sought the thing he loved. For Nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all.—I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colors and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on Nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye, and ear,—both what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
In Nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay:
For thou art with me here, upon the banks
Of this fair river; thou, my dearest Friend,
My dear, dear Friend; and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasure in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear Sister! and this prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain-winds be free
To blow against thee: and, in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure; when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance—
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
Of past existence—wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream

.

We stood together; and that I, so long
 A worshipper of Nature, hither came
 Unwearied in that service: rather say
 With warmer love—oh! with far deeper zeal
 Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
 That after many wanderings, many years
 Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
 And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
 More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!

William Wordsworth [1770–1850]

THE PASS OF KIRKSTONE

WITHIN the mind strong fancies work.
 A deep delight the bosom thrills
 Oft as I pass along the fork
 Of these fraternal hills:
 Where, save the rugged road, we find
 No appanage of human kind,
 Nor hint of man; if stone or rock
 Seem not his handiwork to mock
 By something cognizably shaped;
 Mockery—or model roughly hewn,
 And left as if by earthquake strewn,
 Or from the Flood escaped:
 Altars for Druid service fit;
 (But where no fire was ever lit,
 Unless the glow-worm to the skies
 Thence offer nightly sacrifice)
 Wrinkled Egyptian monument;
 Green moss-grown tower; or hoary tent;
 Tents of a camp that never shall be razed—
 On which four thousand years have gazed!

Ye plough-shares sparkling on the slopes!
 Ye snow-white lambs that trip
 Imprisoned 'mid the formal props
 Of restless ownership!
 Ye trees, that may to-morrow fall
 To feed the insatiate Prodigal!

Lawns, houses, chattels, groves, and fields,
All that the fertile valley shields;
Wages of folly—baits of crime,
Of life's uneasy game the stake,
Playthings that keep the eyes awake
Of drowsy, dotard Time;—
O care! O guilt!—O vales and plains,
Here, 'mid his own unvexed domains,
A Genius dwells, that can subdue
At once all memory of You,—
Most potent when mists veil the sky,
Mists that distort and magnify;
While the coarse rushes, to the sweeping breeze,
Sigh forth their ancient melodies!

List to those shriller notes!—*that* march
Perchance was on the blast,
When, through this Height's inverted arch,
Rome's earliest legion passed!
—They saw, adventurously impelled,
And older eyes than theirs beheld,
This block—and yon, whose churchlike frame
Gives to this savage Pass its name.
Aspiring Road! that lov'st to hide
Thy darling in a vapory bourn,
Not seldom may the hour return
When thou shalt be my guide:
And I (as all men may find cause,
When life is at a weary pause,
And they have panted up the hill
Of duty with reluctant will)
Be thankful, even though tired and faint,
For the rich bounties of constraint;
Whence oft invigorating transports flow
That choice lacked courage to bestow!

My Soul was grateful for delight
That wore a threatening brow;
A veil is lifted—can she slight
The scene that opens now?

Though habitation none appear,
 The greenness tells, man must be there;
 The shelter—that the perspective
 Is of the clime in which we live;
 Where Toil pursues his daily round;
 Where Pity sheds sweet tears—and Love,
 In woodbine bower or birchen grove,
 Inflicts his tender wound.
 —Who comes not hither ne'er shall know
 How beautiful the world below;
 Nor can he guess how lightly leaps
 The brook adown the rocky steeps.
 Farewell, thou desolate Domain!
 Hope, pointing to the cultured plain,
 Carols like a shepherd-boy;
 And who is she?—Can that be Joy!
 Who, with a sunbeam for her guide,
 Smoothly skims the meadows wide;
 While Faith, from yonder opening cloud,
 To hill and vale proclaims aloud,
 “Whate'er the weak may dread, the wicked dare,
 Thy lot, O Man, is good, thy portion, fair!”

William Wordsworth [1770–1850]

YARROW UNVISITED

FROM Stirling Castle we had seen
 The mazy Forth unravelled,
 Had trod the banks of Clyde and Tay,
 And with the Tweed had travelled;
 And when we came to Clovenford,
 Then said my “winsome Marrow,”
 “Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,
 And see the Braes of Yarrow.”

“Let Yarrow folk, frae Selkirk town,
 Who have been buying, selling,
 Go back to Yarrow, 'tis their own,
 Each maiden to her dwelling!

On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,
Hares couch, and rabbits burrow;
But we will downward with the Tweed,
Nor turn aside to Yarrow.

"There's Galla Water, Leader Haughs,
Both lying right before us;
And Dryburgh, where with chiming Tweed
The lintwhites sing in chorus;
There's pleasant Tiviotdale, a land
Made blithe with plow and harrow:
Why throw away a needful day
To go in search of Yarrow?

"What's Yarrow but a river bare
That glides the dark hills under?
There are a thousand such elsewhere
As worthy of your wonder."
—Strange words they seemed of slight and scorn;
My True-love sighed for sorrow,
And looked me in the face, to think
I thus could speak of Yarrow!

"O green," said I, "are Yarrow's holms,
And sweet is Yarrow flowing!
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
But we will leave it growing.
O'er hilly path, and open strath
We'll wander Scotland thorough;
But, though so near, we will not turn
Into the dale of Yarrow.

"Let beeves and home-bred kine partake
The sweets of Burn-mill meadow;
The swan on still Saint Mary's Lake
Float double, swan and shadow!
We will not see them; will not go
To-day, nor yet to-morrow;
Enough if in our hearts we know
There's such a place as Yarrow.

"Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown!
 It must, or we shall rue it:
 We have a vision of our own,
 Ah! why should we undo it?
 The treasured dreams of times long past,
 We'll keep them, winsome Marrow!
 For when we're there, although 'tis fair,
 'Twill be another Yarrow!

"If Care with freezing years should come
 And wandering seem but folly,—
 Should we be loth to stir from home,
 And yet be melancholy;
 Should life be dull, and spirits low,
 'Twill soothe us in our sorrow
 That earth has something yet to show,
 The bonny Holms of Yarrow!"

William Wordsworth [1770-1850]

YARROW VISITED

AND is this—Yarrow?—*This* the Stream
 Of which my fancy cherished
 So faithfully, a waking dream?
 An image that hath perished!
 O that some minstrel's harp were near
 To utter notes of gladness
 And chase this silence from the air,
 That fills my heart with sadness!

Yet why?—a silvery current flows
 With uncontrolled meanderings;
 Nor have these eyes by greener hills
 Been soothed, in all my wanderings.
 And, through her depths, Saint Mary's Lake
 Is visibly delighted;
 For not a feature of those hills
 Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow vale,
Save where that pearly whiteness
Is round the rising sun diffused,
A tender hazy brightness;
Mild dawn of promise! that excludes
All profitless dejection;
Though not unwilling here to admit
A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous Flower
Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding?
His bed perchance was yon smooth mound
On which the herd is feeding:
And haply from this crystal pool,
Now peaceful as the morning,
The water-wraith ascended thrice,
And gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the lay that sings
The haunts of happy lovers,
The path that leads them to the grove,
The leafy grove that covers:
And pity sanctifies the verse
That paints, by strength of sorrow,
The unconquerable strength of love;
Bear witness, rueful Yarrow!

But thou, that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation:
Meek loveliness is round thee spread,
A softness still and holy:
The grace of forest charms decayed,
And pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the vale unfolds
Rich groves of lofty stature,
With Yarrow winding through the pomp
Of cultivated nature;

And, rising from those lofty groves,
Behold a ruin hoary,
The shattered front of Newark's towers,
Renowned in Border story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,
For sportive youth to stray in,
For manhood to enjoy his strength,
And age to wear away in!
Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss,
A covert for protection
Of tender thoughts that nestle there—
The brood of chaste affection.

How sweet, on this autumnal day,
The wildwood fruits to gather,
And on my True-love's forehead plant
A crest of blooming heather!
And what if I enwreathed my own?
'Twere no offence to reason;
The sober hills thus deck their brows
To meet the wintry season.

I see,—but not by sight alone,
Loved Yarrow, have I won thee;
A ray of fancy still survives—
Her sunshine plays upon thee!
Thy ever-youthful waters keep
A course of lively pleasure;
And gladsome notes my lips can breathe
Accordant to the measure.

The vapors linger round the heights,
They melt, and soon must vanish;
One hour is theirs, nor more is mine—
Sad thought, which I would banish,
But that I know, where'er I go,
Thy genuine image, Yarrow!
Will dwell with me,—to heighten joy,
And cheer my mind in sorrow.

William Wordsworth [1770–1850]

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights the expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way:

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green
The paths of pleasure trace;
Who foremost now delight to cleave,
With pliant arm, thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
Their murmuring labors ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty:

Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay Hope is theirs by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possessed;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:
Theirs buxom Health, of rosy hue,
Wild Wit, Invention ever new,
And lively Cheer, of Vigor born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light
That fly the approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom
The little victims play;
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day:
Yet see, how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murderous band!
Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that sculks behind;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
 Then whirl the wretch from high,
 To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
 And grinning Infamy.
 The stings of Falsehood those shall try
 And hard Unkindness' altered eye,
 That mocks the tear it forced to flow;
 And keen Remorse with blood defiled,
 And moody Madness laughing wild
 Amid severest woe.

Lo! in the Vale of Years beneath
 A grisly troop are seen,
 The painful family of Death,
 More hideous than their Queen:
 This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
 That every laboring sinew strains,
 Those in the deeper vitals rage:
 Lo! Poverty, to fill the band,
 That numbs the soul with icy hand,
 And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
 Condemned alike to groan;
 The tender for another's pain,
 The unfeeling for his own.
 Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,
 Since sorrow never comes too late,
 And happiness too swiftly flies?
 Thought would destroy their paradise!
 No more;—where ignorance is bliss,
 'Tis folly to be wise.

Thomas Gray [1716-1771]

SHERWOOD

SHERWOOD in the twilight, is Robin Hood awake?
 Gray and ghostly shadows are gliding through the brake;
 Shadows of the dappled deer, dreaming of the morn,
 Dreaming of a shadowy man that winds a shadowy horn.

Robin Hood is here again: all his merry thieves
Hear a ghostly bugle-note shivering through the leaves,
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Merry, merry England has kissed the lips of June:
All the wings of fairyland were here beneath the moon
Like a flight of rose-leaves fluttering in a mist
Of opal and ruby and pearl and amethyst.

Merry, merry England is waking as of old,
With eyes of blither hazel and hair of brighter gold:
For Robin Hood is here again beneath the bursting spray
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Love is in the greenwood building him a house
Of wild rose and hawthorn and honeysuckle boughs:
Love is in the greenwood: dawn is in the skies;
And Marian is waiting with a glory in her eyes.

Hark! The dazzled laverock climbs the golden steep:
Marian is waiting: is Robin Hood asleep?
Round the fairy grass-rings frolic elf and fay,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Oberon, Oberon, rake away the gold,
Rake away the red leaves, roll away the mould,
Rake away the gold leaves, roll away the red,
And wake Will Scarlett from his leafy forest bed.

Friar Tuck and Little John are riding down together
With quarter-staff and drinking-can and gray goose-feather;
The dead are coming back again; the years are rolled away
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Softly over Sherwood the south wind blows;
All the heart of England hid in every rose
Hears across the greenwood the sunny whisper leap,
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?

Hark, the voice of England wakes him as of old
And, shattering the silence with a cry of brighter gold,
Bugles in the greenwood echo from the steep,
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?

Where the deer are gliding down the shadowy glen
All across the glades of fern he calls his merry men;
Doublets of the Lincoln green glancing through the May
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day;

Calls them and they answer: from aisles of oak and ash
Rings the *Follow! Follow!* and the boughs begin to crash;
The ferns begin to flutter and the flowers begin to fly;
And through the crimson dawning the robber band goes by.

Robin! Robin! Robin! All his merry thieves
Answer as the bugle-note shivers through the leaves:
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Alfred Noyes [1880-

GODIVA

*I waited for the train at Coventry:
I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge,
To watch the three tall spires; and there I shaped
The city's ancient legend into this:—*

Not only we, the latest seed of Time,
New men, that in the flying of a wheel
Cry down the past, not only we, that prate
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well,
And loathed to see them overtaxed; but she
Did more, and underwent, and overcame,
The woman of a thousand summers back,
Godiva, wife to that grim Earl, who ruled
In Coventry; for when he laid a tax
Upon his town, and all the mothers brought
Their children, clamoring, "If we pay, we starve!"
She sought her lord, and found him, where he strode

About the hall, among his dogs, alone,
His beard a foot before him, and his hair
A yard behind. She told him of their tears,
And prayed him, "If they pay this tax, they starve."
Whereat he stared, replying, half-amazed,
"You would not let your little finger ache
For such as *these?*"—"But I would die," said she.
He laughed, and swore by Peter and by Paul:
Then filliped at the diamond in her ear:
"O, ay, ay, ay, you talk!"—"Alas!" she said,
"But prove me what it is I would not do."
And from a heart as rough as Esau's hand,
He answered, "Ride you naked through the town,
And I repeal it"; and, nodding, as in scorn,
He parted, with great strides among his dogs.

So left alone, the passions of her mind,
As winds from all the compass shift and blow,
Made war upon each other for an hour,
Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,
And bade him cry, with sound of trumpet, all
The hard condition, but that she would loose
The people; therefore, as they loved her well,
From then till noon no foot should pace the street,
No eye look down, she passing, but that all
Should keep within, door shut, and window barred.

Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there
Unclasped the wedded eagles of her belt,
The grim Earl's gift; but ever at a breath
She lingered, looking like a summer moon
Half-dipped in cloud. Anon she shook her head,
And showered the rippled ringlets to her knee;
Unclad herself in haste; adown the stair
Stole on; and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid
From pillar unto pillar, until she reached
The gateway; there she found her palfrey trapped
In purple blazoned with armorial gold.

Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity:
The deep air listened round her as she rode,
And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.
The little wide-mouthed heads upon the spout

Had cunning eyes to see: the barking cur
Made her cheek flame: her palfrey's footfall shot
Light horrors through her pulses: the blind walls
Were full of chinks and holes; and overhead
Fantastic gables, crowding, stared: but she
Not less through all bore up, till, last, she saw
The white-flowered elder-thicket from the field
Gleam through the Gothic archway in the wall.

Then she rode back, clothed on with chastity:
And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,
The fatal byword of all years to come,
Boring a little auger-hole in fear,
Peeped—but his eyes, before they had their will,
Were shrivelled into darkness in his head,
And dropped before him. So the Powers, who wait
On noble deeds, cancelled a sense misused;
And she, that knew not, passed; and all at once,
With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon
Was clashed and hammered from a hundred towers,
One after one; but even then she gained
Her bower; whence reissuing, robed and crowned,
To meet her lord, she took the tax away
And built herself an everlasting name.

Alfred Tennyson [1809–1892]

DOVER BEACH

THE sea is calm to-night.
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the straits;—on the French coast the light
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!
Only, from the long line of spray
Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd land,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago
 Heard it on the Ægean, and it brought
 Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
 Of human misery; we
 Find also in the sound a thought,
 Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The sea of faith
 Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
 Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.
 But now I only hear
 Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
 Retreating, to the breath
 Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
 And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true
 To one another! for the world, which seems
 To lie before us like a land of dreams,
 So various, so beautiful, so new,
 Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
 Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
 And we are here as on a darkling plain
 Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
 Where ignorant armies clash by night.

Matthew Arnold [1822-1888]

ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT

ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT, the tidal isle,
 In May with daffodils and lilies
 Is kirtled gorgeously a while
 As ne'er another English hill is:
 About the precipices cling
 The rich renascence robes of Spring.

Her gold and silver, nature's gifts,
 The prodigal with both hands showers;
 O not in patches, not in drifts
 But round and round a mount of flowers—

Of lilies and of daffodils,
The envy of all other hills.

And on the lofty summit looms
The castle: None could build or plan it.
The four-square foliage springs and blooms,
The piled elaborate flower of granite,
That not the sun can wither; no,
Nor any tempest overthrow.

John Davidson [1857-1909]

SONNET

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, SEPTEMBER 3, 1802

EARTH has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theaters, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendor, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

William Wordsworth [1770-1850]

A SONG OF FLEET STREET

FLEET STREET! Fleet Street! Fleet Street in the morning,
With the old sun laughing out behind the dome of
Paul's,
Heavy wains a-driving, merry winds a-striving,
White clouds and blue sky above the smoke-stained
walls.

Fleet Street! Fleet Street! Fleet Street in the noontide,
 East and west the streets packed close, and roaring like the
 sea;
 With laughter and with sobbing we feel the world's heart
 throbbing,
 And know that what is throbbing is the heart of you and
 me.

Fleet Street! Fleet Street! Fleet Street in the evening,
 Darkness set with golden lamps down Ludgate Hill a-row:
 Oh! hark the voice o' th' city that breaks our hearts with pity,
 That crazes us with shame and wrath, and makes us love
 her so.

Fleet Street! Fleet Street! morning, noon, and starlight,
 Through the never-ceasing roar come the great chimes
 clear and slow;
 "Good are life and laughter, though we look before and after,
 And good to love the race of men a little ere we go."

Alice Werner [1859-

SONG

CLOSES and courts and lanes,
 Devious, clustered thick,
 The thoroughfare, mains and drains,
 People and mortar and brick,
 Wood, metal, machinery, brains,
 Pen and composing stick:
 Fleet Street, but exquisite flame
 In the nebula once ere day and night
 Began their travail, or earth became,
 And all was passionate light.

Networks of wire overland,
 Conduits under the sea,
 Aerial message from strand to strand
 By lightning that travels free,
 Hither in haste to hand
 Tidings of destiny,

These tingling nerves of the world's affairs
Deliver remorseless, rendering still
The fall of empires, the price of shares,
The record of good and ill.

Tidal the traffic goes
Citywards out of the town;
Townwards the evening ebb o'erflows
This highway of old renown,
When the fog-woven curtains close,
And the urban night comes down,
Where souls are spilt and intellects spent
O'er news vociferant near and far,
From Hesperus hard to the Orient,
From dawn to the evening star.

This is the royal refrain
That burdens the boom and the thud
Of omnibus, mobus, wain,
And the hoofs on the beaten mud,
From the Griffin at Chancery Lane
To the portal of old King Lud—
Fleet Street, diligent night and day,
Of news of the mart and the burnished hearth,
Seven hundred paces of narrow way,
A notable bit of the earth.

John Davidson [1857-1909]

ST. JAMES'S STREET

ST. JAMES'S STREET, of classic fame,
For Fashion still is seen there:
St. James's Street? I know the name,
I almost think I've been there!
Why, that's where Sacharissa sighed
When Waller read his ditty;
Where Byron lived, and Gibbon died,
And Albanley was witty.

A famous Street! To yonder Park
Young Churchill stole in class-time;
Come, gaze on fifty men of mark,
And then recall the past time.
The *plats* at White's, the play at Crock's,
The bumpers to Miss Gunning;
The *bonhomie* of Charley Fox,
And Selwyn's ghastly funning.

The dear old Street of clubs and cribs,
As north and south it stretches,
Still seems to smack of Rolliad squibs,
And Gillray's fiercer sketches;
The quaint old dress, the grand old style,
The *mots*, the racy stories;
The wine, the dice, the wit, the bile—
The hate of Whigs and Tories.

At dusk, when I am strolling there,
Dim forms will rise around me;
Lepel flits past me in her chair,
And Congreve's airs astound me!
And once Nell Gwynne, a frail young Sprite,
Looked kindly when I met her;
I shook my head, perhaps,—but quite
Forgot to quite forget her.

The Street is still a lively tomb
For rich, and gay, and clever;
The crops of dandies bud and bloom,
And die as fast as ever.
Now gilded youth loves cutty pipes,
And slang that's rather scaring;
It can't approach its prototypes
In taste, or tone, or bearing.

In Brummell's day of buckle shoes,
Lawn cravats, and roll collars,
They'd fight, and woo, and bet—and lose,
Like gentlemen and scholars:

I'm glad young men should go the pace,
I half forgive Old Rapid!
These louts disgrace their name and race—
So vicious and so vapid!

Worse times may come. *Bon ton*, indeed,
Will then be quite forgotten,
And all we much revere will speed
From ripe to worse than rotten:
Let grass then sprout between yon stones,
And owls then roost at Boodle's,
For Echo will hurl back the tones
Of screaming Yankee Doodles.

I love the haunts of old Cockaigne,
Where wit and wealth were squandered;
The halls that tell of hoop and train,
Where grace and rank have wandered;
Those halls where ladies fair and leal
First ventured to adore me!
Something of that old love I feel
For this old Street before me.

Frederick Locker-Lampson [1821-1895]

A MARLOW MADRIGAL

OH, Bisham Banks are fresh and fair,
And Quarry Woods are green,
And pure and sparkling is the air,
Enchanting is the scene!
I love the music of the weir,
As swift the stream runs down,
For oh, the water's deep and clear
That flows by Marlow town!

When London's getting hot and dry,
And half the season's done,
To Marlow you should quickly fly,
And bask there in the sun.

There pleasant quarters you may find,—
The “Angler” or the “Crown”
Will suit you well, if you’re inclined
To stay in Marlow town.

I paddle up to Harleyford,
And sometimes I incline
To cushions take with lunch aboard,
And play with rod and line;
For in a punt I love to laze,
And let my face get brown;
And dream away the sunny days
By dear old Marlow town.

I go to luncheon at the Lawn,
I muse, I sketch, I rhyme;
I headers take at early dawn,
I list to All Saints’ chime.
And in the river, flashing bright,
Dull care I strive to drown,—
And get a famous appetite
At pleasant Marlow town.

So when no longer London life
You feel you can endure,
Just quit its noise, its whirl, its strife,
And try the “Marlow cure.”
You’ll smooth the wrinkles on your brow,
And scare away each frown,—
Feel young again once more, I vow,
At quaint old Marlow town.

Here Shelley dreamed and thought and wrote,
And wandered o’er the leas;
And sung and drifted in his boat
Beneath the Bisham trees.
So let *me* sing, although I’m no
Great poet of renown,
Of hours that much too quickly go
At good old Marlow town!

Joseph Ashby-Sterry [18 —

EDINBURGH

CITY of mist and rain and blown gray spaces,
 Dashed with wild wet color and gleam of tears,
 Dreaming in Holyrood halls of the passionate faces
 Lifted to one Queen's face that has conquered the years,
 Are not the halls of thy memory haunted places?
 Cometh there not as a moon (where the blood-rust sears
 Floors a-flutter of old with silks and laces),
 Gliding, a ghostly Queen, through a mist of tears?

 Proudly here, with a loftier pinnacled splendor,
 Throned in his northern Athens, what spells remain
 Still on the marble lips of the Wizard, and render
 Silent the gazer on glory without a stain!
 Here and here, do we whisper, with hearts more tender,
 Tusitala wandered through mist and rain;
 Rainbow-eyed and frail and gallant and slender,
 Dreaming of pirate-isles in a jewelled main.

 Up the Cannongate climbeth, cleft asunder
 Raggedly here, with a glimpse of the distant sea
 Flashed through a crumbling alley, a glimpse of wonder,
 Nay, for the City is throned on Eternity!
 Hark! from the soaring castle a cannon's thunder
 Closes an hour for the world and an æon for me,
 Gazing at last from the martial heights whereunder
 Deathless memories roll to an ageless sea.

Alfred Noyes [1880-

SWEET INNISFALLEN

SWEET Innisfallen, fare thee well,
 May calm and sunshine long be thine!
 How fair thou art let others tell,—
 To *feel* how fair shall long be mine.

 Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell
 In memory's dream that sunny smile,
 Which o'er thee on that evening fell,
 When first I saw thy fairy isle.

'Twas light, indeed, too blest for one,
 Who had to turn to paths of care—
 Through crowded haunts again to run,
 And leave thee bright and silent there;

No more unto thy shores to come,
 But, on the world's rude ocean tossed,
 Dream of thee sometimes, as a home
 Of sunshine he had seen and lost.

Far better in thy weeping hours
 To part from thee, as I do now,
 When mist is o'er thy blooming bowers,
 Like sorrow's veil on beauty's brow.

For, though unrivalled still thy grace,
 Thou dost not look, as then, *too* blest,
 But thus in shadow seem'st a place
 Where erring man might hope to rest.—

Might hope to rest, and find in thee
 A gloom like Eden's, on the day
 He left its shade, when every tree,
 Like thine, hung weeping o'er his way.

Weeping or smiling, lovely isle!
 And all the lovelier for thy tears,
 For though but rare thy sunny smile,
 'Tis heaven's own glance when it appears.

Like feeling hearts, whose joys are few,
 But, when indeed they come, divine—
 The brightest light the sun e'er threw
 Is lifeless to one gleam of thine!

Thomas Moore [1779-1852]

“AH, SWEET IS TIPPERARY”

AH, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year,
 When the hawthorn's whiter than the snow,
 When the feathered folk assemble and the air is all a-tremble
 With their singing and their winging to and fro;

When queenly Slievenamon puts her verdant vesture on,
 And smiles to hear the news the breezes bring;
 When the sun begins to glance on the rivulets that dance—
 Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring!

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year,
 When the mists are rising from the lea,
 When the Golden Vale is smiling with a beauty all beguiling,
 And the Suir goes crooning to the sea;
 When the shadows and the showers only multiply the flowers
 That the lavish hand of May will fling;
 When in unfrequented ways, fairy music softly plays—
 Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring!

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year,
 When life like the year is young,
 When the soul is just awaking like a lily blossom breaking,
 And love words linger on the tongue;
 When the blue of Irish skies is the hue of Irish eyes,
 And love-dreams cluster and cling
 Round the heart and round the brain, half of pleasure, half
 of pain—
 Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring!

Denis Aloysius McCarthy [1871—

THE GROVES OF BLARNEY

THE groves of Blarney they look so charming,
 Down by the purling of sweet, silent brooks,
 All decked with posies, that spontaneous grow there
 Planted in order in the rocky nooks.
 'Tis there the daisy, and the sweet carnation,
 The blooming pink, and the rose so fair;
 Likewise the lily, and the daffodilly—
 All flowers that scent the sweet, fragrant air.

'Tis Lady Jeffers owns this plantation,
 Like Alexander, or like Helen fair;
 There's no commander in all the nation
 For regulation can with her compare.

Such walls surround her, that no nine-pounder
 Could ever plunder her place of strength;
 But Oliver Cromwell, he did her pommel,
 And made a breach in her battlement.

There's gravel walks there for speculation
 And conversation, in sweet solitude;
 'Tis there the lover may hear the dove, or
 The gentle plover, in the afternoon.
 And if a lady should be so engaging
 As to walk alone in those shady bowers,
 'Tis there her courtier, he may transport her
 Into some fort, or all under ground.

For 'tis there's a cave where no daylight enters,
 But cats and badgers are forever bred;
 Being mossed by nature which makes it sweeter
 Than a coach-and-six, or a feather bed.
 'Tis there the lake is, well-stored with perches,
 And comely eels in the verdant mud;
 Besides the leeches, and the groves of beeches,
 All standing in order for to guard the flood.

There's statues gracing this noble place in,
 All heathen gods and nymphs so fair:
 Bold Neptune, Plutarch, and Nicodemus,
 All standing naked in the open air.
 So now to finish this brave narration,
 Which my poor genii could not entwine;
 But were I Homer or Nebuchadnezzar,
 'Tis in every feature I would make it shine.

Richard Alfred Millikin [1767-1815]

THE BELLS OF SHANDON

Sabbata pango;
 Funera plango;
 Solemnia clango.

INSCRIPTION ON AN OLD BELL

WITH deep affection and recollection
 I often think of the Shandon bells,
 Whose sounds so wild would, in the days of childhood,
 Fling round my cradle their magic spells.

On this I ponder where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder, Sweet Cork, of thee,—
 With thy bells of Shandon,
 That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate brass tongues would vibrate;
But all their music spoke naught to thine.
For memory, dwelling on each proud swelling
Of thy belfry, knelling its bold notes free,
 Made the bells of Shandon
 Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling “Old Adrian's Mole” in,
Their thunder rolling from the Vatican,—
And cymbals glorious, swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame;
But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly.
 O, the bells of Shandon
 Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow, while on tower and Kiosko
In St. Sophia the Turkman gets,
And loud in air, calls men to prayer,
From the tapering summit of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom I freely grant them;
But there's an anthem more dear to me,—
 'Tis the bells of Shandon,
 That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

Francis Sylvester Mahony [1804–1866]

“DE GUSTIBUS—”

YOUR ghost will walk, you lover of trees,
 (If our loves remain)
 In an English lane,

By a cornfield-side a-flutter with poppies.
Hark, those two in the hazel coppice—
A boy and a girl, if the good fates please,
 Making love, say,—
 The happier they!

Draw yourself up from the light of the moon
And let them pass, as they will too soon,
 With the beanflowers' boon,
 And the blackbird's tune,
 And May, and June!

What I love best in all the world
Is a castle, precipice-encurled,
In a gash of the wind-grieved Apennine.
Or look for me, old fellow of mine,
(If I get my head from out the mouth
O' the grave, and loose my spirit's bands,
And come again to the land of lands)—
In a sea-side house to the farther South,
Where the baked cicala dies of drouth,
And one sharp tree—'tis a cypress—stands,
By the many hundred years red-rusted,
Rough iron-spiked, ripe fruit-o'ercrusted,
My sentinel to guard the sands
To the water's edge. For, what expands
Before the house, but the great opaque
Blue breadth of sea without a break?
While, in the house, forever crumbles
Some fragment of the frescoed walls,
From blisters where a scorpion sprawls.
A girl bare-footed brings, and tumbles
Down on the pavement, green-flesh melons,
And says there's news to-day—the king
Was shot at, touched in the liver-wing,
Goes with his Bourbon arm in a sling:
—She hopes they have not caught the felons
Italy, my Italy!
Queen Mary's saying serves for me—
 (When fortune's malice
 Lost her Calais)

Open my heart and you will see
Graved inside of it, "Italy."
Such lovers old are I and she:
So it always was, so shall ever be!

Robert Browning [1812-1889]

ITALIAN RHAPSODY

DEAR Italy! The sound of thy soft name
Soothes me with balm of Memory and Hope.
Mine, for the moment, height and sweep and slope
That once were mine. Supreme is still the aim
To flee the cold and gray
Of our December day,
And rest where thy clear spirit burns with unconsuming
flame.

There are who deem remembered beauty best,
And thine, imagined, fairer is than sight
Of all the charms of other realms confessed,
Thou miracle of sea and land and light.
Was it lest, envying thee,
The world unhappy be,
Benignant Heaven gave to all the all-consoling Night?

Remembered beauty best? Who reason so?
Not lovers, yearning to the same dumb star
That doth disdain their passion—who, afar,
Seek touch and voice in velvet winds and low.
No, storied Italy,
Not thine that heresy,
Thou who thyself art fairer far than Fancy e'er can show.

To me thou art an ever-brooding spell;
An old enchantment, exorcised of wrong;
A beacon, where-against the wings of Song
Are bruised so, they cannot fly to tell;
A mistress, at whose feet
A myriad singers meet,
To find thy beauty the despair of measures full and sweet.

Of old, ere caste or custom froze the heart,
What tales of thine did Chaucer re-indite,—
Of Constance, and Griselda, and the plight
Of pure Cecilia,—all with joyous art!
Oh, to have journeyed down
To Canterbury town,
And known, from lips that touched thy robe, that triad of
renown!

Fount of Romance whereat our Shakespeare drank!
Through him the loves of all are linked to thee
By Romeo's ardor, Juliet's constancy.
He sets the peasant in the royal rank;
Shows under mask and paint
Kinship of knave and saint,
And plays on stolid man with Prospero's wand and Ariel's
prank.

Another English foster-child hadst thou
When Milton from the breast of thy delight
Drew inspiration. With a vestal's vow
He fed the flame caught from thy sacred light.
And when upon him lay
The long eclipse of day,
Thou wert the memory-hoarded treasure of his doomèd
sight.

Name me a poet who has trod thy soil:
He is thy lover, ever hastening back,
With thee forgetting weariness and toil,
The nightly sorrow for the daily lack.
How oft our lyric race
Looked last upon thy face!
Oh, would that I were worthy thus to die in thine embrace!

Oh, to be kin to Keats as urn with urn
Shares the same Roman earth!—to sleep, apart,
Near to the bloom that once was Shelley's heart,
Where bees, like lingering lovers, re-return;
Where the proud pyramid,
To brighter glory bid,
Gives Cestius his longed-for fame, marking immortal Art.

Or, in loved Florence, to repose beside
Our trinity of singers! Fame enough
To neighbor lordly Landor, noble Clough,
And her, our later sibyl, sorrow-eyed.

Oh, tell me—not their arts,
But their Italian hearts
Won for their dust that narrow oval, than the world more
wide!

So might I lie where Browning should have lain,
My “Italy” for all the world to read,
Like his on the palazzo. For thy pain
In losing from thy rosary that bead,
England accords thee room
Around his minster tomb—
A province conquered of thy soul, and not an Arab slain!

Then take these lines, and add to them the lay,
All inarticulate, I to thee indite:
The sudden longing on the sunniest day,
The happy sighing in the stormiest night,
The tears of love that creep
From eyes unwont to weep,
Full with remembrance, blind with joy, and with devotion
deep.

Absence from thee is such as men endure
Between the glad betrothal and the bride;
Or like the years that Youth, intense and sure,
From his ambition to his goal must bide.

And if no more I may
Mount to Fiesole . . .

Oh, then were Memory meant for those to whom is Hope
denied.

Show me a lover who hath drunk by night
Thy beauty-potion, as the grape the dew:
’Twere little wonder he were poet too,
With wine of song in unexpected might,
While moonlit cloister calls
With plashy fountain-falls,
Or darkened Arno moves to music with its mirrored light.

Who can withstand thee? What distress or care
 But yields to Naples, or that long day-dream
 We know as Venice, where alone more fair
 Noon is than night; where every lapping stream
 Wooes with a soft caress
 Our new-world weariness,
 And every ripple smiles with joy at sight of scene so rare.

The mystery of thy charm—ah, who hath guessed?
 'Twas ne'er divined by day or shown in sleep;
 Yet sometimes Music, floating from her steep,
 Holds to our lips a chalice brimmed and blest:
 Then know we that thou art
 Of the Ideal part—
 Of Man's one thirst that is not quenched, drink he howe'er
 so deep.

Thou human-hearted land, whose revels hold
 Man in communion with the antique days,
 And summon him from prosy greed to ways
 Where Youth is beckoning to the Age of Gold;
 How thou dost hold him near
 And whisper in his ear
 Of the lost Paradise that lies beyond the alluring haze!

In tears I tossed my coin from Trevi's edge,—
 A coin unsordid as a bond of love,—
 And, with the instinct of the homing dove,
 I gave to Rome my rendezvous and pledge.
 And when imperious Death
 Has quenched my flame of breath,
 Oh, let me join the faithful shades that throng that fount
 above.

Robert Underwood Johnson [1853—

ABOVE SALERNO

SILVERY the olives on Ravello's steeps,
 Terraced the verdure of her nurtured hills;
 Far, far below the blue Salerno sweeps,
 And on the shore her emerald largesse spills.

Lost in the haze of melting hills and skies
Sad Pæstum's plain in shadowy distance lies.

How the Spring flings her tribute to the breeze
Through every slit in these long, winding walls!
Shunning the screen of flowery tapestries,
The slim gray lizard, turquoise-vested, crawls—
Blind worshipper of the unconscious sun,
His pagan shrine, his splendid eidolon.

Here Scala lifts upon her furrowed breast
Twin cities of the living and the dead,
Where toil the quick and where the buried rest,
With Roman tombs low vaulted overhead:
In these strange dwellings life must surely seem
To hold the secret of its final dream.

The nectarine, peach and almond trees in flower,
Play on the hues from deep to palest rose.
Shy druid birches guard a secret bower
Where many a home-like English blossom blows;
With daisy, primrose, and narcissus shine
The lavish stars of Wordsworth's celandine.

On rocky, wave-girt slopes, where buds the vine,
Golden and green the trellised orchards grow.
Beyond the beach's pale, receding line
Roam dusky herds of sullen buffalo.
The distant Apennines' dark ranges wear
Halos of snow and amethystine air.

Can this be Italy, or but a dream
Emerging from the broken waves of sleep?
Since even the rudest works of peasants seem
Some spell of ancient miracles to keep:
As when against old Barbarossa's power
The Romans threw the grim rock of this tower.

More exquisite than our imagining,
In silent hours how often shall arise—
From the dim waters of that mystic spring
Where the soul keeps her anchored memories—

This world of beauty, color, and perfume;
Hoary with age, yet of unaging bloom.

Ada Foster Murray [18 -

VENICE

From "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage"

I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand:
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand;
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Looked to the wingèd Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles!

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,
Rising with her tiara of proud towers
At airy distance, with majestic motion,
And such she was; her daughters had their dowers
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling showers:
In purple was she robed, and of her feast
Monarchs partook, and deemed their dignity increased.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear:
Those days are gone, but Beauty still is here;
States fall, arts fade, but Nature doth not die,
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy!

But unto us she hath a spell beyond
Her name is story, and her long array
Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond
Above the Dogeless city's vanished sway:

Ours is a trophy which will not decay
With the Rialto; Shylock and the Moor,
And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn away,—
The keystones of the arch!—though all were o'er,
For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

George Gordon Byron [1788–1824]

VENICE

VENICE, thou Siren of sea-cities, wrought
By mirage, built on water, stair o'er stair,
Of sunbeams and cloud-shadows, phantom-fair,
With naught of earth to mar thy sea-born thought!
Thou floating film upon the wonder-fraught
Ocean of dreams! Thou hast no dream so rare
As are thy sons and daughters, they who wear
Foam-flakes of charm from thine enchantment caught!
O dark brown eyes! O tangles of dark hair!
O heaven-blue eyes, blonde tresses where the breeze
Plays over sun-burned cheeks in sea-blown air!
Firm limbs of moulded bronze! frank debonair
Smiles of deep-bosomed women! Loves that seize
Man's soul, and waft her on storm-melodies!

John Addington Symonds [1840–1893]

ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC

ONCE did She hold the gorgeous East in fee,
And was the safeguard of the West; the worth
Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
Venice, the eldest child of liberty.
She was a maiden city, bright and free;
No guile seduced, no force could violate;
And, when she took unto herself a mate,
She must espouse the everlasting Sea.
And what if she had seen those glories fade,
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay;

Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid
When her long life hath reached its final day:
Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade
Of that which once was great, is passed away.

William Wordsworth [1770–1850]

THE GUARDIAN-ANGEL

A PICTURE AT FANO

DEAR and great Angel, wouldst thou only leave
That child, when thou hast done with him, for me!
Let me sit all the day here, that when eve
Shall find performed thy special ministry,
And time come for departure, thou, suspending
Thy flight, may'st see another child for tending,
Another still, to quiet and retrieve.

Then I shall feel thee step one step, no more,
From where thou standest now, to where I gaze,
—And suddenly my head is covered o'er
With those wings, white above the child who prays
Now on that tomb—and I shall feel thee guarding
Me, out of all the world; for me, discarding
Yon heaven thy home, that waits and opes its door.

I would not look up thither past thy head
Because the door opes, like that child, I know,
For I should have thy gracious face instead,
Thou bird of God! And wilt thou bend me low
Like him, and lay, like his, my hands together,
And lift them up to pray, and gently tether
Me, as thy lamb there, with thy garment's spread?

If this was ever granted, I would rest
My head beneath thine, while thy healing hands
Close-covered both my eyes beside thy breast,
Pressing the brain, which too much thought expands,
Back to its proper size again, and smoothing
Distortion down till every nerve had soothing,
And all lay quiet, happy and suppressed.

How soon all worldly wrong would be repaired!

I think how I should view the earth and skies
And sea, when once again my brow was bared

After thy healing, with such different eyes.
O world, as God has made it! All is beauty:
And knowing this, is love, and love is duty.

What further may be sought for or declared?

Guercino drew this angel I saw teach

(Alfred, dear friend!)—that little child to pray,
Holding the little hands up, each to each

Pressed gently,—with his own head turned away
Over the earth where so much lay before him
Of work to do, though heaven was opening o'er him,
And he was left at Fano by the beach.

We were at Fano, and three times we went

To sit and see him in his chapel there,
And drink his beauty to our souls' content

—My angel with me too: and since I care
For dear Guercino's fame (to which in power
And glory comes this picture for a dower,
Fraught with a pathos so magnificent)—

And since he did not work thus earnestly

At all times, and has else endured some wrong—
I took one thought his picture struck from me,
And spread it out, translating it to song.

My love is here. Where are you, dear old friend?
How rolls the Wairoa at your world's far end?

This is Ancona, yonder is the sea.

Robert Browning [1812-1889]

CHORUS

From "Hellas"

THE world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return,
The earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn:

Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam,
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains
From waves serener far;
A new Peneus rolls his fountains
Against the morning-star;
Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep
Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep.

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,
Fraught with a later prize;
Another Orpheus sings again,
And loves, and weeps, and dies;
A new Ulysses leaves once more
Calypso for his native shore.

O write no more the tale of Troy,
If earth Death's scroll must be!
Nor mix with Laian rage the joy
Which dawns upon the free,
Although a subtler Sphinx renew
Riddles of death Thebes never knew.

Another Athens shall arise,
And to remoter time
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
The splendor of its prime;
And leave, if naught so bright may live,
All earth can take or Heaven can give.

Saturn and Love their long repose
Shall burst, more bright and good
Than all who fell, than One who rose,
Than many unsubdued:
Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,
But votive tears and symbol flowers.

O cease! must hate and death return?
Cease! must men kill and die?
Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn
Of bitter prophecy!

The world is weary of the past—
O might it die or rest at last!

Percy Bysshe Shelley [1792–1822]

THE ISLES OF GREECE

From "Don Juan"

THE isles of Greece! the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set,

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse:
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
For standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations;—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
Though linked among a fettered race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
Must *we* but blush?—Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three.
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?
Ah! no;—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one, arise,—we come, we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain: strike other chords;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet;
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine:
He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese

Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!

O that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!

On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line

Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—

They have a king who buys and sells;
In native swords and native ranks

The only hope of courage dwells:
But Turkish force and Latin fraud
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!

Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine;

But, gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,

Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;

There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

George Gordon Byron [1788–1824]

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES

CARILLON

In the ancient town of Bruges,
In the quaint old Flemish city,
As the evening shades descended,
Low and loud and sweetly blended,

Low at times and loud at times,
And changing like a poet's rhymes,
Rang the beautiful wild chimes
From the Belfry in the market
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

Then, with deep sonorous clangor
Calmly answering their sweet anger,
When the wrangling bells had ended,
Slowly struck the clock eleven,
And, from out the silent heaven,
Silence on the town descended.
Silence, silence everywhere,
On the earth and in the air,
Save that footsteps here and there
Of some burgher home returning,
By the street lamps faintly burning,
For a moment woke the echoes
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

But amid my broken slumbers
Still I heard those magic numbers,
As they loud proclaimed the flight
And stolen marches of the night;
Till their chimes in sweet collision
Mingled with each wandering vision,
Mingled with the fortune-telling
Gypsy-bands of dreams and fancies,
Which amid the waste expanses
Of the silent land of trances
Have their solitary dwelling;
All else seemed asleep in Bruges,
In the quaint old Flemish city.

And I thought how like these chimes
Are the poet's airy rhymes,
All his rhymes and roundelays,
His conceits, and songs, and ditties,
From the belfry of his brain,
Scattered downward, though in vain,

On the roofs and stones of cities!
For by night the drowsy ear
Under its curtains cannot hear,
And by day men go their ways,
Hearing the music as they pass,
But deeming it no more, alas!
Than the hollow sound of brass.

Yet perchance a sleepless wight,
Lodging at some humble inn
In the narrow lanes of life,
When the dusk and hush of night
Shut out the incessant din
Of daylight and its toil and strife,
May listen with a calm delight
To the poet's melodies,
Till he hears, or dreams he hears,
Intermingled with the song,
Thoughts that he has cherished long;
Hears amid the chime and singing
The bells of his own village ringing,
And wakes, and finds his slumberous eyes
Wet with most delicious tears.

Thus dreamed I, as by night I lay
In Bruges, at the Fleur-de-Blé,
Listening with a wild delight
To the chimes that, through the night,
Rang their changes from the Belfry
Of that quaint old Flemish city.

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES

IN the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry old and
brown;

Thrice consumed and thrice rebuild'd, still it watches o'er
the town.

As the summer morn was breaking, on that lofty tower I
stood,

And the world threw off its darkness, like the weeds of widow-
hood.

Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with streams
and vapors gray,
Like a shield embossed with silver, round and vast the landscape lay.

At my feet the city slumbered. From its chimneys, here
and there,
Wreaths of snow-white smoke, ascending, vanished, ghost-like, into air.

Not a sound rose from the city at that early morning hour,
But I heard a heart of iron beating in the ancient tower.

From their nests beneath the rafters sang the swallows wild
and high
And the world, beneath me sleeping, seemed more distant
than the sky.

Then most musical and solemn, bringing back the olden
times,
With their strange, unearthly changes, rang the melancholy
chimes.

Like the psalms from some old cloister, when the nuns sing
in the choir;
And the great bell tolled among them, like the chanting of a
friar.

Visions of the days departed, shadowy phantoms filled my
brain;
They who live in history only seemed to walk the earth
again;

All the Foresters of Flanders,—mighty Baldwin Bras de Fer,
Lyderick du Bucq and Cressy, Philip, Guy de Dampierre.

I beheld the pageants splendid that adorned those days of
old;
Stately dames, like queens attended, knights who bore the
Fleece of Gold;

Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep-laden argosies;
Ministers from twenty nations; more than royal pomp and
ease.

I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling humbly on the ground;
I beheld the gentle Mary, hunting with her hawk and hound;

And her lighted bridal-chamber, where a duke slept with the
queen,
And the armèd guard around them, and the sword un-
sheathed between.

I beheld the Flemish weavers, with Namur and Juliers bold,
Marching homeward from the bloody battle of the Spurs
of Gold;

Saw the fight at Minnewater, saw the White Hoods moving
west,
Saw great Artevelde victorious scale the Golden Dragon's
nest.

And again the whiskered Spaniard all the land with terror
smote;
And again the wild alarum sounded from the tocsin's throat;

Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er lagoon and dike of sand,
"I am Roland! I am Roland! there is victory in the land!"

Then the sound of drums aroused me. The awakened city's
roar
Chased the phantoms I had summoned back into their graves
once more.

Hours had passed away like minutes; and, before I was
aware,
Lo! the shadow of the belfry crossed the sun-illumined
square.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow [1807-1882]

NUREMBERG

In the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow-lands

Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg, the ancient, stands.

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song,

Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks that round them throng:

Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors, rough and bold,

Had their dwelling in thy castle, time-defying, centuries old;

And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted, in their uncouth rhyme,

That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every clime.

In the court-yard of the castle, bound with many an iron band,

Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen Cunigunde's hand;

On the square, the oriel window, where in old heroic days Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.

Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of Art: Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the common mart;

And above cathedral doorways saints and bishops carved in stone,

By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.

In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust,

And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from age to age their trust;

In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture
rare,
Like the foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through the painted
air.

Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple, reverent
heart,
Lived and labored Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art;
Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.

Emigravit is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies;
Dead he is not, but departed,—for the artist never dies.

Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more
fair
That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has
breathed its air!

Through these streets so broad and stately, these obscure
and dismal lanes,
Walked of yore the Mastersingers, chanting rude poetic
strains.

From remote and sunless suburbs came they to the friendly
guild,
Building nests in Fame's great temple, as in spouts the swal-
lows build.

As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he too the mystic
rhyme,
And the smith his iron measures hammered to the anvil's
chime;

Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom makes the flowers
of poesy bloom
In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues of the loom.

Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, laureate of the gentle
craft,
Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters, in huge folios sang and
laughed.

But his house is now an alehouse, with a nicely sanded floor,
And a garland in the window, and his face above the door,
Painted by some humble artist, as in Adam Puschman's
song,
As the old man gray and dovelike, with his great beard white
and long.

And at night the swart mechanic comes to drown his cark
and care,
Quaffing ale from pewter tankards, in the master's antique
chair.

Vanished is the ancient splendor, and before my dreamy eye
Wave these mingled shapes and figures, like a faded tapestry.

Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers, win for thee the world's
regard,
But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs, thy cob-
bler-bard.

Thus, O Nuremberg, a wanderer from a region far away,
As he paced thy streets and court-yards, sang in thought
his careless lay:

Gathering from the pavement's crevice, as a floweret of the
soil,
The nobility of labor,—the long pedigree of toil.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow [1807-1882]

BINGEN ON THE RHINE

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of
woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed
away,
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said, "I nevermore shall see my own, my native
land;

Take a message, and a token, to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen,—at Bingen on the Rhine.

“Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and
crowd around,
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was
done,
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting
sun:
And, 'mid the dead and dying, were some grown old in
wars,—
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many
scars;
And some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn de-
cline,—
And one had come from Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

“Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old
age;
For I was aye a truant bird, that thought his home a cage;
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and
wild;
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would,—but kept my father's
sword;
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to
shine,
On the cottage wall at Bingen,—calm Bingen on the Rhine.

“Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping
head,
When the troops come marching home again with glad and
gallant tread,
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast
eye,
For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid to die;
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame,

And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword
and mine),

For the honor of old Bingen—dear Bingen on the Rhine.

“There's another,—not a sister; in the happy days gone by
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in
her eye;

Too innocent for coquetry,—too fond for idle scorning,—
O friend! I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest
mourning!

Tell her the last night of my life (for, ere the moon be risen,
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison),—
I dreamed I stood with *her*, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

“I saw the blue Rhine sweep along,—I heard, or seemed to
hear,

The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and
still;

And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed, with
friendly talk,

Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered
walk,

And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine,—
But we'll meet no more at Bingen,—loved Bingen on the
Rhine.”

His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse,—his grasp was
childish weak,—

His eyes put on a dying look,—he sighed and ceased to speak;
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled,—
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead!

And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked
down

On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses strown;
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to
shine,

As it shone on distant Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Norton [1808–1877]

“AS I CAME DOWN FROM LEBANON”

As I came down from Lebanon,
Came winding, wandering slowly down
Through mountain-passes bleak and brown,
The cloudless day was well-night done.
The city, like an opal set
In emerald, showed each minaret
Afire with radiant beams of sun,
And glistened orange, fig, and lime,
Where song-birds made melodious chime,
As I came down from Lebanon.

As I came down from Lebanon,
Like lava in the dying glow,
Through olive orchards far below
I saw the murmuring river run;
And 'neath the wall upon the sand
Swart sheiks from distant Samarcand,
With precious spices they had won,
Lay long and languidly in wait
Till they might pass the guarded gate,
As I came down from Lebanon.

As I came down from Lebanon,
I saw strange men from lands afar,
In mosque and square and gay bazar,
The Magi that the Moslem shun,
And grave Effendi from Stamboul,
Who sherbet sipped in corners cool;
And, from the balconies o'errun
With roses, gleamed the eyes of those
Who dwell in still seraglios,
As I came down from Lebanon.

As I came down from Lebanon,
The flaming flower of daytime died,
And Night, arrayed as is a bride
Of some great king, in garments spun

Of purple and the finest gold,
 Outbloomed in glories manifold,
 Until the moon, above the dun
 And darkening desert, void of shade,
 Shone like a keen Damascus blade,
 As I came down from Lebanon.

Clinton Scollard [1860—

CEYLON

I HEAR a whisper in the heated air—
 “Rest! Rest! give over care!”
 Long level breakers on the golden beach
 Murmur in silver speech—
 “Sleep in the palm-tree shadows on the shore—
 Work, work no more!
 Rest here and work no more.”

Where half unburied cities of dead kings
 Breed poisonous creeping things
 I learn the poor mortality of man—
 Seek vainly for some plan—
 Know that great empires pass as I must pass
 Like withered blades of grass—
 Dead blades of Patna grass.

“Breathe—breathe the odorous sweetness that is ours,”
 Cry Frangipani flowers.
 “Forget! Forget! and know no more distress,
 But languorous idleness:
 Dream where dead leaves fall ever from green trees
 To float on sapphire seas—
 Dream! and be one with these.”

A. Hugh Fisher [18—

MANDALAY

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea,
 There's a Burma girl a-settin', an' I know she thinks o' me;
 For the wind is in the palm trees, an' the temple bells they
 say:
 “Come you back, you British soldier; come you back to
 Mandalay!”

Come you back to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay:
Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to
Mandalay?

Oh, the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the
Bay!

'Er petticut was yaller an' 'er little cap was green,
An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat—jes' the same as Theebaw's
Queen,

An' I seed her fust a-smokin' of a whackin' white cheroot,
An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen idol's foot:
Bloomin' idol made o' mud—
Wot they called the Great Gawd Budd—
Plucky lot she cared for idols when I kissed 'er where she
stud!

On the road to Mandalay—

When the mist was on the rice-fields an' the sun was droppin'
slow,

She'd git 'er little banjo an' she'd sing "*Kulla-lo-lo!*"
With 'er arm upon my shoulder, an' 'er cheek agin my cheek,
We useter watch the steamers an' the *hathis* pilin' teak.
Elephints a-pilin' teak
In the sludgy, squidgy creek,
Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy you was 'arf afraid to
speak!

On the road to Mandalay—

But that's all shove be'ind me—long ago an' fur away,
An' there ain't no 'buses runnin' from the Benk to Mandalay;
An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London what the ten-year sodger tells:
"If you've 'eard the East a-callin', why, you won't 'eed
nothin' else."

No! you won't 'eed nothin' else
But them spicy garlic smells
An' the sunshine an' the palm trees an' the tinkly temple
bells!

On the road to Mandalay—

I am sick o' wastin' leather on these gutty pavin'-stones,
An' the blasted Henglish drizzle wakes the fever in my bones;
Though I walks with fifty 'ousemaids outer Chelsea to the
 Strand,
An' they talks a lot o' lovin', but wot do they understand?
 Beefy face an' grubby'and—
 Law! wot *do* they understand?
 I've a neater, sweeter maiden in a cleaner, greener land!
 On the road to Mandalay—

Ship me somewheres east of Suez where the best is like the
 worst,
Where there aren't no Ten Commandments, an' a man can
 raise a thirst;
For the temple bells are callin', an' it's there that I would
 be—
By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' lazy at the sea—
 On the road to Mandalay,
 Where the old Flotilla lay,
 With our sick beneath the awnings when we went to
 Mandalay!
Oh, the road to Mandalay,
 Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China crost the
 Bay!

Rudyard Kipling [1865—

BALLADS OLD AND NEW

THOMAS THE RHYMER

TRUE Thomas lay on Huntlie bank;
A ferlie he spied wi' his e'e;
And there he saw a lady bright,
Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

Her skirt was o' the grass-green silk,
Her mantle o' the velvet fine;
At ilka tett o' her horse's mane
Hung fifty siller bells and nine.

True Thomas he pu'd aff his cap,
And louted low down on his knee:
"Hail to thee, Mary, Queen of Heaven!
For thy peer on earth could never be."

"O no, O no, Thomas!" she said,
"That name does not belang to me;
I'm but the Queen o' fair Elfland,
That am hither come to visit thee.

"Harp and carp, Thomas!" she said,
"Harp and carp along wi' me;
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,
Sure of your body I will be."

"Betide me weal, betide me woe,
That weird shall never daunten me."
Syne he has kissed her rosy lips,
All underneath the Eildon Tree.

"Now, ye maun go wi' me," she said;
"True Thomas, ye maun go wi' me;
And ye maun serve me seven years,
Through weal or woe as may chance to be."

She's mounted on her milk-white steed;
She's ta'en true Thomas up behind;
And aye, whene'er her bridle rang,
The steed gaed swifter than the wind.

O they rade on, and farther on,
The steed gaed swifter than the wind;
Until they reached a desert wide,
And living land was left behind.

"Light down, light down now, true Thomas,
And lean your head upon my knee;
Abide ye there a little space,
And I will show you ferlies three.

"O see ye not yon narrow road,
So thick beset wi' thorns and briers?
That is the Path of Righteousness,
Though after it but few inquires.

"And see ye not yon braid, braid road,
That lies across the lily leven?
That is the Path of Wickedness,
Though some call it the Road to Heaven.

"And see yet not yon bonny road,
That winds about the fernie brae?
That is the Road to fair Elfland,
Where thou and I this night maun gae.

"But, Thomas, ye sall haud your tongue,
Whatever ye may hear or see;
For speak ye word in Elfyn-land,
Ye'll ne'er win back to your ain countrie."

O they rade on, and farther on,
And they waded rivers abune the knee;
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But they heard the roaring of the sea.

It was mirk, mirk night, there was nae starlight,
They waded through red blude to the knee;
For a' the blude that's shed on earth
Rins through the springs o' that countrie.

Syne they came to a garden green,
And she pu'd an apple frae a tree:
"Take this for thy wages, true Thomas;
It will give thee tongue that can never lee."

"My tongue is mine ain," true Thomas he said;
"A gudely gift ye wad gie to me!
I neither dought to buy nor sell,
At fair or tryst where I might be.

"I dought neither speak to prince or peer,
Nor ask of grace from fair lady!"
"Now haud thy peace!" the lady said,
"For as I say, so must it be."

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
And a pair o' shoon of the velvet green;
And till seven years were gane and past,
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

Unknown

KEMP OWYNE

HER mother died when she was young,
Which gave her cause to make great moan;
Her father married the warst woman
That ever lived in Christendom.

She servèd her wi' foot and hand,
In everything that she could dee,
Till once, in an unluckly time,
She threw her in o'er Craigy's sea.

Says, "Lie you there, dove Isabel,
And all my sorrows lie with thee;
Till Kemp Owyne come o'er the sea,
And borrow you with kisses three."

Her breath grew strang, her hair grew lang,
And twisted thrice about the tree,
And all the people, far and near,
Thought that a savage beast was she.

These news did come to Kemp Owyne,
Where he lived, far beyond the sea;
He hasted him to Craigy's sea,
And on the savage beast looked he.

Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
And twisted thrice about the tree,
And with a swing she came about:
"Come to Craigy's sea, an' kiss with me.

"Here is a royal belt," she cried,
"That I have found in the green sea;
And while your body it is on,
Drawn shall your blood never be;
But if you touch me, tail or fin,
I vow my belt your death shall be."

He's louted him o'er the Eastmuir craig,
As out she swang and about the tree;
He steppèd in, gave her a kiss,
The royal belt he brought him wi'.

Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
And twisted twice about the tree,
And with a swing she came about:
"Come to Craigy's sea, an' kiss with me.

"Here is a royal ring," she said,
"That I have found in the green sea;
And while your finger it is on,
Drawn shall your blood never be;
But if you touch me tail or fin,
I swear my ring your death shall be."

He's louted him o'er the Eastmuir craig,
As out she swang and about the tree;
He stèpped in, gave her a kiss,
The royal ring he brought him wi'.

Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
And twisted ance about the tree,
And with a swing she came about:
"Come to Craigy's sea, an' kiss with me.

"Here is a royal brand," she said,
"That I have found in the green sea;
And while your body it is on,
Drawn shall your blood never be;
But if you touch me, tail or fin,
I swear my brand your death shall be."

He's louted him o'er the Eastinuir craig,
As out she swang and about the tree;
He stèpped in, gave her a kiss,
The royal brand he brought him wi'.

Her breath was sweet, her hair grew short,
And twisted nane about the tree,
And smilingly she came about,
As fair a woman as fair could be.

Unknown

EARL MAR'S DAUGHTER

It was intill a pleasant time,
Upon a simmer's day,
The noble Earl Mar's daughter
Went forth to sport and play.

And as she played and sported
Below a green aik tree,
There she saw a sprightly doo
Set on a branch sae hie.

"O Coo-my-doo, my love sae true,
If ye'll come doun to me,
Ye'se hae a cage o' gude red gowd
Instead o' simple tree.

“I’ll tak’ ye hame and pet ye weel,
Within my bower and ha’;
I’ll gar ye shine as fair a bird
As ony o’ them a’!”

And she had nae these words weel spoke,
Nor yet these words weel said,
Till Coo-my-doo flew frae the branch,
And lighted on her head.

Then she has brought this pretty bird
Hame to her bower and ha’,
And made him shine as fair a bird
As ony o’ them a’.


When day was gane, and night was come,
About the evening-tide,
This lady spied a bonny youth
Stand straight up by her side.

“Now whence come ye, young man,” she said,
“To put me into fear?
My door was bolted right secure,
And what way cam’ ye here?”

“O haud your tongue, my lady fair,
Lat a’ your folly be;
Mind ye not o’ your turtle-doo
Ye wiled from aff the tree?”

“O wha are ye, young man?” she said,
“What country come ye frae?”
“I flew across the sea,” he said,
“’Twas but this verra day.

“My mither is a queen,” he says,
“Likewise of magic skill;
’Twas she that turned me in a doo,
To fly where’er I will.



"And it was but this verra day
That I cam' owre the sea:
I loved you at a single look;
With you I'll live and dee."

"O Coo-my-doo, my love sae true,
Nae mair frae me ye'se gae."
"That's never my intent, my love;
As ye said, it sall be sae."

There he has lived in bower wi' her,
For six lang years and ane;
Till sax young sons to him she bare,
And the seventh she's brought hame.

But aye, as soon's a child was barn,
He carried them away,
And brought them to his mither's care,
As fast as he could fly.

When he had stayed in bower wi' her
For seven lang years an' mair;
There cam' a lord o' hie renown
To court that lady fair.

But still his proffer she refused,
And a' his presents too;
Says, "I'm content to live alane
Wi' my bird Coo-my-doo!"

Her father sware a mighty oath,
He sware it wi' ill-will:
"To-morrow, ere I eat or drink,
That bird I'll surely kill."

The bird was sitting in his cage,
And heard what he did say;
He jumped upon the window-sill:
"'Tis time I was away."

Then Coo-my-doo took flight and flew
Beyond the raging sea,
And lichted at his mither's castle,
Upon a tower sae hie.

The Queen his mither was walking out,
To see what she could see,
And there she saw her darling son
Set on the tower sae hie.

"Get dancers here to dance," she said,
"And minstrels for to play;
For here's my dear son Florentine
Come back wi' me to stay."


"Get nae dancers to dance, mither,
Nor minstrels for to play;
For the mither o' my seven sons,
The morn's her wedding day."

"Now tell me, dear son Florentine,
O tell, and tell me true;
Tell me this day, without delay,
What sall I do for you?"

"Instead of dancers to dance, mither,
Or minstrels for to play,
Turn four-and-twenty well-wight men,
Like storks, in feathers gray;

"My seven sons in seven swans,
Aboon their heads to flee;
And I mysel' a gay gos-hawk,
A bird o' high degree."

Then, sighing, said the Queen to hersel',
"That thing's too high for me!"
But she applied to an auld woman,
Wha had mair skill than she.



Instead o' dancers to dance a dance,
Or minstrels for to play,
Were four-and-twenty well-wight men
Turned birds o' feathers gray;

Her seven sons in seven swans,
Aboon their heads to flee;
And he himsel' a gay gos-hawk,
A bird o' high degree.

This flock o' birds took flight and flew
Beyond the raging sea;
They landed near the Earl Mar's castle,
And took shelter in every tree.

They were a flock o' pretty birds,
Right wondrous to be seen;
The weddin'eers they looked at them
Whilst walking on the green.

These birds flew out frae bush and tree,
And lichted on the ha';
And, when the wedding-train cam' forth,
Flew down amang them a'.

The storks they seized the boldest men,
That they could not fight or flee;
The swans they bound the bridegroom fast
Unto a green aik tree.

They flew around the bride-maidens,
Around the bride's own head;
And, wi' the twinkling o' an ee,
The bride and they were fled.

There's ancient men at weddings been
For eighty years or more;
But siccan a curious wedding-day
They never saw before.

For naething could the company do,
Nor naething could they say;
But they saw a flock o' pretty birds
That took their bride away.

Unknown

THE TWA SISTERS

THERE was twa sisters in a bower,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
There was twa sisters in a bower,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
There was twa sisters in a bower,
There came a knight to be their wooer,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

He courted the eldest wi' glove and ring,
But he lo'ed the youngest abune a' thing;

He courted the eldest wi' brooch and knife,
But he lo'ed the youngest abune his life;

The eldest she is vexèd sair,
And much envied her sister fair.

Into her bower she couldna rest,
Wi' grief and spite she almost brast.

Upon a morning fair and clear,
She cried upon her sister dear:

"O sister, come to yon sea-strand,
And see our father's ships come to land."

She's ta'en her by the lily hand,
And led her down to yon sea-strand;

The youngest stude upon a stane,
The eldest came and pushed her in;

She took her by the middle sma',
And dashed her bonny back to the jaw.

"O sister, sister, reach your hand,
And ye shall be heir of half my land."

"O sister, I'll not reach my hand,
And I'll be heir of a' your land;

"Shame fa' the hand that I should take,
It's twinèd me and my world's mate."

"O sister, reach me but your glove,
And sweet William shall be your love."

"Sink on, nor hope for hand or glove!
And sweet William shall be my love.

"Your cherry cheeks and your yellow hair,
Garred me gang maiden evermair."

Sometimes she sunk, and sometimes she swam,
Until she cam to the miller's dam.

O, out it cam the miller's son,
And saw the fair maid swimmin' in.

"O father, father, draw your dam!
Here's either a mermaid, or a milk-white swan."

The miller hasted and drew his dam,
And there he found a drowned woman;

You couldna see her yellow hair,
For gowd and pearls that were so rare;

You couldna see her middle sma',
Her gowden girdle was sae bra';

You couldna see her fingers white,
For gowden rings that were sae gryte.

A famous harper passing by,
The sweet pale face he chanced to spy;

And when he looked that lady on,
He sighed and made a heavy moan;

He made a harp of her breast-bane,
Whose sounds would melt a heart of stane;

The strings he framed of her yellow hair,
Whose notes made sad the listening ear;

He brought it to her father's ha';
And there was the court assembled a';

He laid his harp upon a stane,
And straight it began to play alane:

"O yonder sits my father, the king,
And yonder sits my mother, the queen;

"And yonder stands my brother Hugh,
And by him my William, sweet and true."

But the last tune that the harp played then,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;

Was—"Wae to my sister, false Helen!"
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

Unknown

THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL

THERE lived a wife at Usher's Well,
And a wealthy wife was she;
She had three stout and stalwart sons,
And sent them o'er the sea.

They hadna been a week from her
A week but barely ane,
Whan word came to the carline wife,
That her three sons were gane.

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely three.
Whan word came to the carline wife,
That her sons she'd never see.

"I wish the wind may never cease,
Nor fashes in the flood,
Till my three sons come hame to me,
In earthly flesh and blood!"

It fell about the Martinmas,
When nights are lang and mirk,
The carline wife's three sons came hame,
And their hats were o' the birk.

It neither grew in syke nor ditch,
Nor yet in ony sheugh;
But at the gates o' Paradise,
That birk grew fair eneugh.

"Blow up the fire, my maidens!
Bring water from the well!
For a' my house shall feast this night,
Since my three sons are well."

And she had made to them a bed,
She's made it large and wide;
And she's ta'en her mantle her about,
Sat down at the bed-side.

Up then crew the red, red cock,
And up and crew the gray;
The eldest to the youngest said,
"'Tis time we were awa'."

The cock he hadna crawed but once,
And clapped his wings at a',
Whan the youngest to the eldest said,
"Brother, we must awa'."

"The cock doth craw, the day doth daw',
The channerin' worm doth chide;
Gin we be missed out o' our place,
A sair pain we maun bide."

“Lie still, lie still, a little wee while,
Lie still but if we may;
Gin my mother should miss us when she wakes,
She’ll go mad ere it be day.”

O they’ve ta’en up their mother’s mantle,
And they’ve hinged it on the pin:
“O lang may ye hing, my mother’s mantle,
Ere ye hap us again!

“Fare-ye-weel, my mother dear!
Fareweel to barn and byre!
And fare-ye-weel, the bonny lass
That kindles my mother’s fire.”

Unknown

A LYKE-WAKE DIRGE

THIS ae nighte, this ae nighte,
—*Every nighte and alle,*
Fire and sleet and candle-lighte,
And Christe receive thy saule.

When thou from hence away art passed,
—*Every nighte and alle,*
To Whinny-muir thou com’st at last;
And Christe receive thy saule.

If ever thou gavest hosen and shoon,
—*Every nighte and alle,*
Sit thee down and put them on;
And Christe receive thy saule.

If hosen and shoon thou ne’er gav’st nane,
—*Every nighte and alle,*
The whinnes sall prick thee to the bare bane;
And Christe receive thy saule.

From Whinny-muir when thou may’st pass,
—*Every nighte and alle,*
To Brig o’ Dread thou com’st at last;
And Christe receive thy saule.

From Brig o' Dread when thou may'st pass,
—*Every nighte and alle,*
To Purgatory fire thou com'st at last;
And Christe receive thy saule.

If ever thou gavest meat or drink,
—*Every nighte and alle,*
The fire sall never make thee shrink;
And Christe receive thy saule.

If meat or drink thou ne'er gav'st nane,
—*Every nighte and alle,*
The fire will burn thee to the bare bane;
And Christe receive thy saule.

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
—*Every nighte and alle,*
Fire and sleet and candle-lighte,
And Christe receive thy saule.

Unknown

THE DOUGLAS TRAGEDY

"RISE up, rise up, now, Lord Douglas," she says,
"And put on your armor so bright;
Let it never be said that a daughter of thine
Was married to a lord under night.

"Rise up, rise up, my seven bold sons,
And put on your armor so bright,
And take better care of your youngest sister,
For your eldest's awa the last night."

He's mounted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself on a dapple gray,
With a bugelet-horn hung down by his side,
And lightly they rode away.

Lord William lookit o'er his left shoulder,
To see what he could see,
And there he spied her seven brethren bold,
Come riding o'er the lea.

"Light down, light down, Lady Marg'ret," he said,
"And hold my steed in your hand,
Until that against your seven brethren bold,
And your father, I mak' a stand."

She held his steed in her milk-white hand,
And never did shed one tear,
Until that she saw her seven brethren fa',
And her father hard fighting, who loved her so dear.

"O haud your hand, Lord William!" she said,
"For your strokes they are wondrous sair;
True lovers I can get many an ane,
But a father I can never get mair."

O she's ta'en out her handkerchief,
It was o' the Holland sae fine,
And aye she dighted her father's wounds,
That were redder than the wine.

"O chuse, O chuse, Lady Marg'ret," he said,
"O whether will ye gang or bide?"
"I'll gang, I'll gang, Lord William," she said,
"For ye've left me no other guide."

He's lifted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself on a dapple gray,
With a bugelet-horn hung down by his side,
And slowly they baith rade away.

O they rade on, and on they rade,
And a' by the light of the moon,
Until they cam' to yon wan water,
And there they lighted down.

They lighted down to tak' a drink
Of the spring that ran sae clear;
And down the stream ran his gude heart's blood,
And sair she gan to fear.

“Haud up, haud up, Lord William,” she says,
“For I fear that you are slain!”
“’Tis naething but the shadow of my scarlet cloak,
That shines in the water sae plain.”

O they rade on, and on they rade,
And a’ by the light of the moon,
Until they cam’ to his mother’s ha’ door,
And there they lighted down.

“Get up, get up, lady mother,” he says,
“Get up and let me in!—
Get up, get up, lady mother,” he says,
“For this night my fair lady I’ve win.

“O mak my bed, lady mother,” he says,
“O mak it braid and deep!
And lay Lady Marg’ret close at my back,
And the sounder I will sleep.”

Lord William was dead lang ere midnight,
Lady Marg’ret lang ere day;
And all true lovers that go thegither,
May they have mair luck than they!

Lord William was buried in St. Mary’s kirk,
Lady Marg’ret in Mary’s quire;
Out o’ the lady’s grave grew a bonny red rose,
And out o’ the knight’s a brier.

And they twa met, and they twa plat,
And fain they wad be near;
And a’ the warld might ken right weel
They were twa lovers dear.

But by and rade the Black Douglas,
And wow but he was rough!
For he pu’ed up the bonny brier,
And flang’t in St. Mary’s Lough.

Unknown

FAIR ANNIE

THE reivers they stole Fair Annie,
As she walked by the sea;
But a noble knight was her ransom soon,
Wi' gowd and white monie.

She bided in strangers' land wi' him,
And none knew whence she cam;
She lived in the castle wi' her love,
But never told her name.


"It's narrow, narrow, mak your bed,
And learn to lie your lane;
For I'm gaun owre the sea, Fair Annie,
A braw Bride to bring hame.
Wi' her I will get gowd and gear,
Wi' you I ne'er gat nane.

"But wha will bake my bridal bread,
Or brew my bridal ale?
And wha will welcome my bright Bride,
That I bring owre the dale?"

"It's I will bake your bridal bread,
And brew your bridal ale;
And I will welcome your bright Bride,
That you bring owre the dale."

"But she that welcomes my bright Bride
Maun gang like maiden fair;
She maun lace on her robe sae jimp,
And comely braid her hair.

"Bind up, bind up your yellow hair,
And tie it on your neck;
And see you look as maiden-like
As the day that first we met."



“O how can I gang maiden-like,
When maiden I am nane?
Have I not borne six sons to thee,
And am wi’ child again?”

“I’ll put cooks into my kitchen,
And stewards in my hall,
And I’ll have bakers for my bread,
And brewers for my ale;
But you’re to welcome my bright Bride,
That I bring owre the dale.”

Three months and a day were gane and past,
Fair Annie she gat word
That her love’s ship was come at last,
Wi’ his bright young Bride aboard.

She’s ta’en her young son in her arms,
Anither in her hand;
And she’s gane up to the highest tower,
Looks owre sea and land.

“Come doun, come doun, my mother dear,
Come aff the castle wa’!
I fear if langer ye stand there,
Ye’ll let yoursell doun fa’.”

She’s ta’en a cake o’ the best bread,
A stoup o’ the best wine,
And a’ the keys upon her arm,
And to the yett is gane.

“O ye’re welcome hame, my ain gude lord,
To your castles and your towers;
Ye’re welcome hame, my ain gude lord,
To your ha’s, but and your bowers.
And welcome to your hame, fair lady!
For a’ that’s here is yours.”

"O whatna lady's that, my lord,
That welcomes you and me?
Gin I be lang about this place,
Her friend I mean to be."

Fair Annie served the lang tables
Wi' the white bread and the wine;
But ay she drank the wan water
To keep her color fine.

And she gaed by the first table,
And smiled upon them a';
But ere she reached the second table,
The tears began to fa'.


She took a napkin lang and white,
And hung it on a pin;
It was to wipe away the tears,
As she gaed out and in.

When bells were rung and mass was sung,
And a' men bound for bed,
The bridegroom and the bonny Bride
In ae chamber were laid.

Fair Annie's ta'en a harp in her hand,
To harp thir twa asleep;
But ay, as she harpit and she sang,
Fu' sairly did she weep.

"O gin my sons were seven rats,
Rinnin' on the castle wa'.
And I mysell a great gray cat,
I soon wad worry them a'!

"O gin my sons were seven hares,
Rinnin' owre yon lily lea,
And I mysell a good greyhound,
Soon worried they a' should be!"



Then out and spak the bonny young Bride,
In bride-bed where she lay:
"That's like my sister Annie," she says;
"Wha is it doth sing and play?"

"I'll put on my gown," said the new-come Bride,
"And my shoes upon my feet;
I will see wha doth sae sadly sing,
And what is it gars her greet.

"What ails you, what ails you, my housekeeper,
That ye mak sic a mane?
Has ony wine-barrel cast its girds,
Or is a' your white bread gane?"

"It isna because my wine is spilt,
Or that my white bread's gane;
But because I've lost my true love's love,
And he's wed to anither ane."

"Noo tell me wha was your father?" she says,
"Noo tell me wha was your mither?
And had ye ony sister?" she says,
"And had ye ever a brither?"

"The Earl of Wemyss was my father,
The Countess of Wemyss my mither,
Young Elinor she was my sister dear,
And Lord John he was my brither."

"If the Earl of Wemyss was your father,
I wot sae was he mine;
And it's O my sister Annie!
Your love ye sallna tyne.

"Tak your husband, my sister dear;
You ne'er were wranged for me,
Beyond a kiss o' his merry mouth
As we cam owre the sea.

“Seven ships, loaded weel,
Cam owre the sea wi’ me;
Ane o’ them will tak me hame,
And six I’ll gie to thee.”

Unknown

THE LASS OF LOCHROYAN

“O WHA will shoe my bonny foot?
And wha will glove my hand?
And wha will bind my middle jimp
Wi’ a lang, lang linen band?

“O wha will kame my yellow hair,
With a haw bayberry kame?
And wha will be my babe’s father
Till Gregory come hame?”


“Thy father, he will shoe thy foot,
Thy brother will glove thy hand,
Thy mither will bind thy middle jimp
Wi’ a lang, lang linen band.

“Thy sister will kame thy yellow hair,
Wi’ a haw bayberry kame;
The Almighty will be thy babe’s father
Till Gregory come hame.”

“And wha will build a bonny ship,
And set it on the sea?
For I will go to seek my love,
My ain love Gregory.”

Up then spak her father dear,
A wafu’ man was he:
“And I will build a bonny ship,
And set her on the sea.

“And I will build a bonny ship,
And set her on the sea,
And ye sal gae and seek your love,
Your ain love Gregory.”



Then he's gart build a bonny ship,
And set it on the sea,
Wi' four-and-twenty mariners,
To bear her company.

O he's gart build a bonny ship,
To sail on the salt sea;
The mast was o' the beaten gold,
The sails o' cramoisie.

The sides were o' the gude stout aik,
The deck o' mountain pine,
The anchor o' the silver shene,
The ropes o' silken twine.

She hadna sailed but twenty leagues,
But twenty leagues and three,
When she met wi' a rank reiver,
And a' his companie.

"Now are ye Queen of Heaven hie,
Come to pardon a' our sin?
Or are ye Mary Magdalane,
Was born in Bethlehem?"

"I'm no the Queen of Heaven hie,
Come to pardon ye your sin,
Nor am I Mary Magdalane,
Was born in Bethlehem.

"But I'm the lass of Lochroyan,
That's sailing on the sea
To see if I can find my love,
My ain love Gregory."

"O see na'ye yon bonny bower?
It's a' covered owre wi' tin;
When thou hast sailed it round about,
Lord Gregory is within."

And when she saw the stately tower,
Shining both clear and bright,
Whilk stood aboon the jawing wave,
Built on a rock of height,

Says, "Row the boat, my mariners,
And bring me to the land,
For yonder I see my love's castle,
Close by the salt sea strand."

She sailed it round, and sailed it round,
And loud and loud cried she,
"Now break, now break your fairy charms,
And set my true-love free."

She's ta'en her young son in her arms,
And to the door she's gane,
And long she knocked, and sair she ca'd,
But answer got she nane.

"O open, open, Gregory!
O open! if ye be within;
For here's the lass of Lochroyan,
Come far frae kith and kin.

"O open the door, Lord Gregory!
O open and let me in!
The wind blows loud and cauld, Gregory,
The rain drops frae my chin.

"The shoe is frozen to my foot,
The glove unto my hand,
The wet drops frae my yellow hair,
Na langer dow I stand."

O up then spak his ill mither,
—An ill death may she dee!
"Ye're no the lass of Lochroyan,
She's far out-owre the sea.

“Awa’, awa’, ye ill woman,
 Ye’re no come here for gude;
 Ye’re but some witch or wil’ warlock,
 Or mermaid o’ the flood.”

“I am neither witch nor wil’ warlock,
 Nor mermaid o’ the sea,
 But I am Annie of Lochroyan,
 O open the door to me!”

“Gin ye be Annie of Lochroyan,
 As I trow thou binna she,
 Now tell me of some love-tokens
 That passed ’tween thee and me.”

“O dinna ye mind, love Gregory,
 As we sat at the wine,
 We changed the rings frae our fingers?
 And I can shew thee thine.

“O yours was gude, and gude enough,
 But ay the best was mine,
 For yours was o’ the gude red gowd,
 But mine o’ the diamond fine.

“Yours was o’ the gude red gowd,
 Mine o’ the diamond fine;
 Mine was o’ the purest troth,
 But thine was false within.”

“If ye be the lass of Lochroyan,
 As I kenna thou be,
 Tell me some mair o’ the love-tokens
 Passed between thee and me.”

“And dinna ye mind, love Gregory!
 As we sat on the hill,
 Thou twined me o’ my maidenheid,
 Right sair against my will?

“Now open the door, love Gregory!
Open the door! I pray;
For thy young son is in my arms,
And will be dead ere day.”

“Ye lee, ye lee, ye ill woman,
So loud I hear ye lee;
For Annie of the Lochroyan
Is far out-owre the sea.”

Fair Annie turned her round about:
“Weel, syne that it be sae,
May ne’er woman that has borne a son
Hae a heart sae fu’ o’ wae!

“Tak down, tak down that mast o’ gowd,
Set up a mast o’ tree;
It disna become a forsaken lady
To sail sae royallie.”

When the cock had crawn, and the day did dawn,
And the sun began to peep,
Up then raise Lord Gregory,
And sair, sair did he weep.

“O I hae dreamed a dream, mither,
I wish it may bring good!
That the bonny lass of Lochroyan
At my bower window stood.

“O I hae dreamed a dream, mither,
The thought o’t gars me greet!
That fair Annie of Lochroyan
Lay dead at my bed-feet.”

“Gin it be for Annie of Lochroyan
That ye mak a’ this mane,
She stood last night at your bower-door,
But I hae sent her hame.”

"O wae betide ye, ill woman,
 An ill death may ye dee!
 That wadna open the door yoursell
 Nor yet wad waken me."

O he's gane down to yon shore-side,
 As fast as he could dree,
 And there he saw fair Annie's bark
 A rowing owre the sea.

"O Annie, Annie," loud he cried,
 "O Annie, O Annie, bide!"
 But ay the mair he cried "Annie,"
 The braider grew the tide.

"O Annie, Annie, dear Annie,
 Dear Annie, speak to me!"
 But ay the louder he gan call,
 The louder roared the sea.

The wind blew loud, the waves rose hie
 And dashed the boat on shore;
 Fair Annie's corse was in the faem,
 The babe rose never more.

Lord Gregory tore his gowden locks
 And made a wafu' mane;
 Fair Annie's corpse lay at his feet,
 His bonny son was gane.

"O cherry, cherry was her cheek,
 And gowden was her hair,
 And coral, coral was her lips,
 Nane might with her compare."

Then first he kissed her pale, pale cheek,
 And syne he kissed her chin,
 And syne he kissed her wane, wane lips,
 There was na breath within.

"O wae betide my ill mither,
An ill death may she dee!
She turned my true-love frae my door,
Wha cam so far to me.

"O wae betide my ill mither,
An ill death may she dee!
She has no been the deid o' ane,
But she's been the deid o' three."

Then he's ta'en out a little dart,
Hung low down by his gore,
He thrust it through and through his heart,
And word spak never more.

Unknown

YOUNG BEICHAN AND SUSIE PYE

IN London was young Beichan born,
He longed strange countries for to see;
But he was ta'en by a savage Moor,
Who handled him right cruellie;

For he viewed the fashions of that land:
Their way of worship viewèd he;
But to Mahound, or Termagant,
Would Beichan never bend a knee.

So in every shoulder they've putten a bore,
In every bore they've putten a tree,
And they have made him trail the wine
And spices on his fair bodie.

They've casten him in a dungeon deep,
Where he could neither hear nor see;
And fed him on naught but bread and water,
Till he for hunger's like to dee.

This Moor he had but ae daughter,
Her name was callèd Susie Pye;
And every day as she took the air,
Near Beichan's prison she passed by.

And so it fell upon a day,
About the middle time of Spring,
As she was passing by that way,
She heard young Beichan sadly sing:

“My hounds they all run masterless,
My hawks they fly frae tree to tree;
My youngest brother will heir my lands;
Fair England again I’ll never see.

“Oh were I free as I hae been,
And my ship swimming once more on sea,
I’d turn my face to fair England,
And sail no more to a strange countrie!”

All night long no rest she got,
Young Beichan’s song for thinking on;
She’s stown the keys from her father’s head,
And to the prison strang is gone.

And she has opened the prison doors,
I wot she opened two or three,
Ere she could come young Beichan at,
He was locked up so curiouslie.

But when she cam’ young Beichan till,
Sore wondered he that may to see;
He took her for some fair captive:
“Fair lady, I pray, of what countrie?”

“O have ye any lands,” she said,
“Or castles in your ain countrie,
That ye could give a lady fair,
From prison strang to set you free?”

“Near London town I have a hall,
And other castles two or three;
I’ll give them all to the lady fair
That out of prison will set me free.”

“Give me the truth of your right hand,
The truth of it give unto me,
That for seven years ye’ll no lady wed,
Unless it be alang wi’ me.”

“I’ll give thee the truth of my right hand,
The truth of it I’ll freely gie,
That for seven years I’ll stay unwed,
For the kindness thou dost show to me.”

And she has bribed the proud warder
Wi’ mickle gold and white monie;
She’s gotten the keys of the prison strang,
And she has set young Beichan free.

She’s gi’en him to eat the good spice-cake;
She’s gi’en him to drink the blude-red wine;
She’s bidden him sometimes think on her
That sae kindly freed him out o’ pine.

And she has broken her finger ring,
And to Beichan half of it gave she;
“Keep it to mind you of that love
The lady bore that set you free.

“And set your foot on good ship-board,
And haste ye back to your ain countrie;
And before that seven years have an end,
Come back again, love, and marry me.”

But lang ere seven years had an end,
She longed full sore her love to see;
So she’s set her foot on good ship-board.
And turned her back to her ain countrie.

She sailèd east, she sailèd west,
Till to fair England’s shore she came;
Where a bonny shepherd she espied,
Feeding his sheep upon the plain.

"What news, what news, thou bonny shepherd?
What news has thou to tell to me?"
"Such news I hear, ladie," he says,
"The like was never in this countrie.

"There is a wedding in yonder hall,
And ever the bells ring merrilie;
It is Lord Beichan's wedding-day
Wi' a lady fair o' high degree."

She's putten her hand in her pocket,
Gi'en him the gold and white monie;
"Here, take ye that, my bonny boy,
All for the news thou tell'st to me."

When she came to young Beichan's gate,
She tirlèd softly at the pin:
So ready was the proud porter
To open and let this lady in.

"Is this young Beichan's hall," she said,
"Or is that noble lord within?"
"Yea, he's in the hall among them all,
And this is the day o' his weddin'."

"And has he wed anither love?
And has he clean forgotten me?"
And, sighin', said that ladie gay,
"I wish I were in my ain countrie."

And she has ta'en her gay gold ring,
That with her love she brake sae free;
Says, "Gie him that, ye proud porter,
And bid the bridegroom speak wi' me."

When the porter came his lord before,
He kneelèd low upon his knee—
"What aileth thee, my proud porter,
Thou art so full of courtesie?"

"I've been porter at your gates,
It's now for thirty years and three;
But there stands a lady at them now,
The like o' her did I never see;

"For on every finger she has a ring,
And on her mid-finger she has three;
And meikle gold aboon her brow.
Sae fair a may did I never see."

It's out then spak the bride's mother,
Aye and an angry woman was she:
"Ye might have excepted our bonny bride,
And twa or three of our companie."


"O haud your tongue, thou bride's mother,
Of all your folly let me be;
She's ten times fairer nor the bride,
And all that's in your companie.

"And this golden ring that's broken in twa,
This half o' a golden ring sends she:
'Ye'll carry that to Lord Beichan,' she says,
'And bid him come an' spak wi' me.'

"She begs one sheave of your white bread,
But and a cup of your red wine;
And to remember the lady's love,
That last relieved you out of pine."

"O well-a-day!" said Beichan then,
"That I so soon have married me!
For it can be none but Susie Pye,
That for my love has sailed the sea."

And quickly hied he down the stair;
Of fifteen steps he made but three;
He's ta'en his bonny love in his arms,
And kist, and kist her tenderlie.



"O hae ye ta'en anither bride?
And hae ye quite forgotten me?
And hae ye quite forgotten her,
That gave you life and libertie?"

She lookit o'er her left shoulder,
To hide the tears stood in her e'e;
"Now fare thee well, young Beichan," she says,
"I'll try to think no more on thee."

"O never, never, Susie Pye,
For surely this can never be;
Nor ever shall I wed but her
That's done and dreed so much for me."

Then out and spak the forenoon bride:
"My lord, your love it changeth soon;
This morning I was made your bride,
And another's chose ere it be noon."

"O haud thy tongue, thou forenoon bride;
Ye're ne'er a whit the worse for me;
And whan ye return to your own land,
A double dower I'll send wi' thee."

He's ta'en Susie Pye by the white hand,
And gently led her up and down;
And ay, as he kist her red rosy lips,
"Ye're welcome, jewel, to your own."

He's ta'en her by her milk-white hand,
And led her to yon fountain stane;
He's changed her name from Susie Pye,
And called her his bonny love, Lady Jane.

Unknown

THE GAY GOS-HAWK

"O WELL is me, my gay gos-hawk,
That you can speak and flee;
For you can carry a love-letter
To my true love frae me."

“O how can I carry a letter to her,
Or how should I her know?
I bear a tongue ne’er wi’ her spak’,
And eyes that ne’er her saw.”

“The white o’ my love’s skin is white
As down o’ dove or maw;
The red o’ my love’s cheek is red
As blood that’s spilt on snaw.

“When ye come to the castle,
Light on the tree of ash,
And sit ye there and sing our loves
As she comes frae the mass.

“Four and twenty fair ladies
Will to the mass repair;
And weel may ye my lady ken,
The fairest lady there.”

When the gos-hawk flew to that castle,
He lighted on the ash;
And there he sat and sang their loves
As she came frae the mass.

“Stay where ye be, my maidens a’,
And sip red wine anon,
Till I go to my west window
And hear a birdie’s moan.”

She’s gane unto her west window,
The bolt she fainly drew;
And unto that lady’s white, white neck
The bird a letter threw.

“Ye’re bidden to send your love a send,
For he has sent you twa;
And tell him where he may see you soon,
Or he cannot live ava.”

"I send him the ring from my finger,
The garland off my hair,
I send him the heart that's in my breast;
What would my love have mair?
And at the fourth kirk in fair Scotland,
Ye'll bid him wait for me there."

She hied her to her father dear
As fast as gang could she:
"I'm sick at the heart, my father dear;
An asking grant you me!"
"Ask ye na for that Scottish lord,
For him ye'll never see!"

"An asking, an asking, dear father!" she says,
"An asking grant you me;
That if I die in fair England,
In Scotland ye'll bury me.

"At the first kirk o' fair Scotland,
Ye cause the bells be rung;
At the second kirk o' fair Scotland,
Ye cause the mass be sung;

"At the third kirk o' fair Scotland,
Ye deal gold for my sake;
At the fourth kirk o' fair Scotland,
O there ye'll bury me at!

"This is all my asking, father,
I pray ye grant it me!"
"Your asking is but small," he said;
"Weel granted it shall be.
But why do ye talk o' suchlike things?
For ye arena going to dee."

The lady's gane to her chamber,
And a moanfu' woman was she,
As gin she had ta'en a sudden brash,
And were about to dee.

The lady's gane to her chamber
As fast as she could fare;
And she has drunk a sleepy draught,
She mixed wi' mickle care.

She's fallen into a heavy trance,
And pale and cold was she;
She seemed to be as surely dead
As any corpse could be.

Out and spak' an auld witch-wife,
At the fireside sat she:
"Gin she has killed herself for love,
I wot it weel may be:

"But drap the het lead on her cheek,
And drap it on her chin,
And drap it on her bosom white,
And she'll maybe speak again.
'Tis much that a young lady will do
To her true love to win."

They drapped the het lead on her cheek,
They drapped it on her chin,
They drapped it on her bosom white,
But she spake none again.

Her brothers they went to a room,
To make to her a bier;
The boards were a' o' the cedar wood,
The edges o' silver clear.

Her sisters they went to a room,
To make to her a sark;
The cloth was a' o' the satin fine,
And the stitching silken-wark.

"Now well is me, my gay gos-hawk,
That ye can speak and flee!
Come show me any love-tokens
That ye have brought to me."

“She sends ye her ring frae her finger white,
The garland frae her hair;
She sends ye the heart within her breast;
And what would ye have mair?
And at the fourth kirk o’ fair Scotland,
She bids ye wait for her there.”

“Come hither, all my merry young men!
And drink the good red wine;
For we must on towards fair England
To free my love frae pine.”

The funeral came into fair Scotland,
And they gart the bells be rung;
And when it came to the second kirk,
They gart the mass be sung.

And when it came to the third kirk,
They dealt gold for her sake;
And when it came to the fourth kirk,
Her love was waiting thereat.

At the fourth kirk in fair Scotland
Stood spearmen in a row;
And up and started her ain true love,
The chieftain over them a’.

“Set down, set down the bier,” he says,
“Till I look upon the dead;
The last time that I saw her face,
Its color was warm and red.”

He stripped the sheet from off her face
A little below the chin;
The lady then she opened her eyes,
And lookèd full on him.

“O give me a shive o’ your bread, love,
O give me a cup o’ your wine!
Long have I fasted for your sake,
And now I fain would dine.

“Gae hame, gae hame, my seven brothers,
Gae hame and blow the horn!
And ye may say that ye sought my skaith,
And that I hae gi'en ye the scorn.

“I cam' na here to bonny Scotland
To lie down in the clay;
But I cam' here to bonny Scotland,
To wear the silks sae gay!

“I cam' na here to bonny Scotland,
Amang the dead to rest;
But I cam' here to bonny Scotland
To the man that I lo'e best!”

Unknown

SWEET WILLIAM AND MAY MARG'RET

THERE came a ghost to Marg'ret's door,
With many a grievous groan,
And aye he tirlèd at the pin,
But answer made she none.

“Is that my father Philip,
Or is't my brother John?
Or is't my true-love Willie,
From Scotland new come home?”

“'Tis not thy father Philip,
Nor yet thy brother John
But 'tis thy true-love Willie,
From Scotland new come home.

“O sweet Marg'ret, O dear Marg'ret,
I pray thee speak to me:
Give me my faith and troth, Marg'ret,
As I gave it to thee.”

“Thy faith and troth thou'lt never get,
Of me shalt never win,
Till that thou come within my bower,
And kiss me cheek and chin.”

"If I should come within thy bower,
I am no earthly man:
And should I kiss thy rosy lips
Thy days would not be lang.

"O sweet Marg'ret, O dear Mar'gret,
I pray thee speak to me:
Give me my faith and troth, Marg'ret,
As I gave it to thee."

"Thy faith and troth thou'lt never get,
Of me shalt never win,
Till you take me to yon kirk-yard,
And wed me with a ring."

"My bones are buried in yon kirk-yard
Afar beyond the sea,
And it is but my spirit, Marg'ret,
That's now speaking to thee."

She stretched out her lily-white hand,
And for to do her best:
"Ha'e there your faith and troth, Willie,
God send your soul good rest."

Now she has kilted her robe o' green
A piece below her knee,
And a' the live-lang winter night
The dead corp followed she.

"Is there any room at your head, Willie,
Or any room at your feet?
Or any room at your side, Willie,
Wherein that I may creep?"

"There's nae room at my head, Marg'ret,
There's nae room at my feet;
There's nae room at my side, Marg'ret,
My coffin's made so meet."

Then up and crew the red, red cock,
And up and crew the gray;
“’Tis time, ’tis time, my dear Marg’ret,
That you were gane awa’.”

Unknown

WILLY REILLY

“Oh! rise up, Willy Reilly, and come along with me,
I mean for to go with you and leave this counterie,
To leave my father’s dwelling, his houses and free land;”
And away goes Willy Reilly and his dear Coolen Ban.

They go by hills and mountains, and by yon lonesome plain,
Through shady groves and valleys, all dangers to refrain;
But her father followed after with a well-armed band,
And taken was poor Reilly and his dear Coolen Ban.

It’s home then she was taken, and in her closet bound;
Poor Reilly all in Sligo jail lay on the stony ground,
Till at the bar of justice, before the Judge he’d stand,
For nothing but the stealing of his dear Coolen Ban.

“Now in the cold, cold iron my hands and feet are bound,
I’m handcuffed like a murderer, and tied unto the ground.
But all the toil and slavery I’m willing for to stand,
Still hoping to be succoured by my dear Coolen Ban.”

The jailer’s son to Reilly goes, and thus to him did say:
“Oh! get up, Willy Reilly, you must appear this day,
For great Squire Foillard’s anger you never can withstand:
I’m afeered you’ll suffer sorely for your dear Coolen Ban.

“This is the news, young Reilly, last night that I did hear:
The lady’s oath will hang you or else will set you clear.”
“If that be so,” says Reilly, “her pleasure I will stand,
Still hoping to be succoured by my dear Coolen Ban.”

Now Willy’s dressed from top to toe all in a suit of green,
His hair hangs o’er his shoulders most glorious to be seen;
He’s tall and straight, and comely as any could be found;
He’s fit for Foillard’s daughter, was she heiress to a crown.

The Judge he said: "This lady being in her tender youth,
If Reilly has deluded her she will declare the truth."
Then, like a moving beauty bright, before him she did stand,
"You're welcome there, my heart's delight and dear Coolen
Ban."

"Oh, gentlemen," Squire Foillard said, "with pity look on
me,
This villain came amongst us to disgrace our family,
And by his base contrivances this villainy was planned;
If I don't get satisfaction I'll quit this Irish land."

The lady with a tear began, and thus replied she:
"The fault is none of Reilly's, the blame lies all on me,
I forced him for to leave this place and come along with me;
I loved him out of measure, which wrought our destiny."

Out bespoke the noble Fox, at the table he stood by:
"Oh, gentlemen, consider on this extremity;
To hang a man for love is a murder, you may see:
So spare the life of Reilly, let him leave this counterie."

"Good my lord, he stole from her her diamonds and her
rings,
Gold watch and silver buckles, and many precious things,
Which cost me in bright guineas more than five hundred
pounds,
I'll have the life of Reilly should I lose ten thousand pounds."

"Good my lord, I gave them him as tokens of true love,
And when we are a-parting I will them all remove;
If you have got them, Reilly, pray send them home to me."
"I will, my loving lady, with many thanks to thee."

"There is a ring among them I allow yourself to wear,
With thirty locket diamonds well set in silver fair,
And as a true-love token wear it on your right hand,
That you'll think on my poor broken heart when you're in
foreign land."

Then out spoke noble Fox: "You may let the prisoner go;
The lady's oath has cleared him, as the Jury all may know.
She has released her own true love, she has renewed his name;
May her honor bright gain high estate, and her offspring
rise to fame!"

Unknown

THE TWA CORBIES

As I was walking all alane
I heard twa corbies making a mane;
The tane unto the t'other did say,
"Where sall we gang and dine to-day?"

"—In behint yon auld fail dyke
I wot there lies a new-slain Knight;
And naebody kens that he lies there,
But his hawk, his hound, and lady fair.

"His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
His lady's ta'en another mate,
So we may mak our dinner sweet.

"Ye'll set on his white hause-bane,
And I'll pick out his bonnie blue een:
Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair
We'll theek our nest when it grows bare.

"Mony a one for him make mane,
But nane sall ken whar he is gane;
O'er his white banes, when they are bare,
The wind sall blaw for evermair."

Unknown

THE THREE RAVENS

THERE were three ravens sat on a tree,
They were as black as they might be.

The one of them said to his mate,
"Where shall we our breakfast take?"

“Down in yonder greenè field
There lies a knight slain under his shield;

“His hounds they lie down at his feet,
So well do they their master keep;

“His hawks they fly so eagerly,
There’s no fowl dare come him nigh.

“Down there comes a fallow doe
As great with young as she might goe.

“She lifted up his bloudy head
And kist his wounds that were so red.

“She gat him up upon her back
And carried him to earthen lake.

“She buried him before the prime,
She was dead herself ere evensong time.

“God send every gentleman
Such hounds, such hawks, and such a leman.”

Unknown

LORD RANDAL

“O WHERE hae ye been, Lord Randal, my son?
O where hae ye been, my handsome young man?”
“I hae been to the wild wood; mother, make my bed soon;
For I’m weary wi’ hunting, and fain wald lie doun.”

“Where gat ye your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?
Where gat ye your dinner, my handsome young man?”
“I dined wi’ my true-love; mother, make my bed soon;
For I’m weary wi’ hunting, and fain wald lie doun.”

“What gat ye to your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?
What gat ye to your dinner, my handsome young man?”
“I gat eels boiled in broo; mother, make my bed soon;
For I’m weary wi’ hunting, and fain wald lie doun.”

"What became of your bloodhounds, Lord Randal, my son?
What became of your bloodhounds, my handsome young
man?"

"O they swelled and they died; mother, make my bed soon;
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."

"O I fear ye are poisoned, Lord Randal, my son!
O I fear ye are poisoned, my handsome young man!"

"O yes! I am poisoned; mother, make my bed soon;
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wald lie down."

Unknown

EDWARD, EDWARD

"WHY does your brand sae drop wi' blude,
Edward, Edward?

Why does your brand sae drop wi' blude,
And why sae sad gang ye, O?"

"O I hae killed my hawk sae gude,
Mither, mither;

O I hae killed my hawk sae gude,
And I had nae mair but he, O."

"Your hawk's blude was never sae red,
Edward, Edward;

Your hawk's blude was never sae red,
My dear son, I tell thee, O."

"O I hae killed my red-roan steed,
Mither, mither;

O I hae killed my red-roan steed,
That erst was sae fair and free, O."

"Your steed was auld, and ye hae got mair,
Edward, Edward;

Your steed was auld, and ye hae got mair;
Some other dule ye dree, O."

"O I hae killed my father dear,
Mither, mither;

O I hae killed my father dear,
Alas, and wae is me, O!"

"And whatten penance will ye dree for that,
 Edward, Edward?
 Whatten penance will ye dree for that?
 My dear son, now tell me, O."
 "I'll set my feet in yonder beate,
 Mither, mither;
 I'll set my feet in yonder boat,
 And I'll fare over the sea, O."
 "And what will ye do wi' your towers and your ha',
 Edward, Edward?
 And what will ye do wi' your towers and your ha',
 That were sae fair to see, O?"
 "I'll let them stand till they doun fa',
 Mither, mither;
 I'll let them stand till they doun fa',
 For here never mair maun I be, O."
 "And what will ye leave to your bairns and your wife,
 Edward, Edward?
 And what will ye leave to your bairns and your wife,
 When ye gang owre the sea, O?"
 "The warld's room: let them beg through life,
 Mither, mither;
 The warld's room: let them beg through life;
 For them never mair will I see, O."
 "And what will ye leave to your ain mither dear,
 Edward, Edward?
 And what will ye leave to your ain mither dear,
 My dear son, now tell me, O?"
 "The curse of hell frae me sall ye bear,
 Mither, mither;
 The curse of hell frae me sall ye bear:
 Sic counsels ye gave to me, O!"

Unknown

RIDDLES WISELY EXPOUNDED

THERE was a knicht riding frae the east,
 Jennifer gentle an' rosemaree.
 Who had been wooing at monie a place,
 As the doo flies owre the mulberry tree.

He cam' unto a widow's door,
And speird whare her three dochters were.

"The auldest ane's to a washing gane,
The second's to a baking gane.

"The youngest ane's to a wedding gane,
And it will be nicht or she be hame."

He sat him doun upon a stane,
Till thir three lasses cam' tripping hame.

The auldest ane she let him in,
And pinned the door wi' a siller pin.

The second ane she made his bed,
And laid saft pillows unto his head.

The youngest ane was bauld and bricht,
And she tarried for words wi' this unco knicht.

"Gin ye will answer me questions ten,
The morn ye sall be made my ain.

"O what is higher nor the tree?
And what is deeper nor the sea?

"Or what is heavier nor the lead?
And what is better nor the breid?

"Or what is whiter nor the milk?
Or what is safter nor the silk?

"Or what is sharper nor a thorn?
Or what is louder nor a horn?

"Or what is greener nor the grass?
Or what is waur nor a woman was?"

"O heaven is higher nor the tree,
And hell is deeper nor the sea.

“O sin is heavier nor the lead,
The blessing’s better nor the breid.

“The snaw is whiter nor the milk,
And the down is safter nor the silk.

“Hunger is sharper nor a thorn,
And shame is louder nor a horn.

“The pies are greener nor the grass,
And Cloutie’s waur nor a woman was.”

As sune as she the fiend did name,
 Jennifer gentle an’ rosemaree,
He flew awa in a blazing flame,
 As the doo flies owre the mulberry tree.

Unknown

SIR PATRICK SPENS

I.—THE SAILING

THE King sits in Dunfermline toun,
Drinking the blude-red wine:
“O whaur will I get a skeely skipper
To sail this gude ship of mine?”

Then up an’ spak an eldern knight,
Sat at the King’s right knee:
“Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sailed the sea.”

The King has written a braid letter,
And sealed it wi’ his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens
Was walking on the strand.

“To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o’er the faem;
The King’s daughter to Noroway,
’Tis thou maun tak’ her hame!”

The first line that Sir Patrick read,
A loud laugh laughèd he;
The neist line that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blindit his e'e.

"O wha is this hae dune this deed,
And tauld the King o' me,
To send us out, at this time o' year,
To sail upon the sea?

"Be it wind or weet, be it hail or sleet,
Our ship maun sail the faem;
The King's daughter to Noroway,
'Tis we maun tak' her hame."

They hoysed their sails on Monday morn
Wi' a' the speed they may;
And they hae landed in Noroway
Upon the Wodensday.

II.—THE RETURN

"Mak ready, mak ready, my merry men a'!
Our gude ship sails the morn."
"Now, ever alack! my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm!

"I saw the new moon late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
And I fear, I fear, my master dear,
That we sall come to harm!"

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

The ropes they brak, and the topmast lap,
It was sic a deadly storm;
And the waves cam owre the broken ship
Till a' her sides were torn.

“O whaur will I get a gude sailor
To tak’ the helm in hand,
Until I win to the tall topmast
And see if I spy the land?”

“It’s here am I, a sailor gude,
To tak’ the helm in hand,
Till ye win up to the tall topmast,
But I fear ye’ll ne’er spy land.”

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step but barely ane,
When a bolt flew out of the gude ship’s side,
And the saut sea it cam’ in.

“Gae fetch a web o’ the silken claith,
Anither o’ the twine,
And wap them into the gude ship’s side
And let na the sea come in.”

They fetched a web o’ the silken claith,
Anither o’ the twine,
And they wapped them into that gude ship’s side,
But aye the sea cam’ in.

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To weet their cock-heeled shoon!
But lang ere a’ the play was played,
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather-bed
That floated on the faem;
And mony was the gude lord’s son
That never mair cam hame.

O lang, lang, may the ladies sit,
Wi’ their fans into their hand,
Or ever they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang may the maidens sit,
Wi' their gowd kaims in their hair,
A-waiting for their ain dear loves,
For them they'll see nae mair.

Half-owre, half-owre to Aberdour,
'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

Unknown

EDOM O' GORDON

It fell about the Martinmas,
When the wind blew shrill and cauld,
Said Edom o' Gordon to his men,
"We maun draw to a hauld.

"And what a hauld sall we draw to,
My merry men and me?
We will gae to the house o' the Rodes,
To see that fair ladye."

The lady stood on her castle wa',
Beheld baith dale and down;
There she was ware of a host of men
Cam riding towards the town.

"O see ye not, my merry men a',
O see ye not what I see?
Methinks I see a host of men;
I marvel wha they be."

She weened it had been her lovely lord,
As he cam riding hame;
It was the traitor, Edom o' Gordon,
Wha recked nae sin nor shame.

She had nae sooner buskit hersell,
And putten on her gown,
But Edom o' Gordon an' his men
Were round about the town.

They had nae sooner supper set,
Nae sooner said the grace,
But Edom o' Gordon an' his men
Were lighted about the place.

The lady ran up to her tower-head,
Sae fast as she could hie,
To see if by her fair speeches
She could wi' him agree.

"Come doun to me, ye lady gay,
Come doun, come doun to me;
This night sall ye lig within myne arms,
To-morrow my bride sall be."

"I winna come doun, ye fals Gordon,
I winna come doun to thee;
I winna forsake my ain dear lord,
That is sae far frae me."

"Gie owre your house, ye lady fair,
Gie owre your house to me;
Or I sall brenn yoursell therein,
But and your babies three."

"I winna gie owre, ye fals Gordon,
To nae sic traitor as ye;
And if ye brenn my ain dear babes,
My lord sall mak ye dree.

"Now reach my pistol, Glaud, my man,
And charge ye weel my gun;
For, but an I pierce that bluidy butcher,
My babes, we been undone!"

She stood upon her castle wa',
And let twa bullets flee:
She missed that bluidy butcher's heart,
And only razed his knee.

“Set fire to the house!” quo’ fals Gordon,
All wud wi’ dule and ire:
“Fals lady, ye sall rue this deid
As ye brenn in the fire!”

“Wae worth, wae worth ye, Jock, my man!
I paid ye weel your fee;
Why pu’ ye out the grund-wa’ stane,
Lets in the reek to me?

“And e’en wae worth ye, Jock, my man!
I paid ye weel yotr hire;
Why pu’ ye out the grund-wa’ stane,
To me lets in the fire?”

“Ye paid me weel my hire, ladye,
Ye paid me weel my fee:
But now I’m Edom o’ Gordon’s man—
Maun either do or dee.”

O then bespake her little son,
Sat on the nurse’s knee:
Says, “Mither dear, gie owre this house,
For the reek it smithers me.”

“I wad gie a’ my gowd, my bairn,
Sae wad I a’ my fee,
For ae blast o’ the western wind,
To blaw the reek frae thee.”

O then bespake her dochter dear—
She was baith jimp and sma’:
“O row me in a pair o’ sheets,
And tow me owre the wa’!”

They rowed her in a pair o’ sheets,
And towed her owre the wa’;
But on the point o’ Gordon’s spear
She gat a deadly fa’.

O bonnie, bonnie was her mouth,
And cherry were her cheiks,
And clear, clear was her yellow hair,
Whereon the red blood dreips.

Then wi' his spear he turned her owre;
O gin her face was wane!
He said, "Ye are the first that e'er
I wished alive again."

He turned her owre and owre again;
O gin her skin was white!
"I might hae spared that bonnie face
To hae been some man's delight.

"Busk and boun, my merry men a',
For ill dooms I do guess;
I canna look in that bonnie face
As it lies on the grass."

"Wha looks to freits, my master dear,
It's freits will follow them;
Let it ne'er be said that Edom o' Gordon
Was daunted by a dame."

But when the lady saw the fire
Come flaming owre her head,
She wept, and kissed her children twain,
Says, "Bairns, we been but dead."

The Gordon then his bugle blew.
And said, "Awa', awa'!
This house o' the Rodes is a' in a flame;
I hauld it time to ga'."

And this way lookit her ain dear lord,
As he cam owre the lea;
He saw his castle a' in a lowe,
As far as he could see.

Then sair, O sair, his mind misgave,
And all his heart was wae:
“Put on, put on, my wighty men,
Sae fast as ye can gae.

“Put on, put on, my wighty men,
Sae fast as ye can drie!
For he that’s hindmost o’ the thrang
Sall ne’er get good o’ me.”

Then some they rade, and some they ran,
Out-owre the grass and bent;
But ere the foremost could win up,
Baith lady and babes were brent.

And after the Gordon he is gane,
Sae fast as he might drie;
And soon i’ the Gordon’s foul heart’s blude
He’s wroken his dear ladye.

Unknown

ROBIN HOOD AND ALLEN-A-DALE

COME listen to me, you gallants so free,
All you that love mirth for to hear,
And I will tell you of a bold outlâw.
That lived in Nottinghamshire.

As Robin Hood in the forest stood,
All under the greenwood tree,
There was he aware of a brave young man,
As fine as fine might be.

The youngster was clad in scarlet red,
In scarlet fine and gay;
And he did frisk it over the plain,
And chanted a roundelay.

As Robin Hood next morning stood
Amongst the leaves so gay,
There did he espy the same young man
Come drooping along the way.

The scarlet he wore the day before
It was clean cast away;
And at every step he fetched a sigh,
"Alas! and well-a-day!"

Then steppèd forth brave Little John,
And Midge, the miller's son;
Which made the young man bend his bow
When as he see them come.

"Stand off! stand off!" the young man said,
"What is your will with me?"
"You must come before our master straight,
Under yon greenwood tree."

And when he came bold Robin before,
Robin asked him courteously,
"O, hast thou any money to spare,
For my merry men and me?"

"I have no money," the young man said,
"But five shillings and a ring;
And that I have kept these seven long years,
To have at my wedding.

"Yesterday I should have married a maid,
But she was from me ta'en,
And chosen to be an old knight's delight,
Whereby my poor heart is slain."

"What is thy name?" then said Robin Hood,
"Come tell me, without any fail."
"By the faith of my body," then said the young man,
"My name it is Allen-a-Dale."

"What wilt thou give me," said Robin Hood,
"In ready gold or fee,
To help thee to thy true-love again,
And deliver her unto thee?"

“I have no money,” then quoth the young man,
“No ready gold nor fee,
But I will swear upon a book
Thy true servant for to be.”

“How many miles is it to thy true-love?
Come tell me without guile.”
“By the faith of my body,” then said the young man,
“It is but five little mile.”

Then Robin he hasted over the plain;
He did neither stint nor lin,
Until he came unto the church
Where Allen should keep his weddin’.

“What dost thou here?” the bishop then said;
“I prithee now tell unto me.”
“I am a bold harper,” quoth Robin Hood,
“And the best in the north country.”

“Oh welcome, oh welcome,” the bishop he said;
“That music best pleaseth me.”
“You shall have no music,” quoth Robin Hood,
“Till the bride and the bridegroom I see.”

With that came in a wealthy knight,
Which was both grave and old;
And after him a finikin lass,
Did shine like glistering gold.

“This is no fit match,” quoth Robin Hood,
“That you do seem to make here;
For since we are come into the church,
The bride shall chuse her own dear.”

Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,
And blew blasts two or three;
When four-and-twenty yeomen bold
Came leaping over the lea.

And when they came into the church-yard,
Marching all in a row,
The first man was Allen-a-Dale,
To give bold Robin his bow.

“This is thy true love,” Robin he said.
“Young Allen, as I hear say:
And you shall be married at this same time,
Before we depart away.”

“That shall not be,” the bishop he cried,
“For thy word it shall not stand;
They shall be three times asked in the church,
As the law is of our land.”

Robin Hood pulled off the bishop’s coat,
And put it upon Little John;
“By the faith of my body,” then Robin said,
“This cloth doth make thee a man.”

When Little John went into the quire,
The people began to laugh;
He asked them seven times into church,
Lest three times should not be enough.

“Who gives me this maid?” then said Little John,
Quoth Robin Hood, “That do I;
And he that takes her from Allen-a-Dale,
Full dearly he shall her buy.”

And then having ended this merry wedding,
The bride looked as fresh as a queen;
And so they returned to the merry greenwood,
Amongst the leaves so green.

Unknown

CHEVY-CHASE

GOD prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all;
A woful hunting once there did
In Chevy-Chase befall.

To drive the deer with hound and horn
Earl Percy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborn
The hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer days to take;

The chiefest harts in Chevy-Chase
To kill and bear away.
These tidings to Earl Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay;

Who sent Earl Percy present word
He would prevent his sport.
The English earl, not fearing that,
Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of need
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran
To chase the fallow deer;
On Monday they began to hunt,
When daylight did appear;

And long before high noon they had
A hundred fat bucks slain;
Then, having dined, the drovers went
To rouse the deer again.

The bowmen mustered on the hills,
Well able to endure;
And all their rear, with special care,
That day was guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods
The nimble deer to take,
That with their cries the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the slaughtered deer;
Quoth he, "Earl Douglas promised
This day to meet me here;

"But if I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay;"
With that, a brave young gentleman
Thus to the earl did say:—

"Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,—
His men in armor bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears
All marching in our sight;

"All men of pleasant Teviotdale,
Fast by the river Tweed;"
"Then cease your sports," Earl Percy said,
"And take your bows with speed;

"And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance;
For never was there champion yet,
In Scotland or in France,

"That ever did on horseback come,
But if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a spear."

Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of his company,
Whose armor shone like gold.

“Show me,” said he, “whose men you be,
That hunt so boldly here,
That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow-deer.”

The first man that did answer make,
Was noble Percy, he—
Who said, “We list not to declare,
Nor show whose men we be:

“Yet will we spend our dearest blood
Thy chiefest harts to slay.”
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say:—

“Ere thus I will out-bravèd be,
One of us two shall die;
I know thee well, an earl thou art,—
Lord Percy, so am I.

“But trust me, Percy, pity it were,
And great offense, to kill
Any of these our guiltless men,
For they have done no ill.

“Let you and I the battle try,
And set our men aside.”
“Accursed be he,” Earl Percy said,
“By whom this is denied.”

Then stepped a gallant squire forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, “I would not have it told
To Henry, our king, for shame,

“That e’er my captain fought on foot,
And I stood looking on.
You two be earls,” said Witherington,
“And I a squire alone;

"I'll do the best that do I may,
While I have power to stand;
While I have power to wield my sword,
I'll fight with heart and hand."

Our English archers bent their bows,—
Their hearts were good and true;
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full fourscore Scots they slew.

Yet stays Earl Douglas on the bent,
As chieftain stout and good;
As valiant captain, all unmoved,
The shock he firmly stood.

His host he parted had in three,
As leader ware and tried;
And soon his spearmen on their foes
Bore down on every side.

Throughout the English archery
They dealt full many a wound;
But still our valiant Englishmen
All firmly kept their ground.

And throwing straight their bows away,
They grasped their swords so bright;
And now sharp blows, a heavy shower,
On shields and helmets light.

They closed full fast on every side,
No slackness there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

In truth, it was a grief to see
How each one chose his spear,
And how the blood out of their breasts
Did gush like water clear.

At last these two stout earls did meet;
Like captains of great might,
Like lions wode, they laid on lode,
And made a cruel fight.

They fought until they both did sweat,
With swords of tempered steel,
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling down did feel.

“Yield thee, Lord Percy,” Douglas said,
“In faith I will thee bring
Where thou shalt high avancèd be
By James, our Scottish king.

“Thy ransom I will freely give.
And this report of thee,—
Thou art the most courageous knight
That ever I did see.”

“No, Douglas,” saith Earl Percy then,
“Thy proffer I do scorn;
I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born.”

With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart,—
A deep and deadly blow;

Who never spake more words than these:
“Fight on, my merry men all;
For why, my life is at an end;
Lord Percy sees my fall.”

Then leaving life, Earl Percy took
The dead man by the hand;
And said, “Earl Douglas, for thy life
Would I had lost my hand.

“In truth, my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure a more redoubted knight
Mischance did never take.”

A knight amongst the Scots there was
Who saw Earl Douglas die,
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Earl Percy.

Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he called,
Who, with a spear full bright,
Well-mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight;

And past the English archers all,
Without a dread or fear;
And through Earl Percy's body then
He thrust his hateful spear.

With such vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The staff ran through the other side
A large cloth-yard and more.

So thus did both these nobles die,
Whose courage none could stain.
An English archer then perceived
The noble earl was slain;

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
To the hard head drew he.

Against Sir Hugh Mountgomery
So right the shaft he set,
The gray goose-wing that was thereon
In his heart's blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun;
For when they rung the evening-bell
The battle scarce was done.

With stout Earl Percy there were slain
Sir John of Egerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James, that bold baron.

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,
Both Knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,
Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington my heart is woe
That ever he slain should be,
For when his legs were hewn in two,
He knelt and fought on his knee.

And with Earl Douglas there were slain
Sir Hugh Mountgomery,
Sir Charles Murray, that from the field
One foot would never flee;

Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliff, too,—
His sister's son was he;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteemed,
But saved he could not be.

And the Lord Maxwell in like case
Did with Earl Douglas die:
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears,
Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
Went home but fifty-three;
The rest in Chevy-Chase were slain,
Under the greenwood tree.

Next day did many widows come,
Their husbands to bewail;
They washed their wounds in brinish tears,
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bathed in purple blood,
They bore with them away;
They kissed them dead a thousand times,
Ere they were clad in clay.

The news was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's king did reign,
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slain:

"O heavy news," King James did say;
"Scotland can witness be
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he."

Like tidings to King Henry came
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slain in Chevy-Chase:

"Now God be with him," said our King,
"Since 'twill no better be;
I trust I have within my realm
Five hundred as good as he.

"Yet shall not Scots or Scotland say
But I will vengeance take;
I'll be revengèd on them all
For brave Earl Percy's sake."

This vow full well the king performed
After at Humbledown;
In one day fifty knights were slain
With lords of high renown;

And of the rest, of small account,
Did many hundreds die:
Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chase,
Made by the Earl Percy.

God save the king, and bless this land,
With plenty, joy, and peace;
And grant, henceforth, that foul debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease.

Unknown

THE BONNIE HOUSE OF AIRLIE

It fell on a day, and a bonnie simmer day,
When green grew aits and barley,
That there fell out a great dispute
Between Argyll and Airlie.

Argyll has raised an hunder men,
An hunder harnessed rarely,
And he's awa' by the back of Dunkell,
To plunder the castle of Airlie.

Lady Ogilvie looks o'er her bower-window,
And O but she looks warely!
And there she spied the great Argyll,
Come to plunder the bonnie house of Airlie.

"Come down, come down, my Lady Ogilvie,
Come down and kiss me fairly:"

"O I winna kiss the fause Argyll,
If he shouldna leave a standing stane in Airlie."

He hath taken her by the left shoulder,
Says, "Dame, where lies thy dowry?"

"O it's east and west yon wan water side,
And it's down by the banks of the Airlie."

They hae sought it up, they hae sought it down,
They hae sought it maist severely,
Till they fand it in the fair plum-tree
That shines on the bowling-green of Airlie.

He hath taken her by the middle sae small,
And O but she grat sairly!
And laid her down by the bonnie burn-side,
Till they plundered the castle of Airlie.

“Gif my gude lord war here this night,
As he is with King Charlie,
Neither you, nor ony ither Scottish lord,
Durst avow to the plundering of Airlie.

“Gif my gude lord war now at hame,
As he is with his king,
There durst nae a Campbell in a' Argyll
Set fit on Airlie green.

“Ten bonnie sons I have borne unto him,
The eleventh ne'er saw his daddy;
But though I had an hunder mair,
I'd gie them a' to King Charlie!”

Unknown

KINMONT WILLIE

O HAVE ye na heard o' the fause Sakelde?
O have ye na heard o' the keen Lord Scroope?
How they hae ta'en bauld Kinmont Willie,
On Haribee to hang him up?

Had Willie had but twenty men,
But twenty men as stout as he,
Fause Sakelde had never the Kinmont ta'en,
Wi' eightscore in his companie.

They band his legs beneath the steed,
They tied his hands behind his back;
They guarded him, fivesome on each side,
And they brought him owre the Liddel-rack.

They led him through the Liddel-rack,
And also through the Carlisle sands;
They brought him to Carlisle castell,
To be at my Lord Scroope's commands.

“My hands are tied, but my tongue is free,
And whae will dare this deed avow?
Or answer by the Border law?
Or answer to the bauld Buccleuch?”

“Now haud thy tongue, thou rank reiver!
There’s never a Scot shall set thee free:
Before ye cross my castle yate,
I trow ye shall take farewell o’ me.”

“Fear na ye that, my lord,” quo’ Willie.
“By the faith o’ my body, Lord Scroope,” he said,
“I never yet lodged in a hostelrye,
But I paid my lawing before I gaed.”

Now word is gane to the bauld Keeper,
In Branksome Ha’, where that he lay,
That Lord Scroope has ta’en the Kinmont Willie,
Between the hours of night and day.

He has ta’en the table wi’ his hand,
He garred the red wine spring on hie,—
“Now Christ’s curse on my head,” he said,
“But avenged of Lord Scroope, I’ll be!

“O is my basnet a widow’s curch?
Or my lance a wand of the willow-tree?
Or my arm a ladye’s lilye hand,
That an English lord sets light by me!

“And have they ta’en him, Kinmont Willie,
Against the truce of Border tide?
And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch
Is keeper here on the Scottish side?

“And have they e’en ta’en him, Kinmont Willie,
Withouten either dread or fear?
And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch
Can back a steed, or shake a spear?

“O were there war between the lands,
As well I wot that there is nane,
I would slight Carlisle castell high,
Though it were builded of marble stane.

“I would set that castell in a low,
And sloken it with English blood!
There’s never a man in Cumberland,
Should ken where Carlisle castell stood.

“But since nae war’s between the lands,
And there is peace, and peace should be;
I’ll neither harm English lad or lass,
And yet the Kinmont freed shall be!”

He has called him forty Marchmen bauld,
Were kinsmen to the bauld Buccleuch;
Wi’ spur on heel, and splent on spauld,
And gleuves of green, and feathers blue.

There were five and five before them a’,
Wi’ hunting-horns and bugles bright:
And five and five came wi’ Buccleuch,
Like warden’s men, arrayed for fight.

And five and five, like a mason-gang,
That carried the ladders lang and hie;
And five and five, like broken men;
And so they reached the Woodhouselee.

And as we crossed the Bateable Land,
When to the English side we held,
The first o’ men that we met wi’,
Whae sould it be but fause Sakelde?

“Where be ye gaun, ye hunters keen?”
Quo’ fause Sakelde; “come tell to me!”
“We go to hunt an English stag,
Has trespassed on the Scots countrie.”

“Where be ye gaun, ye marshal men?”
Quo’ fause Sakelde; “come tell me true!”
“We go to catch a rank reiver,
Has broken faith wi’ the bauld Buccleuch.”

“Where be ye gaun, ye mason lads,
Wi’ a’ your ladders, lang and hie?”
“We gang to harry a corbie’s nest,
That wons not far frae Woodhouselee.”

“Where be ye gaun, ye broken men?”
Quo’ fause Sakelde; “come tell to me!”—
Now Dickie of Dryhope led that band,
And the nevir a word of lore had he.

“Why trespass ye on the English side?
Row-footed outlaws, stand!” quo’ he;
The nevir a word had Dickie to say,
Sae he thrust the lance through his fause bodie.

Then on we held for Carlisle toun,
And at Staneshaw-bank the Eden we crossed;
The water was great and meikle of spait,
But the nevir a horse nor man we lost.

And when we reached the Staneshaw-bank,
The wind was rising loud and hie;
And there the Laird garred leave our steeds,
For fear that they should stamp and nie.

And when we left the Staneshaw-bank,
The wind began fu’ loud to blaw;
But ’twas wind and weet, and fire and sleet,
When we came beneath the castle wa’.

We crept on knees, and held our breath,
Till we placed the ladders against the wa’;
And sae ready was Buccleuch himsell
To mount the first before us a’.

He has ta'en the watchman by the throat,
He flung him down upon the lead—
“Had there not been peace between our lands,
Upon the other side thou hadst gaed!

“Now sound out, trumpets!” quo' Buccleuch;
“Let's waken Lord Scroope right merrilie!”
Then loud the warden's trumpet blew—
O wha dare meddle wi' me?

Then speedilie to wark we gaed,
And raised the slogan ane and a',
And cut a hole through a sheet of lead,
And so we wan to the castle ha'.

They thought King James and a' his men
Had won the house wi' bow and spear;
It was but twenty Scots and ten,
That put a thousand in sic a stear!

Wi' coulters, and wi' forehammers,
We garred the bars bang merrilie,
Until we came to the inner prison,
Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie.

And when we cam to the lower prison,
Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie,—
“O sleep ye, wake ye, Kinmont Willie,
Upon the morn that thou's to die?”

“O I sleep saft, and I wake aft:
It's lang since sleeping was fleyed frae me!
Gie my service back to my wife and bairns,
And a' gude fellows that spier for me.”

Then red Rowan has hente him up,
The starkest man in Teviotdale—
“Abide, abide now, Red Rowan,
Till of my Lord Scroope I take farewell.

“Farewell, farewell, my gude Lord Scroope!
My gude Lord Scroope, farewell!” he cried—
“I’ll pay you for my lodging mail,
When first we meet on the Border side.”

Then shoulder high, with shout and cry,
We bore him down the ladder lang;
At every stride Red Rowan made,
I wot the Kinmont’s airns played clang!

“O mony a time,” quo’ Kinmont Willie,
“I’ve ridden horse baith wild and wood;
But a rougher beast than Red Rowan
I ween my legs have ne’er bestrode.

“And mony a time,” quo’ Kinmont Willie,
“I’ve pricked a horse out owre the furs;
But since the day I backed a steed,
I never wore sic cumbrous spurs!”

We scarce had won the Staneshaw-bank
When a’ the Carlisle bells were rung,
And a thousand men on horse and foot,
Cam wi’ the keen Lord Scroope along.

Buccleuch has turned to Eden Water,
Even where it flowed frae bank to brim,
And he has plunged in wi’ a’ his band,
And safely swam them through the stream.

He turned him on the other side,
And at Lord Scroope his glove flung he;
“If ye like na my visit in merry England,
In fair Scotland come visit me!”

All sore astonished stood Lord Scroope,
He stood as still as rock of stane;
He scarcely dared to trust his eyes,
When through the water they had gane.

“He is either himsell a devil frae hell,
Or else his mother a witch maun be;
I wadna have ridden that wan water
For a’ the gowd in Christentie.”

Unknown

THE DOWIE HOUMS OF YARROW

LATE at een, drinkin’ the wine,
And ere they paid the lawin’,
They set a combat them between
To fight it in the dawin’.

“O stay at hame, my noble lord!
O stay at hame, my marrow!
My cruel brother will you betray,
On the dowie houms o’ Yarrow.”

“O fare ye weel, my lady gay!
O fare ye weel, my Sarah!
For I maun gae, though I ne’er return
Frae the dowie banks o’ Yarrow.”

She kissed his cheek, she kamed his hair,
As she had done before, O;
She belted on his noble brand,
An’ he’s awa to Yarrow.

O he’s gane up yon high, high hill—
I wat he gaed wi’ sorrow—
An’ in a den spied nine armed men,
I’ the dowie houms o’ Yarrow.

“O are ye come to drink the wine,
As ye hae doon before, O?
Or are ye come to wield the brand,
On the dowie houms o’ Yarrow?”

“I am no come to drink the wine,
As I hae don before, O,
But I am come to wield the brand,
On the dowie houms o’ Yarrow.”

Four he hurt, an' five he slew,
On the dowie houms o' Yarrow,
Till that stubborn knight cam him behind,
An' ran his body thorow.

"Gae hame, gae hame, good brother John,
An' tell your sister Sarah
To come an' lift her noble lord,
Who's sleepin' sound on Yarrow."

"Yestreen I dreamed a dolefu' dream;
I kened there wad be sorrow;
I dreamed I pu'd the heather green,
On the dowie banks o' Yarrow."

She gaed up yon high, high hill—
I wat she gaed wi' sorrow—
An' in a den spied nine dead men,
On the dowie houms o' Yarrow.

She kissed his cheek, she kamed his hair,
As oft she did before, O;
She drank the red blood frae him ran,
On the dowie houms o' Yarrow.

"O haud your tongue, my douchter dear,
For what needs a' this sorrow?
I'll wed you on a better lord
Than him you lost on Yarrow."

"O haud your tongue, my father dear.
An' dinna grieve your Sarah;
A better lord was never born
Than him I lost on Yarrow.

"Tak hame your ousen, tak hame your kye,
For they hae bred our sorrow;
I wiss that they had a' gane mad
Whan they cam first to Yarrow."

Unknown

LORD LOVEL

LORD LOVEL he stood at his castle gate,
Combing his milk-white steed;
When up came Lady Nancy Belle,
To wish her lover good speed.

"Where are you going, Lord Lovel?" she said,
"Oh! where are you going?" said she;
"I'm going, my Lady Nancy Belle,
Strange countries for to see."

"When will you be back, Lord Lovel?" she said,
"Oh! when will you come back?" said she;
"In a year or two—or three, at the most,
I'll return to my fair Nancy."

But he had not been gone a year and a day,
Strange countries for to see,
When languishing thoughts came into his head,
Lady Nancy Belle he would go see.

So he rode, and he rode on his milk-white steed,
Till he came to London town,
And there he heard St. Pancras' bells,
And the people all mourning round.

"Oh, what is the matter," Lord Lovel he said,
"Oh! what is the matter?" said he;
"A lord's lady is dead," a woman replied,
"And some call her Lady Nancy."

So he ordered the grave to be opened wide,
And the shroud he turned down,
And there he kissed her clay-cold lips,
Till the tears came trickling down.

Lady Nancy she died as it might be to-day,
Lord Lovel he died as to-morrow;
Lady Nancy she died out of pure, pure grief,
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow.

Lady Nancy was laid in St. Pancras' church,
Lord Lovel was laid in the choir;
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,
And out of her lover's a brier.

They grew, and they grew, to the church-steeple top,
And then they could grow no higher:
So there they entwined in a true-lover's knot,
For all lovers true to admire.

Unknown

BARBARA ALLEN'S CRUELTY

IN Scarlet town, where I was born,
There was a fair maid dwellin',
Made every youth cry *Well-a-way!*
Her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merry month of May,
When green buds they were swellin',
Young Jemmy Grove on his death-bed lay,
For love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his man in to her then,
To the town where she was dwellin',
"O haste and come to my master dear,
If your name be Barbara Allen."

So slowly, slowly rase she up,
And slowly she came nigh him,
And when she drew the curtain by—
"Young man, I think you're dyin'."

"O it's I am sick and very very sick,
And it's all for Barbara Allen."
"O the better for me ye'se never be,
Though your heart's blood were a-spillin'!

The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington 2611

"O dinna ye mind, young man," says she,
"When the red wine ye were fillin',
That ye made the healths go round and round,
And slighted Barbara Allen?"

He turned his face unto the wall,
And death was with him dealin':
"Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
And be kind to Barbara Allen!"

As she was walking o'er the fields,
She heard the dead-bell knellin';
And every jow the dead-bell gave
Cried "Woe to Barbara Allen."

"O mother, mother, make my bed,
O make it saft and narrow:
My love has died for me to-day,
I'll die for him to-morrow.

"Farewell," she said, "ye virgins all,
And shun the fault I fell in:
Henceforth take warning by the fall
Of cruel Barbara Allen."

Unknown

THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON

THERE was a youth, a well-belovèd youth,
And he was a squire's son,
He loved the bailiff's daughter dear,
That lived in Islington.

Yet she was coy and would not believe
That he did love her so,
No, nor at any time would she
Any countenance to him show.

But when his friends did understand
His fond and foolish mind,
They sent him up to fair London
An apprentice for to bind.

And when he had been seven long years,
And never his love could see:
Many a tear have I shed for her sake,
When she little thought of me.

Then all the maids of Islington
Went forth to sport and play,
All but the bailiff's daughter dear;
She secretly stole away.

She pulled off her gown of green,
And put on ragged attire,
And to fair London she would go
Her true-love to enquire.

As she went along the high road,
The weather being hot and dry,
She sat her down upon a green bank,
And her true-love came riding by.

She started up, with a color so red,
Catching hold of his bridle-rein;
One penny, one penny, kind sir, she said,
Will ease me of much pain.

Before I give you one penny, sweet-heart,
Pray tell me where you were born.
At Islington, kind sir, said she,
Where I have had many a scorn.

I prithee, sweet-heart, then tell to me,
O tell me, whether you know,
The bailiff's daughter of Islington.
She is dead, sir, long ago.

If she be dead, then take my horse,
My saddle and bridle also;
For I will unto some far country,
Where no man shall me know.

O stay, O stay, thou goodly youth,
She standeth by thy side;
She is here, alive, she is not dead,
And ready to be thy bride.

O farewell grief, and welcome joy,
Ten thousand times therefor;
For now I have found mine own true-love,
Whom I thought I should never see more.

Unknown

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY

AN ancient story I'll tell you anon
Of a notable prince that was called King John;
And he rulèd England with main and with might,
For he did great wrong, and maintained little right.

And I'll tell you a story, a story so merry,
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbury;
How for his house-keeping and high renown,
They rode post for him to fair London town.

An hundred men the king did hear say,
The abbot kept in his house every day;
And fifty gold chains without any doubt,
In velvet coats waited the abbot about.

“How now, father abbot, I hear it of thee,
Thou keepest a far better house than me;
And for thy house-keeping and high renown,
I fear thou work'st treason against my own crown.”

“My liege,” quo’ the abbot, “I would it were known
I never spend nothing, but what is my own;
And I trust your grace will do me no decree,
For spending of my own true-gotten gear.”

“Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is high,
And now for the same thou needest must die;
For except thou canst answer me questions three,
Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodie.

“And first,” quo’ the king, “when I’m in this stead,
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birth,
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worth.

“Secondly, tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride the whole world about;
And at the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think.”

“O these are hard questions for my shallow wit,
Nor I cannot answer your grace as yet:
But if you will give me but three weeks’ space,
I’ll do my endeavor to answer your grace.”

“Now three weeks’ space to thee will I give,
And that is the longest time thou hast to live;
For if thou dost not answer my questions three,
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to me.”

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word,
And he rode to Cambridge, and Oxenford;
But never a doctor there was so wise,
That could with his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold,
And he met his shepherd a-going to fold:
“How now, my lord abbot, you are welcome home;
What news do you bring us from good King John?”

"Sad news, sad news, shepherd, I must give,
That I have but three days more to live;
For if I do not answer him questions three,
My head will be smitten from my bodie.

"The first is to tell him, there in that stead,
With his crown of gold so fair on his head,
Among all his liege-men so noble of birth,
To within one penny of what he is worth.

"The second, to tell him without any doubt,
How soon he may ride this whole world about;
And at the third question I must not shrink,
But tell him there truly what he does think."

"Now cheer up, sire abbot, did you never hear yet,
That a fool he may learn a wise man wit?
Lend me horse, and serving-men, and your apparel,
And I'll ride to London to answer your quarrel.

"Nay, frown not, if it hath been told unto me,
I am like your lordship, as ever may be;
And if you will but lend me your gown,
There is none shall know us at fair London town."

"Now horses and serving-men thou shalt have,
With sumptuous array most gallant and brave,
With crozier, and mitre, and rochet, and cope,
Fit to appear 'fore our Father the Pope."

"Now welcome, sire abbot," the king he did say,
"'Tis well thou'rt come back to keep thy day:
For and if thou canst answer my questions three,
Thy life and thy living both saved shall be.

"And first, when thou seest me here in this stead,
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birth,
Tell me to one penny what I am worth."

“For thirty pence our Saviour was sold
 Among the false Jews, as I have been told,
 And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,
 For I think thou art one penny worser than he.”

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel,
 “I did not think I had been worth so little!
 —Now secondly tell me, without any doubt,
 How soon I may ride this whole world about.”

“You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same
 Until the next morning he riseth again;
 And then your grace need not make any doubt
 But in twenty-four hours you’ll ride it about.”

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Jone,
 “I did not think it could be done so soon!
 —Now from the third question thou must not shrink,
 But tell me here truly what I do think.”

“Yea, that shall I do, and make your grace merry;
 You think I’m the Abbot of Canterbury;
 But I’m his poor shepherd, as plain you may see,
 That am come to beg pardon for him and for me.”

The king he laughed, and swore by the Mass,
 “I’ll make thee lord abbot this day in his place!”
 “Now nay, my liege, be not in such speed,
 For alack I can neither write nor read.”

“Four nobles a week, then, I will give thee,
 For this merry jest thou hast shown unto me;
 And tell the old abbot when thou comest home,
 Thou hast brought him a pardon from good King John.”

Unknown

THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY

It was a friar of orders gray
 Walked forth to tell his beads;
 And he met with a lady fair
 Clad in a pilgrim’s weeds.

“Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar;
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy shrine
My true-love thou didst see.”

“And how should I know your true-love
From many another one?”

“O, by his cockle hat, and staff,
And by his sandal shoon.

“But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were so fair to view;
His flaxen locks that sweetly curled,
And eyes of lovely blue.”

“O lady, he is dead and gone!
Lady, he’s dead and gone!
And at his head a green grass turf,
And at his heels a stone.

“Within these holy cloisters long
He languished, and he died,
Lamenting of a lady’s love,
And ’plaining of her pride.

“Here bore him barefaced on his bier
Six proper youths and tall,
And many a tear bedewed his grave
Within yon kirkyard wall.”

“And art thou dead, thou gentle youth?
And art thou dead and gone?
And didst thou die for love of me?
Break, cruel heart of stone!”

“O, weep not, lady, weep not so;
Some ghostly comfort seek;
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,
Nor tears bedew thy cheek.”

“O, do not, do not, holy friar,
My sorrow now reprove;
For I have lost the sweetest youth
That e’er won lady’s love.

“And now, alas! for thy sad loss
I’ll evermore weep and sigh;
For thee I only wished to live,
For thee I wish to die.”

“Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrow is in vain;
For violets plucked, the sweetest showers
Will ne’er make grow again.

“Our joys as wingèd dreams do fly;
Why then should sorrow last?
Since grief but aggravates thy loss,
Grieve not for what is past.”

“O, say not so, thou holy friar;
I pray thee, say not so;
For since my true-love died for me,
’Tis meet my tears should flow.

“And will he never come again?
Will he ne’er come again?
Ah, no! he is dead, and laid in his grave,
Forever to remain.

“His cheek was redder than the rose;
The comeliest youth was he!
But he is dead and laid in his grave:
Alas, and woe is me!”

“Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever:
One foot on sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.

“Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
And left thee sad and heavy;
For young men ever were fickle found,
Since summer trees were leafy.”

“Now say not so, thou holy friar,
I pray thee say not so;
My love he had the truest heart,
O, he was ever true!

“And art thou dead, thou much-loved youth,
And didst thou die for me?
Then farewell home; for evermore
A pilgrim I will be.

“But first upon my true-love’s grave
My weary limbs I’ll lay,
And thrice I’ll kiss the green-grass turf
That wraps his breathless clay.”

“Yet stay, fair lady; rest awhile
Beneath this cloister wall;
The cold wind through the hawthorn blows,
And drizzly rain doth fall.”

“O, stay me not, thou holy friar,
O, stay me not, I pray;
No drizzly rain that falls on me
Can wash my fault away.”

“Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
And dry those pearly tears;
For see, beneath this gown of gray
Thy own true-love appears.

“Here forced by grief and hopeless love,
These holy weeds I sought;
And here, amid these lonely walls,
To end my days I thought.

“But haply, for my year of grace
Is not yet passed away,
Might I still hope to win thy love,
No longer would I stay.”

“Now farewell grief, and welcome joy
Once more unto my heart;
For since I have found thee, lovely youth,
We nevermore will part.”

Adapted from old ballads by Thomas Percy [1729-1811]

BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL

HIE upon Hielands,
And low upon Tay,
Bonnie George Campbell
Rade out on a day.
Saddled and bridled
And gallant rade he;
Hame cam his gude horse,
But never cam he!

Out cam his auld mither
Greeting fu' sair,
And out cam his bonnie bride
Rivin' her hair.
Saddled and bridled
And booted rade he;
Toom hame cam the saddle
But never cam he!

“My meadow lies green,
And my corn is unshorn,
My barn is to bigg,
And my babie's unborn.”
Saddled and bridled
And booted rade he;
Toom hame cam the saddle,
But never cam he!

Unknown

ROSABELLE

From "The Lay of the Last Minstrel"

O LISTEN, listen, ladies gay!

No haughty feat of arms I tell;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

"Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew!
And, gentle Lady, deign to stay!
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

"The blackening wave is edged with white;
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly:
The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,
Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

"Last night the gifted Seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round lady gay;
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch;
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?"

"'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my lady-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

"'Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide
If 'tis not filled by Rosabelle."

O'er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen;
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud
 Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie,
 Each Baron, for a sable shroud,
 Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seemed all on fire within, around,
 Deep sacristy and altar's pale;
 Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
 And glimmered all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
 Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair,—
 So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
 The lordly line of high Saint Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
 Lie buried within that proud chapelle;
 Each one the holy vault doth hold,—
 But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

And each Saint Clair was buried there
 With candle, with book, and with knell;
 But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung
 The dirge of lovely Rosabelle!

Walter Scott [1771-1832]

ALICE BRAND

From "The Lady of the Lake"

I

MERRY it is in the good greenwood,
 When the mavis and merle are singing,
 When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds are in cry,
 And the hunter's horn is ringing.

"O Alice Brand, my native land
 Is lost for love of you;
 And we must hold by wood and wold,
 As outlaws wont to do.

"O Alice, 'twas all for thy locks so bright,
And 'twas all for thine eyes so blue,
That on the night of our luckless flight,
Thy brother bold I slew.

"Now must I teach to hew the beech
The hand that held the glaive,
For leaves to spread our lowly bed,
And stakes to fence our cave.

"And for vest of pall, thy fingers small,
That wont on harp to stray,
A cloak must shear from the slaughtered deer,
To keep the cold away."

"O Richard! if my brother died,
'Twas but a fatal chance;
For darkling was the battle tried,
And fortune sped the lance.

"If pall and vair no more I wear,
Nor thou the crimson sheen,
As warm, we'll say, is the russet gray,
As gay the forest green.

"And, Richard, if our lot be hard,
And lost thy native land,
Still Alice has her own Richard,
And he his Alice Brand."

II

"Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood,
So blithe Lady Alice is singing;
On the beech's pride, and oak's brown side,
Lord Richard's ax is ringing.

Up spoke the moody Elfin King,
Who woned within the hill,—
Like wind in the porch of a ruined church,
His voice was ghostly shrill.

“Why sounds yon stroke on beech and oak,
Our moonlight circle’s screen?
Or who comes here to chase the deer,
Beloved of our Elfin Queen?
Or who may dare on wold to wear
The fairies’ fatal green?”

“Up, Urgan, up! to yon mortal hie,
For thou wert christened man;
For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,
For muttered word or ban.

“Lay on him the curse of the withered heart,
The curse of the sleepless eye;
Till he wish and pray that his life would part,
Nor yet find leave to die!”

III

’Tis merry, ’tis merry, in good greenwood,
Though the birds have stilled their singing;
The evening blaze doth Alice raise,
And Richard is fagots bringing.

Up Urgan starts, that hideous dwarf,
Before Lord Richard stands,
And, as he crossed and blessed himself,
“I fear not sign,” quoth the grisly elf,
“That is made with bloody hands.”

But out then spoke she, Alice Brand,
That woman void of fear,—
“And if there’s blood upon his hand,
’Tis but the blood of deer.”

“Now loud thou liest, thou bold of mood!
It cleaves unto his hand,
The stain of thine own kindly blood,
The blood of Ethert Brand.”

Then forward stepped she, Alice Brand,
And made the holy sign,—
“And if there’s blood on Richard’s hand,
A spotless hand is mine.

“And I conjure thee, Demon elf,
By Him whom Demons fear,
To show us whence thou art thyself,
And what thine errand here?”

IV

“’Tis merry, ’tis merry, in Fairy-land,
When fairy birds are singing,
When the court doth ride by the monarch’s side,
With bit and bridle ringing.

“And gaily shines the Fairy-land—
But all is glistening show,
Like the idle gleam that December’s beam
Can dart on ice and snow.

“And fading, like that varied gleam,
Is our inconstant shape,
Who now like knight and lady seem,
And now like dwarf and ape.

“It was between the night and day,
When the Fairy King has power,
That I sunk down in a sinful fray,
And, ’twixt life and death, was snatched away
To the joyless Elfin bower.

“But wist I of a woman bold,
Who thrice my brow durst sign,
I might regain my mortal mold,
As fair a form as thine.”

She crossed him once—she crossed him twice—
That lady was so brave;
The fouler grew his goblin hue,
The darker grew the cave.

She crossed him thrice, that lady bold;
He rose beneath her hand
The fairest knight on Scottish mold,
Her brother, Ethert Brand!

Merry it is in good greenwood,
When the mavis and merle are singing,
But merrier were they in Dunfermline gray,
When all the bells were ringing.

Walter Scott [1771-1832]

SONG

From "Rokeby"

O BRIGNALL banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer-queen.
And as I rode by Dalton-Hall
Beneath the turrets high,
A Maiden on the castle-wall
Was singing merrily:
"O Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there
Than reign our English queen."

"O Maiden, wouldst thou wend with me,
To leave both tower and town,
Thou first must guess what life lead we
That dwell by dale and down.
And if thou canst that riddle read,
As read full well you may,
Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed,
As blithe as Queen of May."
Yet sung she, "Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are green;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there
Than reign our English queen."

"I read you, by your bugle-horn
And by your palfrey good,
I read you for a Ranger sworn
To keep the king's greenwood."

"A Ranger, lady, winds his horn,
And 'tis at peep of light;
His blast is heard at merry morn,
And mine at dead of night."
Yet sung she, "Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are gay;
I would I were with Edmund there
To reign his Queen of May!

"With burnished brand and musketoon
So gallantly you come,
I read you for a bold Dragoon
That lists the tuck of drum."

"I list no more the tuck of drum,
No more the trumpet hear;
But when the beetle sounds his hum
My comrades take the spear.
And O! though Brignall banks be fair
And Greta woods be gay,
Yet mickle must the maiden dare
Would reign my Queen of May!

"Maiden! a nameless life I lead,
A nameless death I'll die;
The fiend, whose lantern lights the mead,
Were better mate than I!
And when I'm with my comrades met
Beneath the greenwood bough,—
What once we were we all forget,
Nor think what we are now.
Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer queen."

Walter Scott [1771-1832]

GLENARA

OH, heard ye yon pibroch sound sad in the gale,
Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and wail?
'Tis the Chief of Glenara laments for his dear,
And her sire, and her people, are called to her bier.

Glenara came first with the mourners and shroud;
His kinsmen they followed, but mourned not aloud:
Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around;
They marched all in silence,—they looked on the ground.

In silence they went, over mountain and moor,
To a heath, where the oak-tree grew lonely and hoar;
“Now here let us place the gray stone of her cairn:
Why speak ye no word?” said Glenara the stern.

“And tell me, I charge you, ye clan of my spouse,
Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye your brows?”
So spake the rude chieftain:—no answer is made,
But each mantle unfolding, a dagger displayed.

“I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her shroud,”
Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and loud:
“And empty that shroud and that coffin did seem;
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!”

Oh, pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween,
When the shroud was unclosed and no lady was seen;
When a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in scorn,—
'Twas the youth who had loved the fair Ellen of Lorn,—

“I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her grief;
I dreamt that her lord was a barbarous chief;
On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem!
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!”

In dust, low the traitor has knelt to the ground,
And the desert revealed where his lady was found;
From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne,—
Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn!

Thomas Campbell [1777–1844]

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound,
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"

"O, I'm the chief of Ulva's Isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Outspoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief,—I'm ready:—
It is not for your silver bright;
But for your winsome lady:

"And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry:
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armèd men,—
Their trampling sounded nearer.

“O, haste thee, haste!” the lady cries,
“Though tempests round us gather;
I’ll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father.”

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, O, too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o’er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,—
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover:
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

“Come back! come back!” he cried in grief,
“Across this stormy water:
And I’ll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter!—O my daughter!”

’Twas vain;—the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing;—
The waters wild went o’er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

Thomas Campbell [1777-1844]

“WAE’S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE”

A WEE bird came to our ha’ door;
He warbled sweet and clearly;
And aye the o’ercome o’ his sang
Was “Wae’s me for Prince Charlie!”

Oh! when I heard the bonny, bonny bird
The tears came drapping rarely;
I took my bonnet aff my head,
For weel I lo’ed Prince Charlie.

Quoth I: “My bird, my bonny, bonny bird,
Is that a tale ye borrow?
Or is’t some words ye’ve learned by rote,
Or a lilt o’ dool and sorrow?”
“Oh! no, no, no!” the wee bird sang,
“I’ve flown sin’ morning early;
But sic a day o’ wind and rain!—
Oh! wae’s me for Prince Charlie!

“On hills that are by right his ain
He roams a lanely stranger;
On ilka hand he’s pressed by want,
On ilka side by danger.
Yestreen I met him in the glen,
My heart near bursted fairly;
For sadly changed indeed was he—
Oh! wae’s me for Prince Charlie!

“Dark night came on; the tempest howled
Out owre the hills and valleys;
And where was’t that your prince lay down,
Whose hame should be a palace?
He ro’ed him in a Highland plaid,
Which covered him but sparely,
And slept beneath a bush o’ broom—
Oh! wae’s me for Prince Charlie!”

But now the bird saw some red coats,
And he shook his wings wi’ anger:
“Oh! this is no a land for me—
I’ll tarry here nae langer.”
A while he hovered on the wing,
Ere he departed fairly;
But weel I mind the farewell strain,
’Twas “Wae’s me for Prince Charlie!”

William Glen [1789–1826]

TRUE LOVE'S DIRGE

SOME love is light and fleets away,
Heigho! the wind and rain;
Some love is deep and scorns decay,
Ah, well-a-day! in vain.

Of loyal love I sing this lay,
Heigho! the wind and rain;
'Tis of a knight and lady gay,
Ah, well-a-day! bright twain.

He loved her,—heart loved ne'er so well,
Heigho! the wind and rain;
She was a cold and proud damsel,
Ah, well-a-day! and vain.


He loved her,—oh, he loved her long,
Heigho! the wind and rain;
But she for love gave bitter wrong,
Ah, well-a-day! Disdain!

It is not meet for knight like me,
Heigho! the wind and rain;
Though scorned, love's recreant to be,
Ah, well-a-day! Refrain.

That brave knight buckled on his brand,
Heigho! the wind and rain;
And fast he sought a foreign strand,
Ah, well-a-day! in pain.

He wandered wide by land and sea
Heigho! the wind and rain;
A mirror of bright constancy.
Ah, well-a-day! in vain.

He would not chide, he would not blame,
Heigho! the wind and rain;
But at each shrine he breathed her name,
Ah, well-a-day! Amen!



He would not harp, he would not sing,
 Heigho! the wind and rain;
 That broke his heart with love-longing.
 Ah, well-a-day! poor brain.

He scorned to weep, he scorned to sigh,
 Heigho! the wind and rain;
 But like a true knight he could die,—
 Ah, well-a-day! life's vain.

The banner which that brave knight bore,
 Heigho! the wind and rain;
 Had scrolled on it, "Faith Evermore."
 Ah, well-a-day! again.

That banner led the Christian van,
 Heigho! the wind and rain;
 Against Seljuck and Turcoman.
 Ah, well-a-day! bright train.

The fight was o'er, the day was done,
 Heigho! the wind and rain;
 But lacking was that loyal one,—
 Ah, well-a-day! sad pain.

They found him on the battle-field,
 Heigho! the wind and rain;
 With broken sword and cloven shield,
 Ah, well-a-day! in twain.

They found him pillowed on the dead,
 Heigho! the wind and rain;
 The blood-soaked sod his bridal bed,
 Ah, well-a-day! the Slain.

And his pale brow and paler cheek,
 Heigho! the wind and rain;
 The white moonshine did fall so meek,
 Ah, well-a-day! sad strain.

They lifted up the True and Brave,
 Heigho! the wind and rain;
 And bore him to his lone cold grave,
 Ah, well-a-day! in pain.

They buried him on that far strand,
 Heigho! the wind and rain;
 His face turned towards his love's own land,
 Ah, well-a-day! how vain!

The wearied heart was laid at rest,
 Heigho! the wind and rain;
 To dream of her he likèd best,
 Ah, well-a-day! again.

They nothing said, but many a tear,
 Heigho! the wind and rain;
 Rained down on that knight's lowly bier,
 Ah, well-a-day! amain.

They nothing said, but many a sigh,
 Heigho! the wind and rain;
 Told how they wished like him to die,
 Ah, well-a-day! sans stain.

With solemn mass and orison,
 Heigho! the wind and rain;
 They reared to him a cross of stone,
 Ah, well-a-day! in pain.

And on it graved with daggers bright,
 Heigho! the wind and rain:
 "Here lies a true and gentle knight,"
 Ah, well-a-day! Amen!

William Motherwell [1797-1835]

SIR GALAHAD

My good blade carves the casques of men,
 My tough lance thrusteth sure,
 My strength is as the strength of ten,
 Because my heart is pure.

The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splintered spear-shafts crack and fly,
The horse and rider reel:
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their favors fall!
For them I battle till the end,
To save from shame and thrall:
But all my heart is drawn above,
My knees are bowed in crypt and shrine:
I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine.
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
Me mightier transports move and thrill;
So keep I fair through faith and prayer
A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,
A light before me swims,
Between dark stems the forest glows,
I hear a noise of hymns:
Then by some secret shrine I ride;
I hear a voice, but none are there;
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
And solemn chaunts resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
I find a magic bark;
I leap on board; no helmsman steers:
I float till all is dark.

A gentle sound, an awful light!
Three angels bear the Holy Grail:
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
Through dreaming towns I go,
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
The streets are dumb with snow.
The tempest crackles on the leads,
And, ringing, springs from brand and mail;
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
And gilds the driving hail.
I leave the plain, I climb the height;
No branchy thicket shelter yields;
But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight—to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odors haunt my dreams;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,
This mortal armor that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
Are touched, are turned to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
And through the mountain-walls
A rolling organ-harmony
Swells up, and shakes and falls.

Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
"O just and faithful knight of God!
Ride on! the prize is near."
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All-armed I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the Holy Grail.

Alfred Tennyson [1809-1892]

LADY CLARE

It was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn:
Lovers long-betrothed were they:
They two will wed the morrow morn,—
God's blessing on the day!

"He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, "Who was this that went from thee?"
"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare,
"To-morrow he weds with me."

"O God be thanked!" said Alice the nurse,
"That all comes round so just and fair:
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are *not* the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse,"
Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild?"
"As God's above," said Alice the nurse,
"I speak the truth: you are my child."

"The old earl's daughter died at my breast;
I speak the truth, as I live by bread!
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely; falsely have ye done,
O mother," she said, "if this be true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's,
When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie.
Pull off, pull off, the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret all you can."
She said, "Not so: but I will know
If there be any faith in man."

"Nay now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse,
"The man will cleave unto his right."
"And he shall have it," the lady replied,
"Though I should die to-night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother dear
Alas, my child, I sinned for thee."
"O mother, mother, mother," she said,
"So strange it seems to me."

"Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so,
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown,
 She was no longer Lady Clare:
 She went by dale, and she went by down,
 With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
 Leaped up from where she lay,
 Dropped her head in the maiden's hand,
 And followed her all the way.

Down stepped Lord Ronald from his tower:
 "O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!
 Why come you dressed like a village maid,
 That are the flower of the earth?"

"If I come dressed like a village maid,
 I am but as my fortunes are:
 I am a beggar born," she said,
 "And not the Lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
 "For I am yours in word and in deed.
 Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
 "Your riddle is hard to read."

O, and proudly stood she up!
 Her heart within her did not fail;
 She looked into Lord Ronald's eyes,
 And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laughed a laugh of merry scorn:
 He turned and kissed her where she stood:
 "If you are not the heiress born,
 And I," said he, "the next in blood—

"If you are not the heiress born,
 And I," said he, "the lawful heir,
 We two will wed to-morrow morn,
 And you shall still be Lady Clare."

Alfred Tennyson [1809-1892]

GLENKINDIE

ABOUT Glenkindie and his man,
A false ballant hath long been writ;
Some bootless loon had written it,
Upon a bootless plan:
But I have found the true at last,
And here it is, so hold it fast!
'Twas made by a kind damosel
Who loved him and his man right well:

Glenkindie, best of harpers, came
Unbidden to our town;
And he was sad, and sad to see,
For love had worn him down.

It was love, as all men know,
The love that brought him down,
The hopeless love for the King's daughter,
The dove that heired a crown.

Now he wore not that collar of gold,
His dress was forest green,
His wondrous fair and rich mantle
Had lost its silvery sheen.

But still by his side walked Rafe, his boy,
In goodly cramoisie:
Of all the boys that ever I saw,
The goodliest boy was he.

O Rafe the page! O Rafe the page!
Ye stole the heart frae me:
O Rafe the page! O Rafe the page!
I wonder where ye be;
We ne'er may see Glenkindie more,
But may we never see thee?

Glenkindie came within the hall,
We set him on the dais,
And gave him bread, and gave him wine,
The best in all the place.

We set for him the guest's high chair,
And spread the naperie:
Our Dame herself would serve for him,
And I for Rafe, perdie!

But down he sat on a low, low stool,
And thrust his long legs out,
And leaned his back to the high chair,
And turned his harp about.

He turned it round, he stroked the strings,
He touched each tirling-pin,
He put his mouth to the sounding-board
And breathed his breath therein.

And Rafe sat over against his face,
And looked at him wistfullie:
I almost grat ere he began,
They were so sad to see.

The very first stroke he strack that day,
We all came crowding near;
And the second stroke he strack that day,
We all were smit with fear.

The third stroke that he strack that day,
Full fain we were to cry;
The fourth stroke that he strack that day,
We thought that we would die.

No tongue can tell how sweet it was,
How far, and yet how near,
We saw the saints in Paradise,
And bairnies on their bier.

And our sweet Dame saw her good lord—
She told me privilie—
She saw him as she saw him last,
On his ship upon the sea.

Anon he laid his little harp by,
He shut his wondrous eyes;
We stood a long time like dumb things,
Stood in a dumb surprise.

Then all at once we left that trance,
And shouted where we stood;
We clasped each other's hands and vowed
We would be wise and good.

Soon he rose up and Rafe rose too,
He drank wine and broke bread;
He clasped his hands with our trembling Dame,
But never a word he said.
They went,—Alack and lack-a-day!
They went the way they came.

I followed them all down the floor,
And oh but I had drouth
To touch his cheek, to touch his hand,
To kiss Rafe's velvet mouth!

But I knew such was not for me.
They went straight from the door;
We saw them fade within the mist,
And never saw them more.

William Bell Scott [1811-1890]

“HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX”

[16—]

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
“Good speed!” cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
“Speed!” echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

“How They Brought the Good News” 2643

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
So Joris broke silence with, “Yet there is time!”

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray:

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris “Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix”—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So, we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And “Gallop,” gasped Joris, “for Aix is in sight!

“How they’ll greet us!”—and all in a moment his roan
 Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
 And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
 Of the news which alene could save Aix from her fate,
 With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
 And with circles of red for his eye-sockets’ rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
 Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
 Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
 Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
 Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or
 good,
 Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is,—friends flocking round
 As I sat with his head ’twixt my knees on the ground;
 And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
 As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
 Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
 Was no more than his due who brought good news from
 Ghent.

Robert Browning [1812–1889]

THE OLD SCOTTISH CAVALIER

COME listen to another song,
 Should make your heart beat high,
 Bring crimson to your forehead,
 And the luster to your eye;—
 It is the song of the olden time,
 Of days long since gone by,
 And of a Baron stout and bold
 As e’er wore sword on thigh!
 Like a brave old Scottish cavalier,
 All of the olden time!

He kept his castle in the north,
 Hard by the thundering Spey;
 And a thousand vassals dwelt around,
 All of his kindred they.

And not a man of all that clan
Had ever ceased to pray
For the Royal race they loved so well,
Though exiled far away
From the steadfast Scottish cavaliers,
All of the olden time!

His father drew the righteous sword
For Scotland and her claims,
Among the loyal gentlemen
And chiefs of ancient names,
Who swore to fight or fall beneath
The standard of King James,
And died at Killiecrankie Pass
With the glory of the Græmes;
Like a true old Scottish cavalier
All of the olden time!

He never owned the foreign rule,
No master he obeyed,
But kept his clan in peace at home,
From foray and from raid;
And when they asked him for his oath,
He touched his glittering blade,
And pointed to his bonnet blue,
That bore the white cockade:
Like a leal old Scottish cavalier,
All of the olden time!

At length the news ran through the land—
THE PRINCE had come again!
That night the fiery cross was sped
O'er mountain and through glen;
And our old Baron rose in might,
Like a lion from his den,
And rode away across the hills
To Charlie and his men,
With the valiant Scottish cavaliers,
All of the olden time!

He was the first that bent the knee
 When the STANDARD waved abroad,
 He was the first that charged the foe
 On Preston's bloody sod;
 And ever, in the van of fight,
 The foremost still he trod,
 Until on bleak Culloden's heath,
 He gave his soul to God,
 Like a good old Scottish cavalier,
 All of the olden time!

Oh, never shall we know again
 A heart so stout and true—
 The olden times have passed away,
 And weary are the new:
 The fair White Rose has faded
 From the garden where it grew,
 And no fond tears, save those of heaven,
 The glorious bed bedew
 Of the last old Scottish cavalier
 All of the olden time!

William Edmondstone Aytoun [1813-1865]

THE BALLAD OF KEITH OF RAVELSTON

From "A Nuptial Eve"

THE murmur of the mourning ghost
 That keeps the shadowy kine,
 "O Keith of Ravelston,
 The sorrows of thy line!"

Ravelston, Ravelston,
 The merry path that leads
 Down the golden morning hill,
 And through the silver meads;

Ravelston, Ravelston,
 The stile beneath the tree,
 The maid that kept her mother's kine,
 The song that sang she!

The Ballad of Keith of Ravelston 2647

She sang her song, she kept her kine,
She sat beneath the thorn,
When Andrew Keith of Ravelston
Rode through the Monday morn.

His henchmen sing, his hawk-bells ring,
His belted jewels shine;
O Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line!

Year after year, where Andrew came,
Comes evening down the glade,
And still there sits a moonshine ghost
Where sat the sunshine maid.

Her misty hair is faint and fair,
She keeps the shadowy kine;
O Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line!

I lay my hand upon the stile,
The stile is lone and cold,
The burnie that goes babbling by
Says naught that can be told.

Yet, stranger! here, from year to year,
She keeps her shadowy kine;
O Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line!

Step out three steps, where Andrew stood—
Why blanch thy cheeks for fear?
The ancient stile is not alone,
'Tis not the burn I hear!

She makes her immemorial moan,
She keeps her shadowy kine;
O Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line!

Sydney Dobell [1824-1874]

THE MISTLETOE BOUGH

THE mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall;
And the baron's retainers were blithe and gay,
And keeping their Christmas holiday.
The baron beheld with a father's pride
His beautiful child, young Lovell's bride;
While she with her bright eyes seemed to be
The star of the goodly company.

"I'm weary of dancing now," she cried;
"Here tarry a moment,—I'll hide, I'll hide!
And, Lovell, be sure thou'rt first to trace
The clew to my secret lurking-place."
Away she ran,—and her friends began
Each tower to search, and each nook to scan;
And young Lovell cried, "O, where dost thou hide?
I'm lonesome without thee, my own dear bride."

They sought her that night, and they sought her next day,
And they sought her in vain while a week passed away;
In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot,
Young Lovell sought wildly,—but found her not.
And years flew by, and their grief at last
Was told as a sorrowful tale long past;
And when Lovell appeared, the children cried,
"See! the old man weeps for his fairy bride."

At length an oak chest, that had long lain hid,
Was found in the castle,—they raised the lid,
And a skeleton form lay moldering there
In the bridal wreath of that lady fair!
O, sad was her fate!—in sportive jest
She hid from her lord in the old oak chest.
It closed with a spring!—and, dreadful doom,
The bride lay clasped in her living tomb!

Thomas Haynes Bayly [1797–1839]

THE ABBOT OF INISFALEN

I

THE Abbot of Inisfalen

Awoke ere dawn of day;
Under the dewy green leaves
Went he forth to pray.

The lake around his island

Lay smooth and dark and deep,
And, wrapped in a misty stillness,
The mountains were all asleep.

Low kneeled the Abbot Cormac,

When the dawn was dim and gray;
The prayers of his holy office
He faithfully 'gan say.

Low kneeled the Abbot Cormac,

When the dawn was waxing red,
And for his sins' forgiveness
A solemn prayer he said.

Low kneeled that holy Abbot

When the dawn was waxing clear;
And he prayed with loving-kindness
For his convent brethren dear.

Low kneeled that blessed Abbot,

When the dawn was waxing bright;
He prayed a great prayer for Ireland,
He prayed with all his might.

Low kneeled that good old father,

While the sun began to dart;
He prayed a prayer for all mankind,
He prayed it from his heart.

II

The Abbot of Inisfalen
Arose upon his feet;
He heard a small bird singing,
And, oh, but it sung sweet!

He heard a white bird singing well
Within a holly-tree;
A song so sweet and happy
Never before heard he.

It sung upon a hazel,
It sung upon a thorn;
He had never heard such music
Since the hour that he was born.

It sung upon a sycamore,
It sung upon a briar;
To follow the song and hearken
This Abbot could never tire.

Till at last he well bethought him
He might no longer stay;
So he blessed the little white singing-bird,
And gladly went his way.

III

But when he came to his Abbey walls,
He found a wondrous change;
He saw no friendly faces there,
For every face was strange.

The stranger spoke unto him;
And he heard from all and each
The foreign tone of the Sassenach,
Not wholesome Irish speech.

Then the oldest monk came forward,
In Irish tongue spake he:
"Thou wearest the holy Augustine's dress,
And who hath given it thee?"

"I wear the holy Augustine's dress,
And Cormac is my name,
The Abbot of this good Abbey
By grace of God I am.

"I went forth to pray, at the dawn of day;
And when my prayers were said,
I hearkened awhile to a little bird
That sung above my head."

The monks to him made answer,
"Two hundred years have gone o'er,
Since our Abbot Cormac went through the gate,
And never was heard of more.

"Matthias now is our Abbot,
And twenty have passed away.
The stranger is lord of Ireland;
We live in an evil day."

IV

"Now give me absolution;
For my time is come," said he.
And they gave him absolution
As speedily as might be.

Then, close outside the window,
The sweetest song they heard
That ever yet since the world began
Was uttered by any bird.

The monks looked out and saw the bird,
Its feathers all white and clean;
And there in a moment, beside it,
Another white bird was seen.

Those two they sang together,
Waved their white wings, and fled;
Flew aloft, and vanished;
But the good old man was dead.

They buried his blessed body
Where lake and greensward meet;
A carven cross above his head,
A holly-bush at his feet;

Where spreads the beautiful water
To gay or cloudy skies,
And the purple peaks of Killarney
From ancient woods arise.

William Allingham [1824-1889]


THE CAVALIER'S ESCAPE

TRAMPLE! trample! went the roan;
Trap! trap! went the gray;
But pad! *pad!* PAD! like a thing that was mad,
My chestnut broke away.
It was just five miles from Salisbury town,
And but one hour to day.

Thud! THUD! came on the heavy roan,
Rap! RAP! the mettled gray;
But my chestnut mare was of blood so rare,
That she showed them all the way.
Spur on! spur on!—I doffed my hat,
And wished them all good-day.

They splashed through miry rut and pool,—
Splintered through fence and rail;
But chestnut Kate switched over the gate,—
I saw them droop and trail.
To Salisbury town—but a mile of down,
Once over this brook and rail.

Trap! trap! I heard their echoing hoofs
Past the walls of mossy stone;
The roan flew on at a staggering pace,
But blood is better than bone.
I patted old Kate, and gave her the spur,
For I knew it was all my own.



But trample! trample! came their steeds,
And I saw their wolf's eyes burn;
I felt like a royal hart at bay,
And made me ready to turn.
I looked where highest grew the may,
And deepest arched the fern.

I flew at the first knave's sallow throat;
One blow, and he was down.
The second rogue fired twice, and missed;
I sliced the villain's crown,—
Clove through the rest, and flogged brave Kate,
Fast, fast to Salisbury town!

Pad! pad! they came on the level sward,
Thud! thud! upon the sand,—
With a gleam of swords and a burning match,
And a shaking of flag and hand;
But one long bound, and I passed the gate,
Safe from the canting band.

Walter Thornbury [1828-1876]

THE THREE TROOPERS

DURING THE PROTECTORATE

INTO the Devil tavern
Three booted troopers strode,
From spur to feather spotted and splashed
With the mud of a winter road.
In each of their cups they dropped a crust,
And stared at the guests with a frown;
And drew their swords, and roared for a toast,
"God send this Crum-well-down!"

A blue smoke rose from their pistol locks,
Their sword blades were still wet;
There were long red smears on their jerkins of buff,
As the table they overset.

Then into their cups they stirred the crusts,
And cursed old London town;
Then waved their swords, and drank with a stamp,
“God send this Crum-well-down!”

The 'prentice dropped his can of beer,
The host turned pale as a clout;
The ruby nose of the topping squire
Grew white at the wild men's shout.
Then into their cups they flung the crusts,
And showed their teeth with a frown;
They flashed their swords as they gave the toast,
“God send this Crum-well-down!”

The gambler dropped his dog's-eared cards,
The waiting-women screamed,
As the light of the fire, like stains of blood,
On the wild men's sabers gleamed.
Then into their cups they splashed the crusts,
And cursed the fool of a town,
And leaped on the table, and roared a toast,
“God send this Crum-well-down!”

Till on a sudden fire-bells rang,
And the troopers sprang to horse;
The eldest muttered between his teeth,
Hot curses—deep and coarse.
In their stirrup cups they flung the crusts,
And cried as they spurred through the town,
With their keen swords drawn and their pistols cocked,
“God send this Crum-well-down!”

Away they dashed through Temple Bar,
Their red cloaks flowing free,
Their scabbards clashed, each back-piece shone—
None liked to touch the three.
The silver cups that held the crusts
They flung to the startled town,
Shouting again, with a blaze of swords,
“God send this Crum-well-down!”

Walter Thornbury [1828–1876]

THE SALLY FROM COVENTRY

"PASSION o' me!" cried Sir Richard Tyrone,
Spurning the sparks from the broad paving-stone,
"Better turn nurse and rock children to sleep,
Than yield to a rebel old Coventry Keep.
No, by my halidom, no one shall say,
Sir Richard Tyrone gave a city away!"

Passion o' me! how he pulled at his beard!
Fretting and chafing if any one sneered,
Clapping his breastplate and shaking his fist,
Giving his grizzly moustachios a twist,
Running the protocol through with his steel,
Grinding the letter to mud with his heel.

Then he roared out for a pottle of sack,
Clapped the old trumpeter twice on the back,
Leaped on his bay with a dash and a swing,
Bade all the bells in the city to ring,
And when the red flag from the steeple went down,
Open they flung every gate in the town.

To boot! and to horse! and away like a flood,
A fire in their eyes, and a sting in their blood;
Hurrying out with a flash and a flare,
A roar of hot guns, a loud trumpeter's blare,
And first, sitting proud as a king on his throne,
At the head of them all dashed Sir Richard Tyrone.

Crimson, and yellow, and purple, and dun,
Fluttering scarf, flowing bright in the sun,
Steel like a mirror on brow and on breast,
Scarlet and white on their feather and crest,
Banner that blew in a torrent of red,
Borne by Sir Richard, who rode at their head.

The "trumpet" went down—with a gash on his poll,
Struck by the parters of body and soul.
Forty saddles were empty; the horses ran red
With foul Puritan blood from the slashes that bled.

Curses and cries and a gnashing of teeth,
A grapple and stab on the slippery heath,
And Sir Richard leaped up on the fool that went down,
Proud as a conqueror donning his crown.

They broke them away through a flooding of fire,
Trampling the best blood of London to mire,
When suddenly rising a smoke and a blaze,
Made all "the dragon's sons" stare in amaze:
"O ho!" quoth Sir Richard, "my city grows hot:
I've left it rent-paid to the villainous Scot!"

Walter Thornbury [1828-1876]

THE EARL O' QUARTERDECK

A NEW OLD BALLAD

THE wind it blew, and the ship it flew;
And it was "Hey for hame!
And ho for hame!" But the skipper cried,
"Haud her oot o'er the saut sea faem."

Then up and spake the king himsel':
"Haud on for Dunfermline!"
Quo the skipper, "Ye're king upo' the land—
I'm king upo' the brine."

And he took the helm intil his hand,
And he steered the ship sae free;
Wi' the wind astarn, he crowded sail,
And stood right out to sea.

Quo the king, "There's treason in this, I vow;
This is something underhand!
'Bout ship!" Quo the skipper, "Yer grace forgets
Ye are king but o' the land!"

And still he held to the open sea;
And the east-wind sank behind;
And the west had a bitter word to say,
Wi' a white-sea roarin' wind.

And he turned her head into the north.

Said the king: "Gar fling him o'er."

Quo the fearless skipper: "It's a' ye're worth!

Ye'll ne'er see Scotland more."

The king crept down the cabin-stair,

To drink the gude French wine,

And up she cam', his daughter fair,

And luikit owre the brine.

She turned her face to the drivin' hail,

To the hail but and the weet;

Her snood it brak, and, as lang's hersel',

Her hair drave out i' the sleet.

She turned her face frae the drivin' win'—

"What's that ahead?" quo she.

The skipper he threw himsel' frae the win',

And he drove the helm a-lee.

"Put to yer hand, my lady fair!

Put to yer hand," quo he;

"Gin she dinna face the win' the mair,

It's the waur for you and me."

For the skipper kenned that strength is strength,

Whether woman's or man's at last.

To the tiller the lady she laid her han',

And the ship laid her cheek to the blast.

For that slender body was full o' soul,

And the will is mair than shape;

As the skipper saw when they cleared the berg,

And he heard her quarter scrape.

Quo the skipper: "Ye are a lady fair,

And a princess grand to see;

But ye are a woman, and a man wad sail

To hell in yer company."

She liftit a pale and queenly face;
Her een flashed, and syne they swim.
“And what for no to heaven?” she says,
And she turned awa’ frae him.

But she took na her han’ frae the good ship’s helm,
Until the day did daw;
And the skipper he spak, but what he said
It was said atween them twa.

And then the good ship she lay to,
Wi’ the land far on the lee;
And up cam’ the king upo’ the deck,
Wi’ wan face and bluidshot ee.

The skipper he louted to the king:
“Gae wa’, gae wa’,” said the king.
Said the king, like a prince, “I was a’ wrang,
Put on this ruby ring.”

And the wind blew lowne, and the stars cam’ oot,
And the ship turned to the shore;
And, afore the sun was up again,
They saw Scotland ance more.

That day the ship hung at the pier-heid,
And the king he stepped on the land.
“Skipper, kneel down,” the king he said.
“Hoo daur ye afore me stand?”

The skipper he louted on his knee,
The king his blade he drew:
Said the king, “How daured ye contre me?
I’m aboard my ain ship noo.

“I canna mak ye a king,” said he,
“For the Lord alane can do that;
And besides ye took it intil yer ain han’
And crooned yersel’ sae pat!

"But wi' what ye will I redeem my ring;
For ance I am at your beck.
And first, as ye loutit Skipper o' Doon,
Rise up Yerl o' Quarterdeck."

The skipper he rose and looked at the king
In his een for all his croon;
Said the skipper, "Here is yer grace's ring,
And yer daughter is my boon."

The reid blude sprang into the king's face,—
A wrathfu' man to see:
"The rascal loon abuses our grace;
Gae hang him upon yon tree."

But the skipper he sprang aboard his ship,
And he drew his biting blade;
And he struck the chain that held her fast,
But the iron was owre weel made.

And the king he blew a whistle loud;
And tramp, tramp, down the pier,
Cam' twenty riders on twenty steeds,
Clankin' wi' spur and spear.

"He saved yer life!" cried the lady fair;
"His life ye daurna spill!"
"Will ye come atween me and my hate?"
Quo the lady, "That I will!"

And on cam' the knights wi' spur and spear,
For they heard the iron ring.
"Gin ye care na for yer father's grace,
Mind ye that I am the king."

"I kneel to my father for his grace,
Right lowly on my knee;
But I stand and look the king i' the face,
For the skipper is king o' me."

She turned and she sprang upo' the deck,
And the cable splashed in the sea.
The good ship spread her wings sae white,
And awa with the skipper gaes she.

Now was not this a king's daughter,
And a brave lady beside?
And a woman wi' whom a man might sail
Into the heaven wi' pride?

George Macdonald [1824-1905]

SHAMEFUL DEATH

THERE were four of us about that bed;
The mass-priest knelt at the side,
I and his mother stood at the head,
Over his feet lay the bride;
We were quite sure that he was dead,
Though his eyes were open wide.

He did not die in the night,
He did not die in the day,
But in the morning twilight
His spirit passed away;
When neither sun nor moon was bright,
And the trees were merely gray.

He was not slain with the sword,
Knight's axe, or the knightly spear,
Yet spoke he never a word
After he came in here;
I cut away the cord
From the neck of my brother dear.

He did not strike one blow,
For the recreants came behind,
In a place where the hornbeams grow,
A path right hard to find,
For the hornbeam boughs swing so
That the twilight makes it blind.

They lighted a great torch then,
When his arms were pinioned fast;
Sir John, the Knight of the Fen,
Sir Guy, of the Dolorous Blast,
With knights threescore and ten,
Hung brave Sir Hugh at last.

I am threescore and ten,
And my hair is all turned gray,
But I met Sir John of the Fen
Long ago on a summer day,
And am glad to think of the moment when
I took his life away.

I am threescore and ten,
And my strength is mostly passed,
But long ago I and my men,
When the sky was overcast,
And the smoke rolled over the reeds of the fen,
Slew Guy of the Dolorous Blast.

And now, Knights, all of you,
I pray you, pray for Sir Hugh,
A good knight and a true,
And for Alice, his wife, pray too.

William Morris [1834-1896]

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

ARGUMENT

How a Ship, having passed the Line, was driven by storms to the cold Country towards the South Pole; and how from thence she made her course to the tropical Latitude of the Great Pacific Ocean; and of the strange things that befell; and in what manner the Ancyent Marinere came back to his own Country.

PART I

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

An ancient
Mariner
meeteth three
gallants
bidden to a
wedding-feast,
and detaineth
one.

"The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, gray-beard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropped he.

The Wedding-Guest is spell-bound by the eye of the old seafaring man, and constrained to hear his tale.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone:
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

"The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

The Mariner tells how the ship sailed southward with a good wind and fair weather, till it reached the Line.

"The Sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

"Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon——"
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The Wedding-Guest heareth the bridal music; but the Mariner continueth his tale.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

“And now the Storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o’ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

The ship driven
by a storm to-
ward the South
Pole.

“With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

“And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

“And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men, nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The land of ice,
and of fearful
sounds, where
no living thing
was to be seen.

“The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!

“At length did cross an Albatross,
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God’s name.

Till a great
sea-bird, called
the Albatross,
came through
the snow-fog,
and was re-
ceived with
great joy and
hospitality.

“It ate the food it ne’er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

And lo! the
Albatross
proveth a bird
of good omen,
and followeth
the ship as it
returned north-
ward through fog
and floating ice.

“And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners’ hollo!

“In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moonshine.”

The ancient
Mariner in-
hospitably
killeth the pious
bird of good
omen.

“God save thee, ancient Mariner,
From the fiends, that plague thee thus!—
Why look’st thou so?” “With my crossbow
I shot the Albatross.

PART II

“The Sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

“And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariners’ hollo!

His shipmates
cry out against
the ancient
Mariner for
killing the bird
of good luck.

“And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work ’em woe:
For all averred I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

But when the
fog cleared off,
they justify the
same, and thus
make them-
selves accom-
plices in the
crime.

“Nor dim nor red, like God’s own head,
The glorious Sun uprist:
Then all averred I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
’Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner 2665

"The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

The fair breeze continues; the ship enters the Pacific Ocean, and sails northward, even till it reaches the Line.

"Down dropped the breeze, the sails dropped down,

The ship hath been suddenly becalmed.

'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

"All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

"Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

"Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

And the Albatross begins to be avenged.

"The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

"About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

"And some in dreams assurèd were
Of the Spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

A Spirit had followed them; one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels; concerning whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

cerning whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

“And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

The shipmates
in their sore
distress, would
fain throw the
whole guilt on
the ancient
Mariner: in
sign whereof
they hang the
dead sea-bird
round his neck.

“Ah! well-a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART III

“There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye!
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

The ancient
Mariner be-
holdeth a sign
in the element
afar off.

“At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

“A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged, and tacked, and veered.

At its nearer
approach, it
scemeth him
to be a ship;
and at a dear
ransom he
freeth his
speech from
the bonds of
thirst.

“With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

A flash of joy;

“With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call:
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

“See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more
Hither to work us weal—
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

And horror follows. For can
it be a ship
that comes on-
ward without
wind or tide?

“The western wave was all aflame,
The day was wellnigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad, bright Sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

“And straight the Sun was flecked with bars
(Heaven’s Mother send us grace!),
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

It seemeth him
but the skele-
ton of a ship.

“Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossameres?

“Are those her ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that Woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that Woman’s mate?

And its ribs are
seen as bars on
the face of the
setting Sun.
The Specter-
Woman and
her Death-
mate, and no
other, on board
the skeleton
ship. Like
vessel, like crew!

“Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Nightmare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man’s blood with cold.

“The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
‘The game is done! I’ve won! I’ve won!’
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

Death and
Life-in-Death
have diced for
the ship’s crew,
and she (the
latter) winneth
the ancient
Mariner.

No twilight
within the
courts of the
Sun.

"The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the specter-bark.

At the rising of
the Moon,

"We listened and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The hornèd Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

One after an-
other,

"One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

His shipmates
drop down
dead.

"Four times fifty living men
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan),
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

But Life-in-
Death begins
her work on
the ancient
Mariner.

"The souls did from their bodies fly—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by
Like the whizz of my crossbow!"

PART IV

The Wedding-
Guest feareth
that a spirit is
talking to him.

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

But the ancient
Mariner as-
sureth him of
his bodily life,
and proceed-
eth to relate his
horrible pen-
ance.

"I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand so brown."—
"Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest!
This body dropped not down.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner 2669

"Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

"The many men, so beautiful
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

He despiseth
the creatures of
the calm.

"I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

And envieth
that they
should live,
and so many
be dead.

"I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gushed,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

"I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

"The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

But the curse
liveth for him
in the eyes of
the dead men.

"An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is a curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

In his loneli-
ness and fixed-
ness he yearn-
eth towards
the journeying
Moon, and the
stars that still
sojourn, yet still
move onward;
and everywhere
the blue sky be-
longs to them,
and is their ap-
pointed rest and
their native
country and their
own natural
homes, which
they enter unan-
nounced, as lords
that are certainly
expected, and yet
there is a silent
joy at their
arrival.

"The moving Moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide;
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

"Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmèd water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

By the light of
the Moon he
beholdeth God's
creatures of
the great calm.

"Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

"Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

Their beauty
and their
happiness.

"O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware:
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

He blesseth
them in his
heart.

The spell begins
to break.

"The selfsame moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

PART V

"O sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

By grace of the
Holy Mother,
the ancient
Mariner is
refreshed
with rain.

"The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I awoke, it rained.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner 2671

“My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

“I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

“And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

He heareth
sounds and
seeth strange
sights and
commotions in
the sky and
the element.

“The upper air burst into life;
And a hundred fire-flags sheen;
To and fro they were hurried about;
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

“And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud;
The Moon was at its edge.

“The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The Moon was at its side;
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

“The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the Moon
The dead men gave a groan.

The bodies of
the ship's crew
are inspired
and the ship
moves on;

“They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

“The helmsman steered, the ship moved on;
 Yet never a breeze up-blew;
 The mariners all ’gan work the ropes,
 Where they were wont to do;
 They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
 We were a ghastly crew.

“The body of my brother’s son
 Stood by me, knee to knee:
 The body and I pulled at one rope,
 But he said naught to me.”

But not by the
 souls of the
 men, nor by
 demons of
 earth or middle
 air, but by a
 blessed troop
 of angelic
 spirits, sent
 down by the
 invocation of
 the guardian
 saint.

“I fear thee, ancient Mariner!”
 “Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest:
 ’Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
 Which to their corpses came again,
 But a troop of spirits blest:

“For when it dawned—they dropped their
 arms,
 And clustered round the mast;
 Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
 And from their bodies passed.

“Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
 Then darted to the Sun;
 Slowly the sounds came back again,
 Now mixed, now one by one.

“Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
 I heard the skylark sing;
 Sometimes all little birds that are,
 How they seemed to fill the sea and air
 With their sweet jargoning!

“And now ’twas like all instruments,
 Now like a lonely flute;
 And now it is an angel’s song,
 That makes the Heavens be mute.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner 2673

"It ceased: yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

"Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

"Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The Spirit slid: and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The lonesome
Spirit from the
South Pole
carries on the
ship as far as
the Line, in
obedience to
the angelic
troop, but still
requireth
vengeance.

"The Sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean:
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

"Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound:
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swoond.

"How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard, and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

The Polar
Spirit's fellow-
demons, the
invisible in-
habitants of
the element,
take part in his
wrong; and
two of them
relate, one to
the other, that
penance long
and heavy for
the ancient
Mariner hath
been accorded
to the Polar
Spirit, who re-
turneth south-
ward.

"'Is it he?' quoth one, 'is this the man?
By Him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.

“‘The Spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.’

“The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew:
Quoth he, ‘The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.’

PART VI

First Voice:

“‘But tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the Ocean doing?’

Second Voice:

“ ‘Still as a slave before his lord,
The Ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the Moon is cast—

“ ‘If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.’

First Voice:

“ ‘But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?’

Second Voice:

“ ‘The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

The Mariner
hath been cast
into a trance;
for the angelic
power causeth
the vessel to
drive northward
faster than
human life
could endure.

“ ‘Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated:
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner’s trance is abated.’”

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner 2675

"I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather:
'Twas night, calm night, the Moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

The super-
natural motion
is retarded;
the Mariner
awakes, and
his penance
begins anew.

"All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the Moon did glitter.

"The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away:
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

"And now this spell was snapped: once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

The curse is
finally expiated.

"Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round, walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

"But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

"It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

"Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

And the ancient
Mariner be-
holdeth his
native country.

“O dream of joy! is this indeed
The lighthouse top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

“We drifted o’er the harbor-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.

“The harbor-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the Moon.

“The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

The angelic
spirits leave the
dead bodies.

“And the bay was white with silent light
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colors came.

And appear in
their own forms
of light.

“A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were;
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
O Christ! what saw I there!

“Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

“This seraph-band, each waved his hand:
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light;



“This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart—
No voice; but O, the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

“But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the Pilot’s cheer;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

“The Pilot and the Pilot’s boy,
I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

“I saw a third—I heard his voice:
It is the Hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He’ll shrieve my soul, he’ll wash away
The Albatross’s blood.

PART VII

“This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with mariners
That come from a far countree.

The Hermit
of the Wood

“He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump:
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

“The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk,
‘Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now?’

Approacheth
the ship with
wonder.

“ ‘Strange, by my faith!’ the Hermit said—
‘And they answered not our cheer!
The planks look warped! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

“ ‘Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf’s young.’

“ ‘Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look—
(The Pilot made reply)
I am a-feared.’—‘Push on, push on!’
Said the Hermit cheerily.

“The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

The ship sud-
denly sinketh.

“Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reached the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

The ancient
Mariner is
saved in the
Pilot’s boat.

“Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot’s boat.

“Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

"I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

"I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
'Ha! ha!' quoth he, 'full plain I see
The Devil knows how to row.'

"And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

" 'O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!'
The Hermit crossed his brow.
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou?'

The ancient
Mariner
earnestly en-
treateth the
Hermit to
shrieve him;
and the pen-
ance of life
falls on him.

"Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

"Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns:
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

And ever
and anon
throughout
his future life
an agony
constraineth
him to travel
from land to
land;

"I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

"What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there:
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are:

And hark, the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

“O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God Himself
Scarce seemèd there to be.

“O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

“To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

And to teach,
by his own
example, love
and reverence
to all things
that God made
and loveth.

“Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

“He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.”

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone: and now the Wedding-Guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge [1772–1834]

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM

'TWAS in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school:
There were some that ran and some that leaped,
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds,
And souls untouched by sin;
To a level mead they came, and there
They drave the wickets in:
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran,
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can;
But the Usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blessed breeze;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease:
So he leaned his head on his hands, and read
The book between his knees.

Leaf after leaf, he turned it o'er,
Nor ever glanced aside,
For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide:
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome,
With a fast and fervent grasp

He strained the dusky covers close,
And fixed the brazen hasp:
“Oh, God! could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp!”

Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took,—
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook,—
And, lo! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book.

“My gentle lad, what is’t you read—
Romance or fairy fable?
Or is it some historic page,
Of kings and crowns unstable?”
The young boy gave an upward glance,—
“It is ‘The Death of Abel.’”

The Usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain,
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again;
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talked with him of Cain;

And, long since then, of bloody men,
Whose deeds tradition saves;
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves;
Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injured men
Shriek upward from the sod;
Aye, how the ghostly hand will point
To show the burial clod;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God!

He told how murderers walk the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain,
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain:
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain.

“And well,” quoth he, “I know for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme,—
Woe, woe, unutterable woe,—
Who spill life’s sacred stream!
For why? Methought, last night, I wrought
A murder, in a dream!

“One that had never done me wrong,
A feeble man and old:
I led him to a lonely field;
The moon shone clear and cold:
Now here, said I, this man shall die,
And I will have his gold!

“Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,—
And then the deed was done;
There was nothing lying at my foot
But lifeless flesh and bone!

“Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill;
And yet I feared him all the more,
For lying there so still:
There was a manhood in his look,
That murder could not kill.

“And, lo! the universal air
Seemed lit with ghastly flame;
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame:
I took the dead man by his hand
And called upon his name!

“Oh, God! it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain!
But when I touched the lifeless clay,
The blood gushed out amain!
For every clot, a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain!

“My head was like an ardent coal,
My heart as solid ice;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the Devil’s price;
A dozen times I groaned: the dead
Had never groaned but twice!

“And now, from forth the frowning sky
From the Heaven’s topmost height,
I heard a voice—that awful voice
Of the blood-avenging sprite:
‘Thou guilty man! take up thy dead
And hide it from my sight!’

“I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream,
A sluggish water, black as ink,
The depth was so extreme:—
My gentle Boy, remember this
Is nothing but a dream!

“Down went the corse with a hollow plunge
And vanished in the pool;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
And washed my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young,
That evening in the school.

“Oh, Heaven! to think of their white souls
And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer
Nor join in Evening Hymn:
Like a Devil of the Pit I seemed,
’Mid holy Cherubim!

“And peace went with them, one and all,
And each calm pillow spread:
But Guilt was my grim Chamberlain
That lighted me to bed,
And drew my midnight curtains round,
With fingers bloody red!

“All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep,
My fevered eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep:
For Sin had rendered unto her
The keys of hell to keep.

“All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting horrid hint,
That racked me all the time;
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime;

“One stern tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave:
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave,
Still urging me to go and see
The Dead Man in his grave!

“Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the black accursèd pool
With a wild misgiving eye:
And I saw the Dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry!

“Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dew-drop from its wing;
But I never marked its morning flight,
I never heard it sing,
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

“With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran;
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began:
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murdered man.

“And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was elsewhere;
As soon as the mid-day task was done,
In secret I was there;
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare!

“Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep:
Or land or sea, though it should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep.

“So wills the fierce avenging Sprite,
Till blood for blood atones!
Aye, though he’s buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh,—
The world shall see his bones!

“Oh, God! that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake!
Again—again, with dizzy brain,
The human life I take;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer’s at the stake.

“And still no peace for the restless clay
Will wave or mold allow;
The horrid thing pursues my soul,—
It stands before me now!”
The fearful Boy looked up, and saw
Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin eyelids kissed,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
Through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walked between,
With gyves upon his wrist.

Thomas Hood [1799-1845]

THE BALLAD OF READING GAOL

I

HE did not wear his scarlet coat,
For blood and wine are red,
And blood and wine were on his hands
When they found him with the dead,
The poor dead woman whom he loved,
And murdered in her bed.

He walked amongst the Trial Men
In a suit of shabby gray;
A cricket cap was on his head,
And his step seemed light and gay;
But I never saw a man who looked
So wistfully at the day.

I never saw a man who looked
With such a wistful eye
Upon that little tent of blue
Which prisoners call the sky,
And at every drifting cloud that went
With sails of silver by.

I walked, with other souls in pain,
Within another ring,
And was wondering if the man had done
A great or little thing,
When a voice behind me whispered low,
“*That fellow’s got to swing.*”

Dear Christ! the very prison walls
Suddenly seemed to reel,
And the sky above my head became
Like a casque of scorching steel;
And, though I was a soul in pain,
My pain I could not feel.

I only knew what hunted thought
Quickened his step, and why
He looked upon the garish day
With such a wistful eye;
The man had killed the thing he loved,
And so he had to die.

Yet each man kills the thing he loves,
By each let this be heard,
Some do it with a bitter look,
Some with a flattering word,
The coward does it with a kiss,
The brave man with a sword!

Some kill their love when they are young,
And some when they are old;
Some strangle with the hands of Lust,
Some with the hands of Gold:
The kindest use a knife, because
The dead so soon grow cold.

Some love too little, some too long,
Some sell, and others buy;
Some do the deed with many tears,
And some without a sigh:
For each man kills the thing he loves,
Yet each man does not die.

He does not die a death of shame
On a day of dark disgrace,
Nor have a noose about his neck,
Nor a cloth upon his face,
Nor drop feet foremost through the floor
Into an empty space.

He does not sit with silent men
Who watch him night and day;
Who watch him when he tries to weep,
And when he tries to pray;
Who watch him lest himself should rob
The prison of its prey.

He does not wake at dawn to see
Dread figures throng his room,
The shivering Chaplain robed in white,
The Sheriff stern with gloom,
And the Governor all in shiny black,
With the yellow face of Doom.

He does not rise in piteous haste
To put on convict-clothes,
While some coarse-mouthed Doctor gloats, and notes
Each new and nerve-twitched pose,
Fingering a watch whose little ticks
Are like horrible hammer-blows.

He does not know that sickening thirst
That sands one's throat, before
The hangman with his gardener's gloves
Slips through the padded door,
And binds one with three leathern thongs,
That the throat may thirst no more.

He does not bend his head to hear
The Burial Office read,
Nor, while the terror of his soul
Tells him he is not dead,
Cross his own coffin, as he moves
Into the hideous shed.

He does not stare upon the air
Through a little roof of glass:
He does not pray with lips of clay
For his agony to pass;
Nor feel upon his shuddering cheek
That kiss of Caiaphas.

II

Six weeks our guardsman walked the yard,
In the suit of shabby gray:
His cricket cap was on his head,
And his step seemed light and gay,
But I never saw a man who looked
So wistfully at the day.

I never saw a man who looked
With such a wistful eye
Upon that little tent of blue
Which prisoners call the sky,
And at every wandering cloud that trailed
Its raveled fleeces by.

He did not wring his hands, as do
Those witless men who dare
To try to rear the changeling Hope
In the cave of black Despair:
He only looked upon the sun,
And drank the morning air.

He did not wring his hands nor weep,
Nor did he peek or pine,
But he drank the air as though it held
Some healthful anodyne;
With open mouth he drank the sun
As though it had been wine!

And I and all the souls in pain,
Who tramped the other ring,
Forgot if we ourselves had done
A great or little thing,
And watched with gaze of dull amaze
The man who had to swing.

And strange it was to see him pass
With a step so light and gay,
And strange it was to see him look
So wistfully at the day,
And strange it was to think that he
Had such a debt to pay.

For oak and elm have pleasant leaves
That in the spring-time shoot:
But grim to see is the gallows-tree,
With its adder-bitten root,
And, green or dry, a man must die
Before it bears its fruit!

The loftiest place is that seat of grace
For which all wordlings try:
But who would stand in hempen band
Upon a scaffold high,
And through a murderer's collar take
His last look at the sky?

It is sweet to dance to violins
When Love and Life are fair:
To dance to flutes, to dance to lutes
Is delicate and rare:
But it is not sweet with nimble feet
To dance upon the air!

So with curious eyes and sick surmise
We watched him day by day,
And wondered if each one of us
Would end the self-same way,
For none can tell to what red Hell
His sightless soul may stray.

At last the dead men walked no more
Amongst the Trial Men,
And I knew that he was standing up
In the black dock's dreadful pen,
And that never would I see his face
In God's sweet world again.

Like two doomed ships that pass in storm,
We had crossed each other's way:
But we made no sign, we said no word,
We had no word to say;
For we did not meet in the holy night,
But in the shameful day.

A prison wall was round us both,
Two outcast men we were:
The world had thrust us from its heart,
And God from out his care:
And the iron gin that waits for Sin
Had caught us in its snare.

III


In Debtor's Yard the stones are hard,
And the dripping wall is high,
So it was there he took the air
Beneath the leaden sky,
And by each side a Warder walked,
For fear the man might die.

Or else he sat with those who watched
His anguish night and day;
Who watched him when he rose to weep,
And when he crouched to pray;
Who watched him lest himself should rob
Their scaffold of its prey.

The Governor was strong upon
The Regulations Act:
The Doctor said that Death was but
A scientific fact:
And twice a day the Chaplain called,
And left a little tract.

And twice a day he smoked his pipe,
And drank his quart of beer:
His soul was resolute, and held
No hiding-place for fear;
He often said that he was glad
The hangman's hands were near.

But why he said so strange a thing
No Warder dared to ask:
For he to whom a watcher's doom
Is given as his task,
Must set a lock upon his lips,
And make his face a mask.



The Ballad of Reading Gaol 2693

Or else he might be moved, and try
To comfort or console:
And what should Human Pity do
Pent up in Murderers' Hole?
What word of grace in such a place
Could help a brother's soul?

With slouch and swing around the ring
We trod the Fools' Parade!
We did not care: we knew we were
The Devil's Own Brigade:
And shaven head and feet of lead
Make a merry masquerade.

We tore the tarry rope to shreds
With blunt and bleeding nails;
We rubbed the doors, and scrubbed the floors,
And cleaned the shining rails:
And, rank by rank, we soaped the plank,
And clattered with the pails.

We sewed the sacks, we broke the stones,
We turned the dusty drill:
We banged the tins, and bawled the hymns,
And sweated on the mill:
But in the heart of every man
Terror was lying still.

So still it lay that every day
Crawled like a weed-clogged wave:
And we forgot the bitter lot
That waits for fool and knave,
Till once, as we tramped in from work,
We passed an open grave.

With yawning mouth the yellow hole
Gaped for a living thing;
The very mud cried out for blood
To the thirsty asphalt ring:
And we knew that ere one dawn grew fair,
Some prisoner had to swing.

Right in we went, with soul intent
On Death and Dread and Doom:
The hangman, with his little bag,
Went shuffling through the gloom:
And each man trembled as he crept
Into his numbered tomb.


That night the empty corridors
Were full of forms of Fear,
And up and down the iron town
Stole feet we could not hear,
And through the bars that hide the stars
White faces seemed to peer.

He lay as one who lies and dreams
In a pleasant meadow-land,
The watchers watched him as he slept,
And could not understand
How one could sleep so sweet a sleep
With a hangman close at hand.

But there is no sleep when men must weep
Who never yet have wept:
So we—the fool, the fraud, the knave—
That endless vigil kept,
And through each brain on hands of pain
Another's terror crept.

Alas! it is a fearful thing
To feel another's guilt!
For, right within, the sword of Sin
Pierced to its poisoned hilt,
And as molten lead were the tears we shed
For the blood we had not spilt.

The Warders with their shoes of felt
Crept by each padlocked door,
And peeped and saw, with eyes of awe,
Gray figures on the floor,
And wondered why men knelt to pray
Who never prayed before.



All through the night we knelt and prayed,
Mad mourners of a corse!
The troubled plumes of midnight were
The plumes upon a hearse:
And bitter wine upon a sponge
Was the savor of Remorse.

The gray cock crew, the red cock crew,
But never came the day;
And crooked shapes of terror crouched
In the corners where we lay:
And each evil sprite that walks by night
Before us seemed to play.

They glided past, they glided fast,
Like travelers through a mist:
They mocked the moon in a rigadoon
Of delicate turn and twist,
And with formal pace and loathsome grace
The phantoms kept their tryst.

With mop and mow, we saw them go,
Slim shadows hand and hand:
About, about, in ghostly rout
They trod a saraband:
And the damned grotesques made arabesques,
Like the wind upon the sand!

With the pirouettes of marionettes
They tripped on pointed tread:
But with flutes of Fear they filled the ear,
As their grisly masque they led,
And loud they sang, and long they sang,
For they sang to wake the dead.

"Oho!" they cried, "*The world is wide,
But fettered limbs go lame!
And once, or twice, to throw the dice
Is a gentlemanly game,
But he does not win who plays with Sin
In the Secret House of Shame.*"

No things of air these antics were,
That frolicked with such glee:
To men whose lives were held in gyves,
And whose feet might not go free,
Ah! wounds of Christ! they were living things,
Most terrible to see.


Around, around, they waltzed and wound;
Some wheeled in smirking pairs;
With the mincing step of a demirep
Some sidled up the stairs:
And with subtle sneer, and fawning leer,
Each helped us at our prayers.

The morning wind began to moan,
But still the night went on;
Through its giant loom the web of gloom
Crept till each thread was spun:
And, as we prayed, we grew afraid
Of the Justice of the Sun.

The moaning wind went wandering round
The weeping prison-wall:
Till like a wheel of turning steel
We felt the minutes crawl:
O moaning wind! what had we done
To have such a seneschal?

At last I saw the shadowed bars,
Like a lattice wrought in lead,
Move right across the whitewashed wall
That faced my three-planked bed,
And I knew that somewhere in the world
God's dreadful dawn was red.

At six o'clock we cleaned our cells,
At seven all was still,
But the sough and swing of a mighty wing
The prison seemed to fill,
For the Lord of Death with icy breath,
Had entered in to kill.



The Ballad of Reading Gaol 2697

He did not pass in purple pomp,
Nor ride a moon-white steed.
Three yards of cord and a sliding board
Are all the gallows' need:
So with rope of shame the Herald came
To do the secret deed.

We were as men who through a fen
Of filthy darkness grope:
We did not dare to breathe a prayer,
Or to give our anguish scope:
Something was dead in each of us,
And what was dead was Hope.

For Man's grim Justice goes its way,
And will not swerve aside:
It slays the weak, it slays the strong,
It has a deadly stride:
With iron heel it slays the strong,
The monstrous parricide!

We waited for the stroke of eight:
Each tongue was thick with thirst:
For the stroke of eight is the stroke of Fate
That makes a man accursed,
And Fate will use a running noose
For the best man and the worst.

We had no other thing to do,
Save to wait for the sign to come:
So, like things of stone in a valley lone,
Quiet we sat and dumb:
But each man's heart beat thick and quick,
Like a madman on a drum!

With sudden shock, the prison-clock
Smote on the shivering air,
And from all the jail rose up a wail
Of impotent despair,
Like the sound that frightened marshes hear
From some leper in his lair.

And as one sees most dreadful things
In the crystal of a dream,
We saw the greasy hempen rope
Hooked to the blackened beam,
And heard the prayer the hangman's snare
Strangled into a scream.

And all the woe that moved him so
That he gave that bitter cry,
And the wild regrets, and the bloody sweats,
None knew so well as I:
For he who lives more lives than one
More deaths than one must die.

IV

There is no chapel on the day
On which they hang a man:
The Chaplain's heart is far too sick,
Or his face is far too wan,
Or there is that written in his eyes
Which none should look upon.

So they kept us close till nigh on noon,
And then they rang the bell,
And the Warders with their jingling keys
Opened each listening cell,
And down the iron stair we tramped,
Each from his separate Hell.

Out into God's sweet air we went,
But not in wonted way,
For this man's face was white with fear,
And that man's face was gray,
And I never saw sad men who looked
So wistfully at the day.

I never saw sad men who looked
With such a wistful eye
Upon that little tent of blue
We prisoners call the sky,
And at every careless cloud that passed
In happy freedom by.

But there were those amongst us all
Who walked with downcast head,
And knew that, had each got his due,
They should have died instead:
He had but killed a thing that lived,
Whilst they had killed the dead.

For he who sins a second time
Wakes a dead soul to pain,
And draws it from its spotted shroud,
And makes it bleed again,
And makes it bleed great gout of blood,
And makes it bleed in vain!

Like ape or clown, in monstrous garb
With crooked arrows starred,
Silently we went round and round
The slippery asphalt yard;
Silently we went round and round,
And no man spoke a word.

Silently we went round and round,
And through each hollow mind
The Memory of dreadful things
Rushed like a dreadful wind,
And Honor stalked before each man,
And Terror crept behind.

The Warders strutted up and down,
And kept their herd of brutes,
Their uniforms were spick and span,
They wore their Sunday suits,
But we knew the work they had been at,
By the quicklime on their boots.

For where a grave had opened wide,
There was no grave at all:
Only a stretch of mud and sand
By the hideous prison-wall,
And a little heap of burning lime,
That the man should have his pall.

For he has a pall, this wretched man,
Such as few men can claim:
Deep down below a prison-yard,
Naked for greater shame,
He lies, with fetters on each foot,
Wrapped in a sheet of flame!

And all the while the burning lime
Eats flesh and bone away,
It eats the brittle bone by night,
And the soft flesh by day,
It eats the flesh and bone by turns,
But it eats the heart away.

For three long years they will not sow
Or root or seedling there:
For three long years the unblessed spot
Will sterile be and bare.
And look upon the wondering sky
With unreproached stare.

They think a murderer's heart would taint
Each simple seed they sow.
It is not true! God's kindly earth
Is kinder than men know,
And the red rose would but blow more red,
The white rose whiter blow.

Out of his mouth a red, red rose!
Out of his heart a white!
For who can say by what strange way
Christ brings his will to light.
Since the barren staff the pilgrim bore
Bloomed in the great Pope's sight?

But neither milk-white rose nor red
May bloom in prison air:
The shard, the pebble, and the flint,
Are what they give us there:
For flowers have been known to heal
A common man's despair.

So never will wine-red rose or white
Petal by petal, fall
On that stretch of mud and sand that lies
By that hideous prison-wall,
To tell the men who tramp the yard
That God's Son died for all.

Yet though the hideous prison-wall
Still hems him round and round,
And a spirit may not walk by night
That is with fetters bound,
And a spirit may but weep that lies
In such unholy ground,

He is at peace—this wretched man—
At peace, or will be soon:
There is no thing to make him mad,
Nor does Terror walk at noon,
For the lampless Earth in which he lies
Has neither Sun nor Moon.

They hanged him as a beast is hanged:
They did not even toll
A requiem that might have brought
Rest to his startled soul,
But hurriedly they took him out,
And hid him in a hole.

They stripped him of his canvas clothes,
And gave him to the flies:
They mocked the swollen purple throat,
And the stark and staring eyes:
And with laughter loud they heaped the shroud
In which their convict lies.

The Chaplain would not kneel to pray
By his dishonored grave:
Nor mark it with that blessed Cross
That Christ for sinners gave,
Because the man was one of those
Whom Christ came down to save.

Yet all is well; he has but passed
To Life's appointed bourne:
And alien tears will fill for him
Pity's long-broken urn,
For his mourners will be outcast men,
And outcasts always mourn.

v

I know not whether Laws be right,
Or whether Laws be wrong;
All that we know who lie in jail
Is that the wall is strong;
And that each day is like a year,
A year whose days are long.

But this I know, that every Law
That men have made for Man,
Since first Man took his brother's life,
And this sad world began,
But straws the wheat and saves the chaff
With a most evil fan.

This too I know—and wise it were
If each could know the same—
That every prison that men build
Is built with bricks of shame,
And bound with bars lest Christ should see
How men their brothers maim.

With bars they blur the gracious moon,
And blind the goodly sun:
And they do well to hide their Hell,
For in it things are done
That Son of God nor son of Man
Ever should look upon!

The vilest deeds like poison weeds
Bloom well in prison-air:
It is only what is good in Man
That wastes and withers there:
Pale Anguish keeps the heavy gate,
And the Warder is Despair.

For they starve the little frightened child,
Till it weeps both night and day:
And they scourge the weak, and flog the fool,
And gibe the old and gray,
And some grow mad, and all grow bad,
And none a word may say.

Each narrow cell in which we dwell
Is a foul and dark latrine,
And the fetid breath of living Death
Chokes up each grated screen,
And all, but Lust, is turned to dust
In Humanity's machine.

The brackish water that we drink
Creeps with a loathsome slime,
And the bitter bread they weigh in scales
Is full of chalk and lime,
And Sleep will not lie down, but walks
Wild-eyed, and cries to Time.

But though lean Hunger and green Thirst
Like asp with adder fight,
We have little care of prison fare,
For what chills and kills outright
Is that every stone one lifts by day
Becomes one's heart by night.

With midnight always in one's heart,
And twilight in one's cell,
We turn the crank, or tear the rope,
Each in his separate Hell,
And the silence is more awful far
Than the sound of a brazen bell.

And never a human voice comes near
To speak a gentle word:
And the eye that watches through the door
Is pitiless and hard:
And by all forgot, we rot and rot,
With soul and body marred.

And thus we rust Life's iron chain,
Degraded and alone:
And some men curse, and some men weep,
And some men make no moan:
But God's eternal Laws are kind
And break the heart of stone.

And every human heart that breaks,
In prison-cell or yard,
Is as that broken box that gave
Its treasure to the Lord,
And filled the unclean leper's house
With the scent of costliest nard.

Ah! happy they whose hearts can break
And peace of pardon win!
How else may man make straight his plan
And cleanse his soul from Sin?
How else but through a broken heart
May Lord Christ enter in?

And he of the swollen purple throat,
And the stark and staring eyes,
Waits for the holy hands that took
The Thief to Paradise;
And a broken and a contrite heart
The Lord will not despise.

The man in red who reads the Law
Gave him three weeks of life,
Three little weeks in which to heal
His soul of his soul's strife,
And cleanse from every blot of blood
The hand that held the knife.

And with tears of blood he cleansed the hand,
The hand that held the steel:
For only blood can wipe out blood,
And only tears can heal:
And the crimson stain that was of Cain
Became Christ's snow-white seal.

VI

In Reading gaol by Reading town
There is a pit of shame,
And in it lies a wretched man
Eaten by teeth of flame,
In a burning winding-sheet he lies,
And his grave has got no name.

And there, till Christ call forth the dead,
In silence let him lie:
No need to waste the foolish tear,
Or heave the windy sigh:
The man had killed the thing he loved,
And so he had to die.

And all men kill the thing they love,
By all let this be heard,
Some do it with a bitter look,
Some with a flattering word,
The coward does it with a kiss,
The brave man with a sword!

Oscar Wilde [1856-1900]

THE BALLAD OF JUDAS ISCARIOT

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot
Lay in the Field of Blood;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Beside the body stood.

Black was the earth by night,
And black was the sky;
Black, black were the broken clouds,
Though the red Moon went by.

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot
Strangled and dead lay there;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Looked on it in despair.

The breath of the World came and went
Like a sick man's in rest;
Drop by drop on the World's eyes
The dews fell cool and blest.

Then the soul of Judas Iscariot
Did make a gentle moan—
“I will bury underneath the ground
My flesh and blood and bone.

“I will bury deep beneath the soil,
Lest mortals look thereon,
And when the wolf and raven come
The body will be gone!

“The stones of the field are sharp as steel,
And hard and bold, God wot;
And I must bear my body hence
Until I find a spot!”

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
So grim, and gaunt, and gray,
Raised the body of Judas Iscariot,
And carried it away.

And as he bare it from the field
Its touch was cold as ice,
And the ivory teeth within the jaw
Rattled aloud, like dice.

As the soul of Judas Iscariot
Carried its load with pain,
The Eye of Heaven, like a lantern's eye,
Opened and shut again.

Half he walked, and half he seemed
Lifted on the cold wind;
He did not turn, for chilly hands
Were pushing from behind.

The first place that he came unto
It was the open wold,
And underneath were prickly whins,
And a wind that blew so cold.

The next place that he came unto
It was a stagnant pool,
And when he threw the body in
It floated light as wool.

He drew the body on his back,
And it was dripping chill,
And the next place that he came unto
Was a Cross upon a hill.

A Cross upon the windy hill,
And a Cross on either side,
Three skeletons that swing thereon,
Who had been crucified.

And on the middle cross-bar sat
A white Dove slumbering;
Dim it sat in the dim light,
With its head beneath its wing.

And underneath the middle Cross
A grave yawned wide and vast,
But the soul of Judas Iscariot
Shivered, and glided past.

The fourth place that he came unto
It was the Brig of Dread,
And the great torrents rushing down
Were deep, and swift, and red.

He dared not fling the body in
For fear of faces dim,
And arms were waved in the wild water
To thrust it back to him.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Turned from the Brig of Dread,
And the dreadful foam of the wild water
Had splashed the body red.

For days and nights he wandered on
Upon an open plain,
And the days went by like blinding mist,
And the nights like rushing rain.

For days and nights he wandered on,
All through the Wood of Woe;
And the nights went by like moaning wind,
And the days like drifting snow.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Came with a weary face—
Alone, alone, and all alone,
Alone in a lonely place!

He wandered east, he wandered west,
And heard no human sound;
For months and years, in grief and tears,
He wandered round and round.

For months and years, in grief and tears,
He walked the silent night;
Then the soul of Judas Iscariot
Perceived a far-off light.

A far-off light across the waste,
As dim as dim might be,
That came and went like a lighthouse gleam
On a black night at sea.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Crawled to the distant gleam;
And the rain came down, and the rain was blown
Against him with a scream.

The Ballad of Judas Iscariot 2709

For days and nights he wandered on,
Pushed on by hands behind;
And the days went by like black, black rain,
And the nights like rushing wind.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot,
Strange, and sad, and tall,
Stood all alone at dead of night
Before a lighted hall.

And the wold was white with snow,
And his foot-marks black and damp,
And the ghost of the silver Moon arose,
Holding her yellow lamp.

And the icicles were on the eaves,
And the walls were deep with white,
And the shadows of the guests within
Passed on the window light.

The shadows of the wedding guests
Did strangers come and go,
And the body of Judas Iscariot
Lay stretched along the snow.

The body of Judas Iscariot
Lay stretched along the snow;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Ran swiftly to and fro.

To and fro, and up and down,
He ran so swiftly there,
As round and round the frozen Pole
Glideth the lean white bear.

'Twas the Bridegroom sat at the table-head,
And the lights burned bright and clear—
"Oh, who is that?" the Bridegroom said,
"Whose weary feet I hear?"

'Twas one looked from the lighted hall,
And answered soft and slow,
"It is a wolf runs up and down
With a black track in the snow."

The Bridegroom in his robe of white
Sat at the table-head—
"Oh, who is that who moans without?"
The blessed Bridegroom said.

'Twas one looked from the lighted hall,
And answered fierce and low,
"'Tis the soul of Judas Iscariot
Gliding to and fro."

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Did hush itself and stand,
And saw the Bridegroom at the door
With a light in his hand.

The Bridegroom stood in the open door,
And he was clad in white,
And far within the Lord's Supper
Was spread so long and bright.

The Bridegroom shaded his eyes and looked,
And his face was bright to see—
"What dost thou here at the Lord's Supper
With thy body's sins?" said he.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Stood black, and sad, and bare—
"I have wandered many nights and days;
There is no light elsewhere."

'Twas the wedding guests cried out within,
And their eyes were fierce and bright—
"Scourge the soul of Judas Iscariot
Away into the night!"

The Bridegroom stood in the open door,
And he waved hands still and slow,
And the third time that he waved his hands
The air was thick with snow.

And of every flake of falling snow,
Before it touched the ground,
There came a dove, and a thousand doves
Made sweet sound.

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot
Floated away full fleet,
And the wings of the doves that bare it off
Were like its winding-sheet.

'Twas the Bridegroom stood at the open door,
And beckoned, smiling sweet;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Stole in, and fell at his feet.

"The Holy Supper is spread within,
And the many candles shine,
And I have waited long for thee
Before I poured the wine!"

The supper wine is poured at last,
The lights burn bright and fair,
Iscariot washes the Bridegroom's feet,
And dries them with his hair.

Robert Buchanan [1841-1901]

HE FELL AMONG THIEVES

"YE have robbed," said he, "ye have slaughtered and made
an end,
Take your ill-got plunder, and bury the dead:
What will ye more of your guest and sometime friend?"
"Blood for our blood," they said.

He laughed: "If one may settle the score for five,
I am ready; but let the reckoning stand till day:
I have loved the sunlight as dearly as any alive."

"You shall die at dawn," said they.

He flung his empty revolver down the slope,
He climbed alone to the Eastward edge of the trees;
All night long in a dream untroubled of hope
He brooded, clasping his knees.

He did not hear the monotonous roar that fills
The ravine where the Yassin river sullenly flows;
He did not see the starlight on the Laspur hills,
Or the far Afghan snows.

He saw the April noon on his books aglow,
The wistaria trailing in at the window wide;
He heard his father's voice from the terrace below
Calling him down to ride.

He saw the gray little church across the park,
The mounds that hid the loved and honored dead;
The Norman arch, the chancel softly dark,
The brasses black and red.

He saw the School Close, sunny and green,
The runner beside him, the stand by the parapet wall,
The distant tape, and the crowd roaring between,
His own name over all.

He saw the dark wainscot and timbered roof,
The long tables, and the faces merry and keen;
The College Eight and their trainer dining aloof,
The Dons on the dais serene.

He watched the liner's stem plowing the foam,
He felt her trembling speed and the thrash of her screw;
He heard the passengers' voices talking of home,
He saw the flag she flew.

And now it was dawn. He rose strong on his feet,
And strode to his ruined camp below the wood;
He drank the breath of the morning cool and sweet;
His murderers round him stood.

Light on the Laspur hills was broadening fast,
The blood-red snow-peaks chilled to a dazzling white;
He turned, and saw the golden circle at last,
Cut by the Eastern height.

“O glorious Life, Who dwellest in earth and sun,
I have lived, I praise and adore Thee.”

A sword swept.

Over the pass the voices one by one
Faded, and the hill slept.

Henry Newbolt [1862—

THE LAST HUNT

OH, it's twenty gallant gentlemen
Rode out to hunt the deer,
With mirth upon the silver horn
And gleam upon the spear;
They galloped through the meadow-grass,
They sought the forest's gloom,
And loudest rang Sir Morven's laugh,
And lightest tossed his plume.
There's no delight by day or night
Like hunting in the morn;
So busk ye, gallant gentlemen,
And sound the silver horn!

They rode into the dark greenwood
By ferny dell and glade,—
And now and then upon their cloaks
The yellow sunshine played;
They heard the timid forest-birds
Break off amid their glee,
They saw the startled leveret,
But not a stag did see.

Wind, wind the horn, on summer morn!
Though ne'er a buck appear,
There's health for horse and gentleman
A-hunting of the deer!

They panted up Ben Lomond's side
Where thick the leafage grew,
And when they bent the branches back
The sunbeams darted through;
Sir Morven in his saddle turned,
And to his comrades spake,
"Now quiet! we shall find a stag
Beside the Brownies' Lake."
Then sound not on the bugle-horn,
Bend bush and do not break,
Lest ye should start the timid hart
A-drinking at the lake.

Now they have reached the Brownies' Lake,—
A blue eye in the wood,—
And on its brink a moment's space
All motionless they stood:
When, suddenly, the silence broke
With fifty bowstrings' twang,
And hurtling through the drowsy air
Full fifty arrows sang.
Ah, better for those gentlemen,
Than horn and slender spear,
Were morion and buckler true,
A-hunting of the deer.

Not one of that brave company
Shall hunt the deer again;
Some fell beside the Brownies' Pool,
Some dropped in dell or glen;
An arrow pierced Sir Morven's breast,
His horse plunged in the lake,
And swimming to the farther bank
He left a bloody wake.

Ah, what avails the silver horn,
And what the slender spear?
There's other quarry in the wood
Beside the fallow deer!

O'er ridge and hollow sped the horse
Besprent with blood and foam,
Nor slackened pace until at eve
He brought his master home.
How tenderly the Lady Ruth
The cruel dart withdrew!
"False Tirrell shot the bolt," she said,
"That my Sir Morven slew!"
Deep in the forest lurks the foe,
While gayly shines the morn:
Hang up the broken spear, and blow
A dirge upon the horn.

William Roscoe Thayer [1859-

ANDRÉ'S RIDE

WHEN André rode to Pont-du-lac,
With all his raiders at his back,
Mon Dieu! the tumult in the town!
Scarce clanged the great portcullis down
Ere in the sunshine gleamed his spears,
And up marched all his musketeers,
And far and fast in haste's array
Sped men to fight and priests to pray:
In every street a barricade
Of aught that lay to hand was made;
From every house a man was told,
Nor quittance given to young or old:
Should youth be spared or age be slack
When André rode to Pont-du-lac?

When André rode to Pont-du-lac,
With all his ravening reiver-pack,
The mid lake was a frozen road
Unbending to the cannon's load;

No warmth the sun had as it shone;
The kine were stalled, the birds were gone;
Like wild things seemed the shapes of fur
With which was every street astir,
And over all the huddling crowd
The thick breath hung—a solid cloud,—
Roof, road, and river, all were white;
Men moved benumbed by day—by night.
The boldest durst not bivouac,
When André rode to Pont-du-lac.

When André rode to Pont-du-lac,
We scarce could stem his swift attack;
A halt, a cheer, a bugle-call,—
Like wild-cats they were up the wall:
But still as each man won the town,
We tossed him from the ramparts down;
And when at last the stormers quailed,
And back the assailants shrank assailed,
Like wounded wasps that still could sting,
Or tigers that had missed their spring,
They would not fly, but turned at bay
And fought out all the dying day;—
Sweet saints! it was a curious track
That André left by Pont-du-lac.

When André rode to Pont-du-lac,
Said he, "A troop of girls could sack
This huckster town, that hugs its hoard
But wists not how to wield a sword."
It makes my blood warm now to know
How soon Sir Cockerel ceased to crow,
And how 'twas my sure dagger-point
In André's harness found a joint:
For I, who now am old, was young,
And strong the thews were, now unstrung,
And deadly though our danger then,
I would that day were back again;
Ay, would to God that day were back
When André rode to Pont-du-lac!

A. H. Beesly [18 -

THE BALLAD OF FATHER GILLIGAN

THE old priest Peter Gilligan
Was weary night and day;
For half his flock were in their beds,
Or under green sods lay.

Once, while he nodded on a chair,
At the moth-hour of eve,
Another poor man sent for him,
And he began to grieve.

“I have no rest, nor joy, nor peace,
For people die and die”;
And after cried he, “God forgive!
My body spake, not I!”

He knelt, and leaning on the chair
He prayed and fell asleep;
And the moth-hour went from the fields,
And stars began to peep.

They slowly into millions grew,
And leaves shook in the wind;
And God covered the world with shade,
And whispered to mankind.

Upon the time of sparrow chirp
When the moths came once more,
The old priest Peter Gilligan
Stood upright on the floor.

“Mavrone, mavrone! the man has died,
While I slept on the chair”;
He roused his horse out of his sleep,
And rode with little care.

He rode now as he never rode,
By rocky lane and fen;
The sick man's wife opened the door:
“Father! you come again!”

"And is the poor man dead?" he cried.

"He died an hour ago."

The old priest Peter Gilligan

In grief swayed to and fro.

"When you were gone, he turned and died

As merry as a bird."

The old priest Peter Gilligan

He knelt him at the word.

"He who hath made the night of stars

For souls, who tire and bleed,

Sent one of His great angels down

To help me in my need.

"He who is wrapped in purple robes,

With planets in His care,

Had pity on the least of things

Asleep upon a chair."

William Butler Yeats [1865-

THE FIRST AMERICAN SAILORS

Five fearless knights of the first renown

In Elizabeth's great array,

From Plymouth in Devon sailed up and down—

American sailors they;

Who went to the West,

For they all knew best

Where the silver was gray

As a moonlit night,

And the gold as bright

As a midsummer day—

A-sailing away

Through the salt sea spray,

The first American sailors.

Sir HUMPHREY GILBERT, he was ONE

And Devon was heaven to him,

He loved the sea as he loved the sun

*And hated the Don as the Devil's limb—
Hated him up to the brim !*

In Holland the Spanish hide he tanned,
He roughed and routed their braggart band,
And God was with him on sea and land;
Newfoundland knew him, and all that coast,
For he was one of America's host—
And now there is nothing but English speech
For leagues and leagues, and reach on reach,
From near the Equator away to the Pole;
While the billows beat and the oceans roll
On the Three Americas.

Sir FRANCIS DRAKE, and he was TWO
And Devon was heaven to him,
He loved in his heart the waters blue
*And hated the Don as the Devil's limb—
Hated him up to the brim !*

At Cadiz he singed the King's black beard,
The Armada met him and fled afeard,
Great Philip's golden fleece he sheared;
Oregon knew him, and all that coast,
For he was one of America's host—
And now there is nothing but English speech
For leagues and leagues, and reach on reach,
From California away to the Pole;
While the billows beat and the oceans roll
On the Three Americas.

Sir WALTER RALEIGH, he was THREE
And Devon was heaven to him,
There was nothing he loved so well as the sea—
*He hated the Don as the Devil's limb—
Hated him up to the brim !*


He settled full many a Spanish score,
Full many's the banner his bullets tore
On English, American, Spanish shore;
Guiana knew him, and all that coast,
For he was one of America's host—
And now there is nothing but English speech
For leagues and leagues, and reach on reach,

From Guiana northward to the Pole;
While the billows beat and the oceans roll
On the Three Americas.

SIR RICHARD GRENVILLE, he was FOUR
And Devon was heaven to him,
He loved the waves and their windy roar
And hated the Don as the Devil's limb—
Hated him up to the brim !
He whipped him on land and mocked him at sea,
He laughed to scorn his sovereignty,
And with the Revenge beat his fifty-three;
Virginia knew him, and all that coast,
For he was one of America's host—
And now there is nothing but English speech
For leagues and leagues, and reach on reach,
From the Old Dominion away to the Pole;
While the billows beat and the oceans roll
On the Three Americas.

And Sir JOHN HAWKINS, he was FIVE
And Devon was heaven to him,
He worshipped the water while he was alive
And hated the Don as the Devil's limb—
Hated him up to the brim !
He chased him over the Spanish Main,
He scoffed and defied the navies of Spain—
His cities he ravished again and again;
The Gulf it knew him, and all that coast,
For he was one of America's host—
And now there is nothing but English speech
For leagues and leagues, and reach on reach,
From the Rio Grande away to the Pole;
While the billows beat and the oceans roll
On the Three Americas.

Five fearless knights have filled gallant graves
This many and many a day,
Some under the willows, some under the waves—
American sailors they;



*And still in the West
Is their valor blest,
Where a banner bright
With the ocean's blue
And the red wrack's hue
And the spoondrift's white
Is smiling to-day
Through the salt sea spray
Upon American sailors.*
Wallace Rice [1859—

THE HIGHWAYMAN

PART I

THE wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees,
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
And the highwayman came riding—

Riding—riding—

The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn door.

He'd a French cocked-hat on his forehead, a bunch of lace
at his chin,

A coat of the claret velvet, and breeches of brown doe-skin;
They fitted with never a wrinkle: his boots were up to his
thigh!

And he rode with a jeweled twinkle,

His pistol butts a-twinkle,

His rapier hilt a-twinkle, under the jeweled sky.

Over the cobbles he clattered and clashed in the dark inn-
yard,

And he tapped with his whip on the shutters, but all was
locked and barred;

He whistled a tune to the window, and who should be wait-
ing there

But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,

Bess, the landlord's daughter,

Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.

And dark in the dark old inn-yard a stable-wicket creaked
Where Tim the ostler listened; his face was white and peaked;
His eyes were hollows of madness, his hair like moldy hay,
But he loved the landlord's daughter,

 The landlord's red-lipped daughter,
Dumb as a dog he listened, and he heard the robber say—

“One kiss, my bonny sweetheart, I'm after a prize to-night,
But I shall be back with the yellow gold before the morning
 light;

Yet, if they press me sharply, and harry me through the
 day,

Then look for me by moonlight,

 Watch for me by moonlight,
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the
 way.”

He rose upright in the stirrups; he scarce could reach her
 hand,

But she loosened her hair i' the casement! His face burnt
 like a brand

As the black cascade of perfume came tumbling over his
 breast;

And he kissed its waves in the moonlight,

 (Oh, sweet black waves in the moonlight!)

Then he tugged at his rein in the moonlight, and galloped
 away to the West.

PART II

He did not come in the dawning; he did not come at noon;
And out o' the tawny sunset, before the rise o' the moon,
When the road was a gipsy's ribbon, looping the purple
 moor,

A red-coat troop came marching—

 Marching—marching—

King George's men came marching, up to the old inn-door.

They said no word to the landlord, they drank his ale instead,
But they gagged his daughter and bound her to the foot of
 her narrow bed;

Two of them knelt at her casement, with muskets at their side!

There was death at every window;

And hell at one dark window;

For Bess could see, through her casement, the road that *he* would ride.

They had tied her up to attention, with many a sniggering jest;

They had bound a musket beside her, with the barrel beneath her breast!

“Now keep good watch!” and they kissed her. She heard the dead man say—

Look for me by moonlight;

Watch for me by moonlight;

I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way!

She twisted her hands behind her; but all the knots held good!

She writhed her hands till her fingers were wet with sweat or blood!

They stretched and strained in the darkness, and the hours crawled by like years,

Till, now, on the stroke of midnight,

Cold, on the stroke of midnight,

The tip of one finger touched it! The trigger at last was hers!

The tip of one finger touched it; she strove no more for the rest!

Up, she stood up at attention, with the barrel beneath her breast,

She would not risk their hearing: she would not strive again; For the road lay bare in the moonlight;

Blank and bare in the moonlight;

And the blood of her veins in the moonlight throbbed to her love's refrain.

Tlot-tlot; tlot-tlot! Had they heard it? The horse-hoofs ringing clear;

Tlot-tlot, tlot-tlot, in the distance? Were they deaf that they did not hear?

Down the ribbon of moonlight, over the brow of the hill,
The highwayman came riding,

Riding, riding!

The red-coats looked to their priming! She stood up,
straight and still!

Tlot-tlot, in the frosty silence! *Tlot-tlot*, in the echoing
night!

Nearer he came and nearer! Her face was like a light!
Her eyes grew wide for a moment; she drew one last deep
breath,

Then her finger moved in the moonlight,

Her musket shattered the moonlight,

Shattered her breast in the moonlight and warned him—with
her death.

He turned; he spurred to the Westward; he did not know
who stood

Bowed, with her head o'er the musket, drenched with her
own red blood!

Not till the dawn he heard it, and slowly blanched to hear
How Bess, the landlord's daughter,

The landlord's black-eyed daughter,

Had watched for her love in the moonlight, and died in the
darkness there.

Back, he spurred like a madman, shrieking a curse to the
sky,

With the white road smoking behind him, and his rapier
brandished high!

Blood-red were his spurs in the golden noon; wine-red was
his velvet coat;

When they shot him down on the highway,

Down like a dog on the highway,

And he lay in his blood on the highway, with the bunch of
lace at his throat.

.

*And still of a winter's night, they say, when the wind is in the
trees,*

When the moon is a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,

*When the road is a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
A highwayman comes riding—*

Riding—riding—

A highwayman comes riding, up to the old inn-door.

*Over the cobbles he clatters and clangs in the dark inn-yard;
And he taps with his whip on the shutters, but all is locked and
barred;*

*He whistles a tune to the window, and who should be waiting
there*

But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,

Bess, the landlord's daughter,

Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.

Alfred Noyes [1880—

LANCELOT AND GUINEVERE

SIR LANCELOT beside the mere

Rode at the golden close of day,

And the sad eyes of Guinevere

Went with him, with him, all the way.

The golden light to silver turned,

The mist came up out of the mere,

And steadily before him burned

The sombre gaze of Guinevere.

A dreadful chill about him crept,

The pleasant air to winter turned;

Like the wan eyes of one that wept

Far through the mist the faint stars burned.

All that had sinned in days gone by

Like pale companions round him crept—

All that beneath the morning sky

Had called the night to mind and wept.

But strangest showed his own offence

Of all the shadows creeping by;

The star of his magnificence

Fell from its station in the sky.

The lean wind robbed him of his pride;
Keen grew the sting of his offence;
And like a lamp within him died
The flame of his magnificence.

The drifting phantoms of the mere
Were death to pleasure and to pride;
The joy he had of Guinevere
Faded into the dark and died.

Oh loss of hope with loss of day
In mist and shadow of the mere!—
Where with him, with him, all the way,
Went the sad eyes of Guinevere.

Gerald Gould [18 -



